

SHORT PLAYS

Selected by
**JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER
and HANSON HART WEBSTER**



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2021 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

SHORT PLAYS

For Junior and Senior High Schools

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER, M.A.

Instructor in Dramatic Literature, The Phillips Exeter Academy

AND

HANSON HART WEBSTER, B.A.

Editor, Sheridan's The School for Scandal



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO

The Riverside Press Cambridge

C-622

The copyright plays in this book are reprinted for students through the courtesy of the authors or their representatives. The acting rights are in every case reserved; and possession of the book conveys no license to either amateurs or professionals to produce any of these plays. Individual arrangements for performances, however, may be made upon application to the authors or their representatives.

COPYRIGHT, 1925

BY JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER

AND HANSON HART WEBSTER

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

PIEDMONT COLLEGE
LIBRARY
DEMOPOLIS

PREFACE

THIS book offers a score of short plays which, in our judgment, are well suited both to reading and to acting by young people. As in our earlier compilation — *One-Act Plays for Secondary Schools*¹ — our aims have been several: (1) to assemble plays that are not elsewhere readily obtainable for use in school; (2) to suggest to teachers the most effective ways in which to read or study these plays in their classes; (3) to assist producers by a few practical hints upon the stage representation of these and other plays; and (4) to tell youthful playwrights something about the writing of short plays. In addition, we have provided brief notes upon the plays and their authors; lists of other short plays suitable for both Junior and Senior High Schools; and further bibliographies of a sort usually appreciated by students and teachers.

"Good plays," to quote a recent writer,² "have a definite cultural influence on young people. They provide wholesome entertainment, stimulate appreciation of the stage, develop a sense of what is and what is not worth while in the theater, and incite greater familiarity with literature." We believe that each of the plays here reprinted is "a good play," that each possesses a strong appeal to boys and girls from twelve to sixteen years of age, and that each will be found intelligible, interesting, and an incentive to further reading of the drama. From the grouping adopted in our Contents page, a hint may be gathered as to the possible correlation of the plays with various subjects in the school curriculum.

¹ Published in 1923 by Houghton Mifflin Company.

² Henrietta Gee, in *The Forecast*.

98998

The Suggestions to Students and Teachers will be found sufficiently specific to be of real help. Mr. Webber desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Stuart Walker, Esq., for experience gained at the Murat Theater, Indianapolis, the Cox Theater, Cincinnati, and the Victory Theater, Dayton, during the summer seasons when he has played under his direction, and that of Mr. Melville Burke, and of Mr. George Sommes; also to M. Gustave Rolland, stage manager of the company playing at the Shubert Theater in New York City during the summer of 1918.

We wish also to make grateful acknowledgment of the courtesies shown us by the authors and publishers represented in this book, and to many teachers offering the results of their experience, especially in the various Working Lists.

Authors and publishers have permitted the reprinting of copyrighted material with the stipulation that *these plays are to be used only in classroom work. No other use is authorized except under special arrangement.*

If, therefore, any public performance is contemplated, it will be necessary in every case, except that of Shakespeare's *Pyramus and Thisbe*, to secure in advance written permission from the holders of the acting rights, whose names and addresses are printed in footnotes on the first page of each play.

JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER
HANSON HART WEBSTER

CONTENTS

Plays of Fancy

THE PRINCE OF STAMBOUL	Lord Dunsany	1
THE TOY SHOP	Percival Wilde	10
THE STOLEN PRINCE	Dan Totheroh	30
THE END OF THE RAINBOW	James Plaisted Webber	49
THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD	Kathleen Conyngham Greene	55
"GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE!"	Austin Dobson	68
TO DUST RETURNING	Anna Hempstead Branch	71
THE TRAVELLING MAN	Lady Gregory	74

Plays With a Literary Background

THE SHUTTING O' THE DOOR	Wallace G. Dickson	85
THE WRAGGLE-TAGGLE GYPSIES	The Perse School	95
PYRAMUS AND THISBE	William Shakespeare	116
MISS BURNAY AT COURT	Maude Morrison Frank	122
JOHN SILVER OFF DUTY	Robert Louis Stevenson	137
THE LITTLE BOY OUT OF THE WOOD	Kathleen Conyngham Greene	142

Plays Based on History and Tradition

THE LEGEND OF SAINT DOROTHY	Georgiana Goddard King	148
IN THE GOOD GREEN WOOD	Marjorie Benton Cooke	156
THE LION'S WHELP	George Ross Leighton	166
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:		
JOURNEYMAN	Constance D'Arcy Mackay	183
THE BOSTON TEA PARTY	Constance D'Arcy Mackay	193
THE LITTLE KING	Witter Bynner	205

CONTENTS

Suggestions to Students and Teachers

I. THE ONE-ACT PLAY	233
II. READING THE PLAYS	235
III. STUDYING THE PLAYS	239
IV. NOTES ON PLAYS AND AUTHORS	243
V. PLAY-WRITING	262
Franklin's Vindication	265
Sir Roderick's Promise	268
The Silver Fan	271
VI. SOME RUDIMENTS OF ACTING	276
Entrances — Grouping — Crossings — Tempo and Pitch — Pantomime — Exits — The End of the Act, or “The Curtain.”	
VII. PLAY PRODUCTION	285
The Teacher-Director — The Stage Manager — Assistant Stage Manager — The Property Man — The Electrician — Stage Carpenter and “Grips” — Scenery — The Curtain.	

Working Lists

I. A List of Short Plays	297
II. Collections of One-Act Plays	304
III. The Modern Drama	307
IV. Stage Representation	308
V. The Writing of Short Plays	309

SHORT PLAYS

THE PRINCE OF STAMBOUL¹

BY LORD DUNSANY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SAM WIGGINS

MRS. WIGGINS

MARIAN, *their daughter*

THE DOCTOR

PRINCE OF STAMBOUL

TOMMY TIDDLER

SCENE: *A room in the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins.*

It does not matter how the stage is set. As I see it, there is a door in back near right end. Marian's bed is along the back against the wall under the window, the end of the bed touching the left wall, the child's head at that end. As it is on the ground floor, the bed has probably been brought downstairs to give the child more air and light.

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler play "Home Sweet Home" on his flute.

WIGGINS. Yes, yes, and so you shall. But you must get to sleep first.

DOCTOR [to Mrs. Wiggins]. There is nothing that I can do,

¹ This copyrighted play may not be produced without payment of royalty to *Harper's Bazar*, 119 West Fortieth Street, New York, to whom correspondence should be addressed. It is here reprinted by special arrangement.

except tell you this. She must sleep. You understand, she must. You must get her to sleep *now*; a good long sleep now, and she'll be all right.

MRS. WIGGINS. She keeps crying out so for Tommy Tiddler, and some tune he plays her on his flute, that I'm feared she'll never sleep, sir. Would it be of any use now putting the horse in the cart and sending for Tommy Tiddler? Wiggins would do it willing.

DOCTOR. Where is Tommy Tiddler?

MRS. WIGGINS. He's four miles away over the hills, sir.

DOCTOR. No, he wouldn't be here in under an hour. She must go to sleep now, in the next ten minutes or so. If she stays awake for an hour, you won't get her to sleep at all.

[*He goes to the door.*]

MRS. WIGGINS. Doctor!

DOCTOR. Yes?

MRS. WIGGINS. Will she live, Doctor?

DOCTOR. Yes, if she sleeps at once.

MRS. WIGGINS. Are you sure of that?

DOCTOR. Yes, quite sure. I leave her in your hands.

[*Exits.*]

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler play "Home Sweet Home."

MRS. WIGGINS. Yes, yes, but you must go to sleep first, dear. The doctor says —

MARIAN. But I want to hear "Home Sweet Home."

WIGGINS [*rising, to Mrs. Wiggins*]. What are we to do?

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler play "Home Sweet Home" on his flute.

MRS. WIGGINS. She has it on her mind, like.

WIGGINS. She'll never sleep.

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler.

[*The whir of a motor is heard.*]

MRS. WIGGINS [*starting*]. Oh, what is that?

WIGGINS [*looking through window*]. It's squire. He's in

that outlandish motor that came to stay with him.
He's stopped at Jigger's.

MRS. WIGGINS. Sam! Do you know who that motor belongs to?

WIGGINS. Can't say as I do.

MRS. WIGGINS. It belongs to the Prince of Stamboul!

WIGGINS. Ah, yes. So I heard say.

MRS. WIGGINS. Do you know what they say of the Prince of Stamboul, Sam?

WIGGINS. Can't say as I do.

MRS. WIGGINS. They say he's the greatest musician in the world.

WIGGINS. Ah!

MRS. WIGGINS. He played to the Czar, and the Czar made him the Prince of Stamboul.

WIGGINS. Don't you be thinking of those things, Jane. We must think of Marian now.

MRS. WIGGINS. And so I be thinking of Marian.

MARIAN. Mummy, I want to hear Tommy Tiddler play "Home Sweet Home" on his flute. I say I want to hear "Home Sweet Home."

MRS. WIGGINS. So you shall, child, so you shall, only go to sleep.

MARIAN. I want to hear it now.

MRS. WIGGINS. Sam. They say the Czar wept.

WIGGINS. Well, and if he did. I could weep, too.

MRS. WIGGINS. But it isn't so easy to make a Czar weep, Sam. And I was thinking if he could do that, maybe he would play a little tune to our Marian that would stop her worrying.

WIGGINS. Woman, you're mad!

MRS. WIGGINS. He's there in his car, Sam. Squire's shopping.

WIGGINS. Do you know what those men charge for a little tune?

THE PRINCE OF STAMBOUL

MRS. WIGGINS. No, Sam.

WIGGINS. A thousand pounds. A London man told me so.

And fifteen hundred for an encore. That is when they play it over again, like. They don't take no less, so if you've got the cash —

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler play "Home Sweet Home."

MRS. WIGGINS. I'm going to ask him, Sam.

[Exit Mrs. Wiggins.]

MRS. WIGGINS [off]. Prince of Stamboul!

STAMBOUL [off, crossly]. Vat is it? You and your Prince of Stamboul! [The voices off grow inaudible.]

[Wiggins moves to the bed again in great trouble.]

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler play "Home Sweet Home."

[Reenter Mrs. Wiggins with the Prince of Stamboul.]

STAMBOUL [he speaks in the pleasant French manner]. You pardon me. I was cross when you call me. You pardon me. But when I see you run out of your cottage I thought of my own country. Then you say "Prince of Stamboul" and I am angry, for that is not how they call me.

MRS. WIGGINS. Your Highness, my child is dying, and I did not know what to call you. I just called out your name.

STAMBOUL. No, no, of course, you did not know. How should you? In my own country it is always Lotti, dear Lotti. They run out of their cottages, and say: "Lotti is here." [He rubs his hands to warm them.] It is very cold in England, is it not?

MRS. WIGGINS. Oh, yes, sir. My little Marian caught cold playing in the fields and it settled on her lungs, and now —

STAMBOUL. Yes, yes, I will play to her. Is that not what

you want? I will play her a song about the cherry trees. They blossom out in Russia, and all the children dance.

MRS. WIGGINS. She has set her heart on one song. It's "Home Sweet Home." She has set her heart on it, sir, and we can't get her to go to sleep and get well. She's fretting for that song.

STAMBOUL. Ah, it is one of your English songs. I know it not well.

MRS. WIGGINS. You don't know it, sir?

STAMBOUL. Ah, well enough, well enough. When my violin plays, they do not care about the tune. If they are sick, they grow well. If they are well, they dance. If they are sad — well, who knows — sometimes they weep, sometimes they grow young again, sometimes — It is all in my violin.

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler play "Home Sweet Home" on his flute.

MRS. WIGGINS. You shall hear it, you shall hear it. You will play "Home Sweet Home," won't you, sir?

STAMBOUL. Yes, little child, I shall play it to you. But perhaps I play not so well as your Tommy Tiddler.

[*He looks around for a chair.*]

MRS. WIGGINS. I have only a wooden chair to offer you, sir, not what you're accustomed to.

STAMBOUL. No, it is with rushes we make chairs in my country. They are more soft. Sometimes they carve on the back some little picture. You lean back in them and think —

MARIAN. I want to hear "Home Sweet Home."

STAMBOUL. I play. When I play, you shall hear the daisies growing in Russia, not the sound of their growing, for that is silent like all holy things. It is their song that you shall hear. Their joy in the sun as they come up, their gladness and their greeting to the gnats. You

shall hear what they sing as they come up round my home in Russia, where my mother is. But we begin.

[*He plays "Home Sweet Home" on his violin.*]

WIGGINS. I'm sure that's very clever, Your Highness, if one was educated 'ow to understand it. I'm sure we're very much obliged to Your Highness.

MRS. WIGGINS. You must have been a peasant boy like us, sir. And they still call you "dear Lotti"?

STAMBOUL. Yes, in Russia.

MARIAN. That is not the way Tommy Tiddler plays it.

MRS. WIGGINS. Hush, child, you mustn't say that.

STAMBOUL. Ah, you English child.

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler.

MRS. WIGGINS. You must excuse her, sir. She is ill and does not understand.

STAMBOUL. Yes, yes, she caught your English cold, and does not understand. But where is your Tommy Tiddler?

MRS. WIGGINS. He is over the hills, sir, four miles away watching sheep, over at Lingfield cross-roads.

STAMBOUL. Ah, I send you your Tommy Tiddler. [Exit.]

MRS. WIGGINS. Sam! He's gone to fetch Tommy Tiddler.

WIGGINS. He'll never be here in time.

MRS. WIGGINS. He might. Those motor-cars do go dreadfully quick. Go to sleep now, dearie, do.

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler play "Home Sweet Home."

MRS. WIGGINS. Oh, whatever shall we do?

[*A loud whiz is heard, growing fainter and fainter.*

Enter the Prince of Stamboul with his watch in his hand.]

STAMBOUL. My motor go for your Tommy Tiddler.

MRS. WIGGINS. Oh, it's very kind, sir, very kind, indeed. But I fear she won't sleep now. It will take the motor nearly half an hour to get all that way and back, and she'll be fretting herself all that time, poor dear.

WIGGINS. Yes, it will take all that; we had a motor in these parts last election. I had a ride in it and I voted for Shigg.

STAMBOUL [*looking at his watch*]. One minute.

MRS. WIGGINS. What do you say, sir?

STAMBOUL. My Phillippe has been gone one minute.

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler play "Home Sweet Home."

STAMBOUL. Four miles is eight miles there and back. Twelve eights are ninety-six. If Phillippe does ninety-six miles an hour, he get back in five minutes.

MRS. WIGGINS. Oh, sir!

STAMBOUL. But he not do ninety-six miles an hour. When he go quick, he do a hundred miles an hour.

MRS. WIGGINS. Oh, sir!

STAMBOUL. But to-day I tell Phillippe to go *vairy* quick — but not *too* quick. So he be back very soon now, if he gets your Tommy Tiddler in quickly.

MRS. WIGGINS. Oh, Tommy Tiddler will come running down when he sees a motor, sir, quick he will! He always runs to shy his stone at a motor.

WIGGINS. A hundred miles an hour!

STAMBOUL. When he only go quick.

WIGGINS. Well, well, well!

STAMBOUL. Two minutes.

WIGGINS. But don't the police say anything to you like, sir?

STAMBOUL. Ah, the police. They ask me for why I go so quick.

MRS. WIGGINS. Whatever do you say, sir?

STAMBOUL. Ah, when I am in my own country, I say, "I am Lotti."

MRS. WIGGINS. But when you are abroad, sir?

STAMBOUL. Ah, when I am abroad. When I am in Italy, in France, in Spain, and in America, I say also, "I am Lotti."

MRS. WIGGINS. But when you are in England, sir?

STAMBOUL. Ah, when I am in England? When I am in England I pay, a fine, what is it? A hundred pounds, what is that? I go over to Paris and play my violin and back come my hundred pounds, and he bring his friends.

WIGGINS. Well, well!

MARIAN. I want to hear Tommy Tiddler play "Home Sweet Home."

STAMBOUL. Three minutes.

MRS. WIGGINS. Hark, hush, dearie, and so you shall.

MARIAN. Why doesn't he come and play?

MRS. WIGGINS. The kind gentleman has sent for him in his motor-car. He'll be here in half an hour.

MARIAN. Why doesn't he come now?

MRS. WIGGINS [*pillow business*]. He'll come, dearie, he'll come. Only go to sleep.

MARIAN. I can't sleep, Mummy. Tommy Tiddler's pretty tune is running in my head, and I want to hear it. I can't sleep.

MRS. WIGGINS. You shall hear it, only go to sleep.

MARIAN. But I can't, Mummy. The tune —

MRS. WIGGINS. Will it be very long before he's here, sir?

STAMBOUL [*looking at watch, not answering her*]. Four minutes.

[*A whir is heard, growing louder and louder, and much shouting and perhaps a scream or two.*]

MRS. WIGGINS. Why, sir, that be your motor!

STAMBOUL. Oh, the bad Phillippe! He go too quick. The pigs, the chickens, all dead. Oh, the bad Phillippe.

[*Enter the bucolic Tommy Tiddler, aged about fourteen. Face red and circular. Eyes vacant. He comes in shyly.*]

MRS. WIGGINS. Come here, my Tommy Tiddler, this kind gentleman —

MARIAN. Tommy Tiddler, play "Home Sweet Home" on your flute.

TOMMY TIDDLER. Arl 'av a try, Marian.

[*He pulls a cheap flute out of his pocket, with a few odd bits of string, and plays. Stamboul, putting his hands to his ears and slightly stamping, resembles Irving's Mephistopheles, when he hears the church bells in Faust! Tommy Tiddler's execution is bad.*]

MARIAN. Thank you, Tommy Tiddler.

MRS. WIGGINS. You'll go to sleep like a good girl now, won't you, dearie?

MARIAN. Wha—at, Mummy?

MRS. WIGGINS. You'll — come on, Sam.

[*They all move nearer the door. Exit Tommy Tiddler.*]

MRS. WIGGINS. I've an odd fancy come over me, sir. Would you think it very strange, indeed, if I was to kiss your hand? It's an odd idea to come into my head. I don't know what folks would say, sir, but there it is.

WIGGINS. Jane! Jane! Whatever will the gentleman think? [Exit Wiggins.]

[*She takes his left hand in the doorway.*]

STAMBOUL [*pulling it away*]. No, no, not that one. They never kiss that one. Oh, you English! This is the hand that they kiss.

[*He holds out his right hand royally with the bow of the violin pointing downwards. She kisses his hand. Exeunt. The child sleeps.*]

CURTAIN

THE TOY SHOP¹

BY PERCIVAL WILDE

THE CHARACTERS

BOBBY
BETSY
THE MASKED DOLL
THE PIERROT DOLL
THE WOODEN SOLDIER
THE FRENCH DOLL
THE SAILOR DOLL
THE RAG DOLL
THE RUBBER DOG
THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX
THE DRUM
DAD
MOTHER
THE SHOPKEEPER
THE POLICEMAN

We are in the toy-shop on Christmas eve. It is a quarter of twelve at night: the big grandfather's clock at the right says so. The clerks and the customers are gone; the shop is closed; the door at the rear is locked, and outside, in the street, snow is falling.

Most of the lights have been put out long ago; even the lights in the show-windows, on either side of the door, are

¹ Copyright, 1922, by Percival Wilde. All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages. This play, in its printed form, is designed for the reading public only. All dramatic, motion-picture, and other rights in it are fully protected by copyright in the United States and in Great Britain; and no performance — professional or amateur — may be given without the written permission of the author's agents, and the payment of royalty. Communications may be addressed to the author's agents, Walter H. Baker Company, 41 Winter Street, Boston.

out; just one big light, high up near the ceiling, sways from side to side a little, and casts queer shadows.

The shop is bare. Nearly all of the toys have been sold. A week ago — even two days ago — counters and shelves were full to overflowing. Now bins and boxes are empty, and the light shows nothing but yawning blacknesses in the background, for the few toys and games that are left cannot begin to fill the room that there is for them.

Right in the center of the shop is the bargain-counter. We know it is the bargain-counter because a big sign at one end of it says so, and at the other end of it a second sign announces EVERYTHING HERE REDUCED. And on this counter there is a lonely little group: a masked doll, sweet and simple and alluring, for all the mystery that the wisp of a mask lends her; a Pierrot doll, dressed as Pierrot has been dressed from time immemorial; a wooden soldier, very imposing, with a gun on his shoulder and a furry busby on his head (though his uniform looks suspiciously like that of a policeman); a French doll, very blond and fashionable and haughty; a sailor doll, natty in a cap and blouse and bell-bottomed trousers; a rag doll, with shoe-button eyes and woolly hair; and a rubber dog, nice and bulgy and covered with impossible spots. At one side is a large box, gayly striped in red and yellow, and at the other side a snare-drum.

Strictly speaking, eight or ten toys — for there are that many — ought hardly be lonely. But they are so very small, and the counter is so very large, and the shop is so very empty, and, above all, it is Christmas Eve; and, being dolls, they are accustomed to fairly large families, say a few thousand brothers and sisters and four or five million cousins, not to mention more distant relatives, who are positively numerous. Compared with that, eight or ten do not amount to much.

They are the left-overs; the toys that weren't sold. Needless to say, they feel very badly about it. They are quite as attractive as the toys that did get sold, more attractive than many of them. Indeed, one or two of them are so attractive that they were kept in the show-window until this very morning. But here they are, miserably unhappy, and wishing that on Christmas eve they might be somewhere else; some place where it is warm and bright and happy, and where they can hear the laughter of children.

From one side a little boy wanders in. He is not a toy; he is real. He is a well-dressed little boy, and his name is Bobby. He is all alone in the empty shop, and we wonder why he is there so late at night. He goes toward the bargain-counter, and suddenly a little girl pops out from under it. She is not nearly so well dressed and her name is Betsy.

BOBBY. Hello!

BETSY. Hello!

BOBBY. What are you doing here?

BETSY. What are you doing here?

BOBBY. What are you doing here?

BETSY. What are you doing here?

BOBBY. That's not fair. I asked you first.

BETSY [deliberately]. Well, I'm losted.

BOBBY. Lost?

BETSY [correcting him]. Lost-ed. [Proudly.] I've been losted ever since the store closed.

BOBBY. That's nothing. I've been lost — losted — ever so much longer!

BETSY [admiringly]. Gee!

BOBBY. I wonder if Dad got home safely. You know, I'm worried about him. Why, he's afraid to cross the street all by himself; makes me take his hand every time we

come to a crossing. He's awfully old: over thirty.
Poor Dad!

BETSY. Never you mind. He'll go to a policeman, and he'll take care of him.

BOBBY. Yes, I guess so. [He sighs.] Gee, that's a load off my mind! [He pauses.] How'd you lose your dad?

BETSY. It wasn't my dad. I haven't got any dad.

BOBBY. No?

BETSY. It was my mother. And I didn't lose her. I came here all by myself.

BOBBY [impressed]. All by yourself?

BETSY. We live just around the corner; up five flights of stairs.

BOBBY [decisively]. Then you're not lost. How can you be lost if you know where you live?

BETSY. But I can't go home, can I? I came here, and they locked the door.

BOBBY [positively]. You're not lost-ed.

BETSY. Are you losted?

BOBBY. Yes!

BETSY. All right, Mr. Smarty, I'm the same place you are, so I'm losted too! So there!

BOBBY [who is a very logical little person]. Well, if you didn't want to get lost-ed, why did you come here?

BETSY. I came here — [She interrupts herself.] You won't tell?

BOBBY. No.

BETSY. Cross your heart?

BOBBY. Hope to die.

BETSY. I came here — [with shyness] — to kiss her good-bye.

BOBBY. Her?

BETSY [silently indicates the Masked Doll].

BOBBY. Oh! [He pauses.] Well, go right ahead. Don't mind me.

BETSY [*shaking her head*]. Now that I'm here I don't want to kiss her good-bye. I don't want to say good-bye to her at all! [She stops; continues hesitantly.] I saw her the first time ever so long ago. She was in the window, and there were lots of other dolls with her. But they weren't as beautiful as she was; not one of them. I looked at her, and — and she smiled at me.

BOBBY. Go on!

BETSY. She did! She did! I told Mother about her, and Mother smiled and said, "Wait and see! Maybe you'll find her in your Christmas stocking!"

BOBBY [*interrupting*]. Say, you don't believe in Santa Claus, do you?

BETSY. 'Course I do!

BOBBY. Huh! [He pauses.] Go on!

BETSY. Well, Mother said maybe I'd find her in my Christmas stocking; and every day I've been coming here to see if she was still in the window.

BOBBY. Golly! All by yourself?

BETSY [*nodding*]. Just me. I didn't tell Mother about *that*!

BOBBY. And she didn't catch on?

BETSY. Not Mother. All I had to do was wait, and tiptoe out after they brought me back from school. Mother goes out to work every day.

BOBBY. So does my dad!

BETSY. My mother works harder! I know it! I just know it! When she comes home at night she cries, she's so tired.

BOBBY. Dad doesn't cry. Never.

BETSY. Just wait and see! Everybody cries — sometime. [She pauses again.] I came here every day to look at my dolly; and Christmas getting closer and closer; and every day she was in the window, and looking at me just as if she wanted to be in my arms. First Mother said, "Maybe"; and then a little later she said, "Wait and

we'll see" — that's what she says when everything's going to come out all right; and then, only this very morning, Mother said, "Betsy, would you be dreadfully disappointed if you didn't get the dolly?" and I knew that meant that everything was all wrong.

BOBBY. Gee, that's hard luck!

BETSY. So I said, "It doesn't matter, Mother; I didn't care about her very much." But I did, oh, I did! Only I didn't want Mother to see me crying. So I came here, just for a last look, and she wasn't in the window any more, and I was afraid she was gone. I was afraid somebody had bought her — but I wanted somebody to buy her if I couldn't have her. And then I found her in here on the table, and I wanted to say good-bye to her, and whisper in her ear that I hoped she'd make some other little girl ever so happy, and kiss her — just once. But I couldn't do it with so many people around, so I hid — and I think I fell asleep — and they closed up the store while I was hidden.

BOBBY [*surveying the Masked Doll critically*]. She isn't so much to look at.

BETSY. Oh, how can you say that? She's just sweet!

BOBBY [*indicating the Wooden Soldier*]. I'd rather have this one.

BETSY [*crushingly*]. You would.

BOBBY [*magnanimously*]. But if you'd told me you wanted her I'd have gotten her for you.

BETSY. You?

BOBBY. I'd have told my dad, and he'd have done it sure as shooting. He doesn't say, "Maybe," or "Wait and see." He's not like that! He just says, "Righto, old fellow," and there you are! .

BETSY [*sighing*]. It must be nice to have a father like that.

BOBBY. What's *your* father like?

BETSY. I don't know; I don't remember him. Mother.

doesn't talk about him much. It's years and years since she's seen him.

BOBBY [impressed]. Years and years?

BETSY. Oh, ever so many! Sometimes she does talk about him, and then I don't understand what she says; and mostly, when she talks about him, she cries.

[Accidentally — or perhaps on purpose — Bobby touches something on the counter. There is a whir, and a round little head, topping a grotesque little body, leaps a foot into the air. Betsy screams.]

BOBBY. It's only an old Jack-in-the-Box. See! *[He closes it up and lets it fly again.]* He can't hurt you. *[He notices the signs on the counter, and reads aloud.]* "Bar-gain Coun-ter." "Ev-ery-thing Here Re-duced." That's what they think of your old doll. Nobody wants her.

BETSY [sighing]. That's what Mother says about us; nobody wants us.

BOBBY. Aw, cheer up! It's Christmas Eve!

BETSY [almost weeping]. I know it, oh, I know it! And it's going to be the same as any other day.

BOBBY. No, it isn't. You feel it here. *[He places his hand on his heart.]* Don't you feel it?

BETSY. Not much.

BOBBY. Try again. Close your eyes, and say to yourself, "Christmas!" Just "Christmas!" Now!

BETSY [closing her eyes]. Christmas! Christmas!

BOBBY [anxiously]. Well?

BETSY. I think I feel it — a little.

BOBBY. Sort of warm feeling — with tickles on it?

BETSY. Um — hum.

BOBBY [with approval]. That's more like it! My dad says it's just a matter of getting a grip on yourself.

BETSY [yawns]. I'm tired.

BOBBY. So'm I. Let's go to sleep.

BETSY. What'll Mother say when I don't come home?

BOBBY. What can she say? You can't get out of here.
Cheer up; you're with me.

BETSY [after a shy pause]. I can't go to sleep without saying my prayers. May I say them at your lap?

[*Bobby nods timidly. Betsy kneels.*]

Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

[She adds very rapidly, and in a single breath:] God bless Father, Mother, Gran'pa, Gran'ma, Betsy, Jennie, Millie, teacher, my dear dolly, 'n' — [She interrupts herself suddenly.] What's your name?

BOBBY. Bobby.

BETSY. 'N' Bobby 'n' everybody. Amen. [She sits with her back against the counter.] Now I'm going to sleep.

BOBBY [looks at her a minute; then he takes off his coat and rolls it into a pillow. He places it behind her back]. Here.

BETSY. Thank you, Bobby.

BOBBY [settling himself near her]. Are you comfy?

BETSY [drowsily]. Fine. [A pause.] Maybe when I'm asleep I'll dream about my dolly — dream that she belongs to me, and that she's never, never going away. Maybe I'll dream that Mother has everything she wants. Maybe I'll dream that everything's going to be all right — all right!

BOBBY. Of course everything's all right. It's got to be all right; it's Christmas Eve. [After a long pause.] I'm getting awful sleepy.

BETSY. So'm I. [Another pause.]

BOBBY. I'm asleep now. Say, I'm asleep.

[*Betsy does not answer.*]

[*The grandfather's clock begins to chime the hour of*

midnight. The lights begin to die down. The clock-chimes continue; cease to be clock-chimes; become wonderful harmonies.

It is quite dark.

Slowly a curious light begins to glow at the front edge of the bargain-counter, a light as if the bargain-counter were a miniature stage. It shines upon the faces of the toys that weren't sold: shines upon them as if they were actors in a play.

Bobby and Betsy sleep on.

Suddenly we hear a new voice: a sharp, commanding voice. We know where it comes from, even though we can see that the determined little mouth is tightly shut.]

THE WOODEN SOLDIER. They're asleep! They're asleep!
They're asleep!

THE MASKED DOLL [*we just know that this must be the speaker*].
Hush! You'll wake them!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER. Not I! Don't you see? She's dreaming about us. [*Betsy moves in her sleep.*] All ready? Company — 'tention! Right shoulder — arms! [*And amazing to say, though none of the dolls has moved, there is the rattle of a gun being shouldered.*] Forward — march! [*Abruptly the lights go out. A drumming begins: Thrump! — Thrump! — Thrump! Thrump! Thrump! — Thrump! — Thrump! — Thrump! Thrump! Thrump!* There is the shuffle of marching feet. Then, in the dark.] Company — halt! [*The shuffle stops.*] 'Tention!

[*The lights flash on. The Wooden Soldier grounds his gun with a crash. The toys have come to life. It is the bargain-counter, but most wonderfully changed. The toys are ever so much larger; the counter is the full width of the stage; and the shop, Bobby, and Betsy have disappeared behind a curtain of velvety blackness. Yet it must be the*

bargain-counter, for at one end an enormous sign, ten feet tall at least, tells us just that, while at the other end an even bigger sign announces "EVERYTHING HERE REDUCED."

Of course the signs we saw at first were much smaller than that, and the counter was much smaller, and the dolls themselves were very much smaller. But we are suddenly looking at everything through a powerful magnifying-glass, and if the toys seem to move, and talk, and if their expressions seem to change, we must remember that if we had looked more closely we might have seen them doing it before. They are the same dolls that we have seen, but they are life-size now — and alive. The Wooden Soldier has a real gun, and the French Doll speaks French, and the Pierrot has grown ever so much better-looking, and the Rubber Dog barks (a sort of rubbery bark), and the Jack is still in his box, which has grown ten times bigger. Only the Drum has changed still more; at one end of his round body he has sprouted a head; two legs stick out at the other end, and two arms, coming out at the sides, ply a pair of drumsticks.]

THE FRENCH DOLL. C'est la veille de Noël!

THE SAILOR DOLL [*who is a slangy little person*]. What's she talking about?

THE PIERROT. She says it's Christmas Eve.

THE SAILOR DOLL [*wearily*]. Don't I know it?

THE OTHERS [*with varying degrees of sadness*]. We all know it. We all know it.

THE RUBBER DOG. I was made to bounce around in the bathtub; to bounce around over a little fat tummy. I was made to belong to a little master, and to be bathed once a day. Instead of that I'm here — on dry land! It's awful — Woof!

THE SAILOR DOLL [*caressing the Rubber Dog sympathetically*].

Dry land! Me on dry land! What d'ye think o' that? There's a storm at sea to-night! Snow! And wind! And waves! [She pauses sadly.] They had me in a little boat, there [she points] on one of the shelves. The little boat sailed away — and left me behind!

[*The Rubber Dog licks her hand.*]

THE RAG DOLL. They say there's always room for me at the top — of the stocking. I was one of a family of twelve thousand. We were so happy together — just the twelve thousand of us. Now they've sold all my sisters, and I'm the only one left!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER. In the factory where I was born I watched them making cannon-balls; one cannon-ball for every wooden soldier. All my life I've been waiting for one of those cannon-balls to come and knock me down. They sold all the cannon-balls, but they didn't sell me.

THE PIERROT. Pierrot and Pierrette! Pierrette has gone to sit on a mantelpiece on Christmas Day, and Pierrot, poor Pierrot, is left alone! [He starts as the Masked Doll passes him.] You remind me of Pierrette.

THE MASKED DOLL. But I am not Pierrette. [She sighs.] Through the glass front of the show-window I saw a little girl one day. Our eyes met. She wanted me. I wanted her. I thought I was going to live with her; I felt sure I was going to live with her. And now — now — it's Christmas Eve — [She breaks down.]

THE SAILOR DOLL [*in a tone of awe*]. Gee, did they have you in the show-window?

THE WOODEN SOLDIER. Didn't you see her there? Right in front?

THE SAILOR DOLL [*impressed*]. Now, what do you think of that?

THE FRENCH DOLL [*jealous*]. Zey would have put me in ze show-window, but ze sunlight, she is not good for my —

my — what you call him? — [*indicating her face*] — my complication.

THE RUBBER DOG. Complication? You mean complexion! Woof!

THE FRENCH DOLL. What I mean he is no matter to you; I snub you!

THE SAILOR DOLL. Snub him? It can't be done; he bounces!

THE FRENCH DOLL. Bah!

THE MASKED DOLL. Don't let's fight. It's bad enough to be here on Christmas Eve without making it worse by quarreling with each other! Christmas Eve!

THE OTHERS [*in various tones of regret*]. Christmas Eve! Christmas Eve! Christmas Eve!

THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX [*popping up suddenly, as the Drum begins beating*]. Cheer up, everybody! Even if you weren't sold, I'm here to amuse you!

THE DRUM [*drumming loudly*]. And I'm here to help him!

[*The Jack-in-the-Box bows grotesquely and disappears.*]

THE FRENCH DOLL. And I am here, I myself, on ze bargain-counter so zat ze customers zey look at you, ze ozzers.

THE RUBBER DOG. Gee! She doesn't think much of herself! Woof!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER [*indicating the Masked Doll*]. Take a lesson from her! She was in the show-window, and she doesn't put on any airs about it! She's just one of us!

THE MASKED DOLL. Yes, I'm just one of you. And all of us, we're just little people that nobody wants.

THE PIERROT. You remind me of Pierrette — very much of Pierrette.

THE MASKED DOLL. But I am not Pierrette.

THE PIERROT. Who knows? Who knows? Do you remember — it was years ago — how happy we were? You and I?

THE MASKED DOLL [*looking into his eyes with a start of recognition*]. You!

THE PIERROT. Pierrette!

THE MASKED DOLL [*turning away*]. I used to be happy; yes, once I was happy.

THE PIERROT. We had two children. A little boy —

THE MASKED DOLL. And a little girl.

THE PIERROT. And then —

THE MASKED DOLL. You were cruel to me; ah, you were cruel to me!

THE PIERROT. But I loved you! Always I loved you!

THE MASKED DOLL [*passionately*]. I couldn't stand it any longer! I couldn't stand it another minute! I took my little girl in my arms! I ran away! I left you!

THE PIERROT [*opening his arms sadly*]. Pierrette! Ah, Pierrette!

THE MASKED DOLL [*pushing him away*]. I am not Pierrette!

THE PIERROT. You are Pierrette!

THE MASKED DOLL. Perhaps I was Pierrette; perhaps I might have been Pierrette. But now —

THE PIERROT. Now?

THE MASKED DOLL. I am only somebody that nobody wants.

THE DOLLS [*sadly*]. All of us, all of us; only somebodies that nobody wants.

THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX [*popping up; the Drum beats a furious tattoo*]. Cheer up! Cheer up, everybody! [He vanishes.]

THE WOODEN SOLDIER. He isn't very sociable, is he? Keeps to himself. Now, I wouldn't like to live in a box —

THE RAG DOLL. With the lid fastened tight.

THE RUBBER DOG. And dark! Dark! Woof!

THE FRENCH DOLL. He is what you call ze areestocrat! I loaf him! He is so exclusive!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER. Look out! Look out that he doesn't break your heart!

THE MASKED DOLL [*with a look at the Pierrot*]. As my heart was broken!

THE PIERROT. Is it too late? Too late to begin over? Is it ever too late? [She does not answer.] How many nights I have dreamed of you! How many days you have been in my thoughts! Do you know — ah, I wonder if you know how long it has been?

THE MASKED DOLL. Before I became somebody nobody wants?

THE PIERROT. How can you be so cruel? I have always wanted you. Perhaps — years ago — I didn't know it as I know it now. Pierrette, I have learned so much!

THE MASKED DOLL. And I too, Pierrot!

[*The lights dim, and flash on again suddenly.*]

THE RAG DOLL [*frightened*]. What was that?

THE WOODEN SOLDIER. She stirred in her sleep; the little girl who is dreaming about us.

THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX [*appearing and disappearing*]. Cheer up! Cheer up, everybody!

[*The Drum beats as before.*]

THE SAILOR DOLL. Gee, it's easy to say it, isn't it?

THE RUBBER DOG. But it isn't so easy to do it. Woof!

THE FRENCH DOLL [*almost weeping*]. La veille de Noël!

THE SAILOR DOLL. If my father and mother knew that I was the only one who wasn't sold, they'd put me in an open boat without oars or sails, and send me to Davy Jones's locker! Gee, I wish they would!

THE RAG DOLL. If my twelve thousand sisters knew that I was here to-night — Christmas Eve — [*she gasps*] — they'd open me and let my stuffings run out!

THE RUBBER DOG. That's where I've got an advantage! I haven't got any stuffings! Woof!

THE SAILOR DOLL. No, old bag of wind!

THE FRENCH DOLL [*surveying the sign sadly*]. "Bargain-counter!" Me — on ze bargain-counter! Never before has zat happen to any of my family!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER. The Old Guard dies, but does not surrender! [He grounds his musket defiantly.] I stick to my post!

THE RAG DOLL [sadly]. It seems to me that's what we're all doing; sticking to our posts.

THE RUBBER DOG. Not that we want to! Oh, no! I'd give the biggest spot on my nose to be somewhere else! Woof!

THE SAILOR DOLL [petting him]. That goes double, old fellow. [The Rubber Dog licks his hand.]

THE FRENCH DOLL [who has crossed to the other end of the counter, and reads the second sign]. "Everything Here Reduced!" Me — reduced! [She shakes her fist at the sign.] Ah, I could keel you!

THE PIERROT [approaching the Masked Doll]. We could begin over.

THE MASKED DOLL. Never!

THE PIERROT. You could come back to me.

THE MASKED DOLL. Never!

THE PIERROT. You could forget.

THE MASKED DOLL. Never! Never! What I have been through in these years! What I have suffered, my child and I! Perhaps you can forget; you have nothing to forget. You don't have to work and work and work, and then climb five flights of stairs at the end of a hard day! You don't have to scrimp and stint and save, hoping to buy your child a gift for Christmas; hoping against hope, and then having to ask her if she would be terribly disappointed if she didn't get it! How I had my heart set on it! How I looked forward to the day when I would place it in her arms! And then, to know that that day would never come!

THE PIERROT. Poor Pierrette!

THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX [appearing and disappearing, as the Drum beats]. Cheer up! Cheer up, everybody!

THE MASKED DOLL [*looking about suddenly*]. Where's my child? [She turns to the Pierrot.] Have you seen my child?

THE PIERROT. No.

THE MASKED DOLL [*hurrying to the French Doll*]. Madam, have you seen my child? A little girl with blue eyes and golden hair?

THE FRENCH DOLL. Mais non, Madame.

THE MASKED DOLL [*addressing the Rag Doll, terribly excited*]. Perhaps you have seen her? You must have seen her!

THE RAG DOLL. I'm so sorry. She didn't come this way.

THE MASKED DOLL. She was home when I went out this morning. She was brought back from school all right; the other children told me so. She played with them in the afternoon. But when I came home in the evening she was gone! Do you hear me? She was gone! [She is desperate. *The Sailor Doll passes by. She clutches at his sleeve.*] You have seen her? You know where she is?

THE SAILOR DOLL. No, Ma'am.

THE MASKED DOLL. A little girl; blue eyes, golden hair!

My little girl! [She weeps.]

THE SAILOR DOLL [*touched*]. I'll look for her, Ma'am. I'll let you know if I see her.

THE MASKED DOLL. Thank you! Oh, thank you! [She catches sight of the Wooden Soldier.] Oh, Officer, Officer!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER [*hurrying to her*]. Yes'm?

THE MASKED DOLL [*desperately*]. I've lost my little girl! Help me! Won't you help me?

THE WOODEN SOLDIER [*producing a note-book*]. What's she like, Ma'am?

THE MASKED DOLL. Six years old; going on seven. Blue eyes, golden hair. Tell me that you've seen her! She must have passed this way!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER [*shaking his head*]. I'm sorry, Ma'am.

THE MASKED DOLL [*heartrendingly*]. You haven't seen her?
Don't tell me you haven't seen her!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER. She hasn't passed on my beat.

THE MASKED DOLL [*hysterically*]. Maybe she's been hurt!
Maybe she's been run over and killed!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER [*kindly*]. If she'd been hurt I'd have
heard of it, Ma'am.

THE MASKED DOLL. She's so little! And I've never let her
cross the street alone! [She turns pathetically to the
bystanders.] Can't you help me? Can't any of you help
me?

THE DOLLS [*all speaking at once*]. She's lost her child! The
poor woman! Oh, the poor woman!

THE MASKED DOLL [*frantic*]. Can't you do something? For
Heaven's sake, do something!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER. Ma'am, I'll tell you what we'll do;
we'll send out a general alarm!

THE OTHERS. A general alarm! Yes! A general alarm!
A general alarm!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER [*turning to the Drum commandingly*].
Send out the general alarm!

[*The Drum beats furiously, madly; unseen bells
begin to ring out wildly; the Rubber Dog adds to
the clamor by barking at the top of his lungs.*]

THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX [*popping up*]. Cheer up! Cheer up,
everybody!

[*The lights die down. The last we see of the little
group, the Wooden Soldier, erect, commanding, in
the center, is supporting the tottering figure of the
Masked Doll. The other characters are sym-
pathetically gathered about them — all except
Pierrot, who buries his face in his hands at the
extreme end of the bargain-counter.*

*It is quite dark. The barking of the Rubber Dog
dies away. The beating of the Drum, gradually*

subdued, stops and starts — and stops and starts again. The ringing of the bells becomes calmer. Chimes are heard, chimes curiously resembling those of a grandfather's clock. Very slowly the lights rise again. We are back in the toy-shop. The toys are on the bargain-counter, as we first saw them. Bobby and Betsy are sound asleep in front of it.

The grandfather's clock, finishing its chimes, slowly and majestically strikes the hour of midnight. We hear a sound. At first we think it is still the beating of the Drum. Then we see that some one in the dimly lighted street is rattling the knob of the door at the rear. We can distinguish two dark figures. Bobby starts up out of his sleep.]

A MAN AT THE DOOR. Wait a minute! Wait till I find the key!

ANOTHER. Can't you hurry? For Heaven's sake, hurry!

THE MAN AT THE DOOR. I've got it!

[*The door flies open. Two men, Dad (who looks strangely like the Pierrot) and the Shopkeeper, plunge into the deserted store.*]

DAD [shouting]. Bobby! Bobby! Are you here?

BOBBY [very matter-of-fact]. 'Course I'm here, Dad.

DAD [rushes to him and seizes him in his arms]. Bobby!
Bobby!

BOBBY. So you're all right, Dad? Gee, I'm glad! You certainly had me worried. [Suddenly.] Hey, don't kiss me, Dad! I'm too old for that!

[*Two other figures have appeared at the door. They are Mother and a Policeman.*]

THE POLICEMAN [who looks most unaccountably like the Wooden Soldier]. The door's wide open, Ma'am.

MOTHER. I'm afraid! Oh, I'm afraid!

THE POLICEMAN [leading the way]. Come right in. Nobody'll hurt you.

MOTHER [follows him in. She is a sweet-faced little woman in a long cape. The doll whom Pierrot called Pierrette, you remember, wore a mask; and Mother looks very much as you would expect Pierrette to look without the mask. She looks at Dad and the Shopkeeper, who are perfectly motionless; looks at them, and through them; does not appear to see them. And Dad, seeing her, takes off his hat, and stands gazing at her as if he could not believe his eyes, gazing at her as if his eyes were drinking her in. But Mother is thinking of only one thing; her lips whisper just one name. Silently, peering anxiously to right and left, she comes toward us. She catches sight of the Masked Doll, and stops abruptly. If Betsy is here, she must be very near here. And then she sees her — She says nothing; her heart is too full. Slowly, noiselessly, she crosses to the side of the sleeping child and kneels in prayer. In the background the Policeman and the Shopkeeper take off their hats. And from some not distant church comes the sound of a singing choir. Presently Mother rises with the sleeping child in her arms; comes face to face with Dad. She starts. Then she whispers a name]. Edmund!

DAD [bows his head. If we looked closely we would see tears in his eyes. It was Betsy, you remember, who explained that everybody cries — sometimes. Then he comes very close to Mother, and he, too, whispers]. Margaret, my wife! [She does not answer. Dad's face lights with a great joy.] After five years — on Christmas Eve — God has brought us together! [His arm steals around her shoulders.] Come!

[Mother hesitates. Then from the lips of the sleeping child floats a sound.]

BETSY. Come, Pierrette!

DAD [marveling]. Sweetheart, what I used to call you — five years ago!

[Mother bows her head gently. We know it means

"Yes." Again Dad's arm steals around her shoulders. Slowly they move toward the door. As they pass the bargain-counter Mother stops. She indicates a doll.]

THE SHOPKEEPER [hurrying up]. Which one?

DAD [giving him a bank-note]. All of them.

THE SHOPKEEPER [bowing and scraping]. Yes, sir; yes, sir.

I'll send them first thing in the morning.

MOTHER [taking the Masked Doll]. But this one we will take with us!

[Bobby, open-mouthed, wondering in the shadows, does not know what to make of it all. Nor does he know what to make of it as Dad peels off another bank-note and gives it to the silent Policeman. But his father's great protecting arm falls gently upon the little boy's shoulders, and the four — and Pierrette — go out of the door together.

Mother, walking as in a dream, has not yet seen Bobby; but for that there will be time to-morrow, and to-morrow, and in the years that shall come thereafter. The Policeman and the Shopkeeper are left alone. They grin at each other. Then the Shopkeeper (by the way, he is a fat little man) ambles over to the bargain-counter, produces a huge box, and, still grinning from ear to ear, begins to pack the toys in it. The Policeman — he is a very dignified policeman — saunters over to watch him. The Shopkeeper looks up, smiles, pushes a box on the counter toward the Policeman, and presses a spring. The Jack-in-the-Box pops up. The Policeman's grin becomes a wide-open smile.]

THE POLICEMAN. Merry Christmas!

THE SHOPKEEPER [bowing]. And a very Merry Christmas to you!

THE STOLEN PRINCE ¹
A PLAYLET DONE IN THE CHINESE FASHION
BY DAN TOTHEROH

CHARACTERS

LONG FO, *the little son of the royal cook*
WING LEE, *his little sister*
THE ROYAL NURSE
HI TEE, *a poor but honest fisherman*
LI MO, *his wife*
JOY, *the little prince who was stolen*
LEE MEE, *the duck*
TWO SOLDIERS OF THE ROYAL COURT
THE EXECUTIONER
THE CHORUS
THE PROPERTY MAN
THE ORCHESTRA

There is no stage setting except for a back-drop of curtains and two black chairs, center. A lacquered box for the property man stands in the upper left corner. On the extreme right, separated from the players by a railing, is the orchestra composed of three or more children dressed as Chinamen. They have no leader and they play without notes. Any instruments may be used but there must be a gong. The music must be shrill and squeaky and, to our ears, discordant. Combs, covered with tissue-paper, give a very good effect.

¹ This copyrighted play may not be produced without payment of a royalty of five dollars. Correspondence relative to production should be addressed to *The Drama*, 59 East Van Buren Street, Chicago, in whose columns the play was first printed.

A gong is struck by the gong-bearer and the Chorus enters. He is dressed in a long Mandarin coat and wears a headdress of feathers and beads. He walks very proudly to the center of the stage and bows. The gong is struck again and the Chorus raises his hand.

CHORUS. I am the Chorus and I am here to tell you all about the play that my honorable actors are about to act upon this stage. They are all waiting behind the curtains with their make-up on and they are very anxious to begin so I shall be brief. [The orchestra plays a few notes, stopped by the Chorus raising his hand.] The name of our play is "The Stolen Prince." It is a sad story at first but do not weep too hard because it has a happy ending.

[*He claps his hands together. The Property Man, a funny fellow in a black coat and trousers and a long cue, enters and walks down stage standing beside the Chorus.*]

CHORUS. This is the Property Man. Bow! [He strikes the Property Man on the top of the head with his fan and the Property Man bows.] He will change the scenery and will hand the properties to the actors when they have need of them. He will take especial charge of Lee Mee, the duck. [The Property Man goes, "Quack! Quack!" and the Chorus strikes him again on the head with his fan.] Silence! It is not time for that! Are all your properties ready? [The Property Man nods his head.] The first scene of our play takes place in the garden of the Emperor Lang Moo, in the Middle Flower Kingdom, a thousand and one years ago. [The Gong-Bearer strikes the gong.] It is springtime and the blossoms are on the peach trees. It is a very important time in the household of the Emperor Lang Moo because a child is about to be born unto him and he prays it will be a son. [To

the Property Man.] Where is the blossoming peach tree?

[*The Property Man, who has been dreaming, starts and blinks; then shuffles up to the property box. He takes out a branch of imitation peach blossoms and crossing to the two chairs, he stands behind them holding the branch over them. Now and then he becomes tired of holding the branch in one hand and he carelessly shifts it to the other.*]

CHORUS. Long Fo and Wing Lee, a little sister and a little brother, children of the chief cook in the royal household, come under the peach tree to play together.

[*The Chorus bows and steps to the left where he stands throughout the play. There is music as Long Fo and Wing Lee enter.*]

LONG FO. Will you help me fly my kite, Wing Lee?

[*At the word kite, the Property Man drops the peach branch and goes to the box where he finds a paper kite on a short string. He gives it to Long Fo; then takes up the peach branch again.*]

WING LEE [*sitting down on one of the chairs*]. There is not enough wind, Long Fo. Let us sit here beneath the branches of the peach tree and wait for news about the baby who is coming to-day.

LONG FO. I do hope it will be a boy.

WING LEE. Yes. If it is a girl the Emperor will have her killed at once. Poor little thing.

LONG FO. Why are you so sorry for her? It is the law to kill girl babies because they are worth so little.

WING LEE. You say that because you are a boy, but I am very sorry for her.

LONG FO [*with contempt*]. You are a weak, weeping girl. I am a big strong man and I am going to fly my kite.

WING LEE. You cannot fly your kite because there isn't any wind.

LONG FO [sitting down]. Then I shall wait patiently until the wind shakes the branches of the peach tree.

[*The Gong-Bearer strikes the gong three times rapidly.*]

WING LEE [jumping up]. What is that?

LONG FO. The new baby has come to the Emperor's palace.

WING LEE. Oh, I tremble with excitement!

LONG FO. I feel sure it is a boy.

WING LEE. And I feel sure it is a girl. [*There is music.*]

[*Enter the Royal Nurse.*]

LONG FO. Nurse! Nurse! Tell me! Is it a boy?

WING LEE. It is a girl, is it not, nurse?

NURSE. It is both, my children!

WING LEE. Both?

LONG FO. How could that be?

NURSE. It is twins, my children. A boy and a girl.

[*The gong is struck. The Nurse and the two children bow. They go out. The Property Man takes the branch back to the corner and sits down on the box to rest.*]

CHORUS [bowing]. The next scene of our illustrious play takes place in the same garden. Three days have passed. The nurse is walking in the royal garden with the royal twins. The day is warm and full of the perfume of peach blossoms.

[*The Property Man returns with the peach branch and stands behind the chairs. The Nurse enters carrying two dolls, one on each arm. One doll has a string of jade around its neck. That is the boy. The other doll is dressed in white and is the girl.*]

NURSE [sitting on one of the chairs and singing a little song to the twins]. Go to sleep — Go to sleep — The wind is in the crooked tree;

[*The Property Man waves the peach branch back and forth.*]

And it sings a song to you.
In the pool the goldfish three,
Are sleeping too.

Go to sleep — Go to sleep — Go to sleep.
Go to sleep — Go to sleep — the moon is in the purple sky;
And it smiles a smile at you.
By the pool the dragon-fly,
Is sleeping too.
Go to sleep — Go to sleep — Go to sleep.

NURSE. Ah, my pretty babies, I love you both but one of you must leave me. [*To the girl doll.*] To-morrow you must die because you are a little girl.

[*The Property Man hands her an embroidered silk handkerchief and she wipes her eyes, first one and then the other.*]

NURSE [*holding up the doll with the string of jade around its neck.*] Ah, little one, you are the chosen of the gods because you were born a little boy. You will spend your happy childhood playing by the fish pond in the royal gardens. You will hear the Emperor's golden parrots sing and you will hear the sacred scarlet fish telling secrets to the sacred dragon-fly. When you become a man you will become the Emperor of this great and mighty Middle Flower Kingdom. Bright is your shining star. [*Holding up the girl doll.*] Ah, dark is your star, little one. It is almost set. To-morrow, at the hour of seven gongs, you die.

[*She wipes her eyes again. The gong is heard and there is music.*]

NURSE [*looking off to the left.*] By the great green cat-fish, what do I see? A robber in the garden stealing

cabbages as plain as can be! I'll run and scare him away!

[*She places the two dolls on the chairs and runs off, waving her hands in the air. There is music. Long Fo and Wing Lee enter.*]

WING LEE. Here they are. The nurse has left them alone. Now is our chance.

LONG FO. I do not approve of this, Wing Lee. If we are found out, we will both have our heads cut off.

WING LEE. You promised to help me if I gave you my gold ball.

LONG FO. Oh, I'll help you all right. I never go back on my word, but I don't see what you want to save a girl for. They're so useless.

WING LEE. Quick! Don't talk any more. The nurse is coming back. Which is the girl?

LONG FO [*lifting up the doll with the jade beads*]. This one, of course. She has jade beads around her neck.

WING LEE. Give her to me. Now let's run to the river.

[*They run off to the right. The Nurse returns and goes to the chairs. She starts back in surprise. She cannot believe her eyes — looks again — looks all about her — beats her breast.*]

NURSE. Oh! Oh! Oh! The Prince has been stolen! Oh! Oh! Oh! I will have my head cut off for this! Oh! Oh! Oh! I must run away and hide myself in the mountains where they will never find me! Oh! Oh! Oh!

[*She runs off right, crying. The Orchestra makes a terrible din.*]

CHORUS [*bowing and raising his hand for silence*]. Our scene changes now. The action of our play moves from the garden of the Emperor Lang Moo to the green banks of the river Chang Hi. The Property Man will show you the river.

[*The Property Man puts the peach branch back into*

the box and takes out a piece of blue cloth. He unrolls it on the floor. He walks up and down on it, pulling up the legs of his trousers to show you that the river is wet. Then he goes back to his box and sits down on it. He goes to sleep. There is music. Long Fo and Wing Lee enter running very fast and looking over their shoulders. Wing Lee carries the doll with the jade necklace. She almost runs on to the blue cloth.]

LONG FO. Be careful! Do not go too near the river, Wing Lee. You will fall in and be drowned!

WING LEE. Where is the tub?

LONG FO [glancing back at the *Property Man*, who is still asleep]. Yes, where is the tub?

[*The Property Man snores. Long Fo and Wing Lee look helplessly at the Chorus.*]

CHORUS [*calling to the Property Man*]. The tub! The tub!

[*The Property Man answers with another snore.*]

CHORUS [*to the audience*]. Excuse him, my good friends, for he is very stupid. We only keep him because we get him cheap.

[*He claps his hands loudly. The Property Man jumps up as if he has been stuck with a pin. He looks about, bewildered.*]

CHORUS [*severely*]. The tub!

[*The Property Man takes a small wooden tub from the box and places it on the edge of the blue cloth. Then he goes back to his seat on the box.*]

WING LEE. Ah, there is the tub. We will put the little girl in the tub. The tub will float down the great river and some kind person will see it and will give the poor little girl a home. [*She kisses the doll and puts it in the tub.*] Good-bye, little girl. When I get back to the palace, I shall burn a stick of incense to the gods for your safe

voyage down the great river. Ah, now it is in the current. There it goes!

[*The Property Man shuffles over and pulls the tub slowly down to the other end of the blue cloth.*

Wing Lee and Long Fo wave their handkerchiefs.]

LONG FO. Now it has turned a bend in the river. It is out of sight. Let us go back to the palace, Wing Lee. I want to fly my kite.

WING LEE. There is not enough wind to fly your kite, Long Fo.

LONG FO. Oh, you always say that. Come on!

WING LEE [*looking sadly down the river*]. There are many things can happen to her. A storm may rise and sink the tub. The terrible dragon-fish may see her and swallow her alive. Poor little girl, I fear for her.

[*She wipes her eyes with her handkerchief.*]

LONG FO. Do not cry any more. You will get your eyes all red and then they will begin asking questions at the palace. Come along! Come along!

[*He takes her hand and they go out. There is music.*]

CHORUS. And now we follow the wooden tub on its long journey down the great river of Chang Hi. It sails all that night and all the next day and stops, at last, before the house-boat of Hi Tee, a poor but honest fisherman.

[*He signals to the Property Man who fetches a stick with a white piece of cloth tacked to it to represent a sail. He sets it above the two chairs. Then he returns to the box and takes out the duck, Lee Mee, a stuffed duck with a big yellow bill, and places it in the center of the blue cloth. He stands back with arms folded as music and the gong are heard and Hi Lee enters followed by his wife, Li Mo. They bow and sit side by side on the chairs. Hi Tee rows the boat with imaginary oars.*]

HI TEE. I am that poor but honest fisherman named, Hi Tee. This lady beside me is my wife, Li Mo. That

[pointing to the duck] is our little duck, Lee Mee. He is a trained duck and the fish he catches with his big bill he gives to us. We are very happy but we long for a child. Do we not, Li Mo?

LI MO. That is all we need to make us *completely* happy.

HI TEE. All day long we sail and sail down the great river Chang Hi and little Lee Mee swims merrily behind us, catching us fishes as we go. See, the wind is shaking the sails. [The Property Man shakes the stick with the white cloth.] Faster and faster now we go! The wind is so kind I shall not have to row any more to-day. I'll just sit still and watch the scenery go by.

[He stops rowing with the imaginary oars. There is music.]

HI TEE. But, merciful catfish, what do I see? A tub floating by just as plain as can be!

LI MO. So it is! A tub — with a baby in it!

HI TEE. I'll jump into the water and save the child. A short way down the stream, the dreadful rapids start. The tub will be upset and the baby will be drowned.

LI MO. Oh, save the child, Hi Tee!

[Hi Tee jumps from the chairs onto the blue cloth, and making swimming motions with his arms, he picks up the tub and brings it back to the chairs.]

LI MO. Give the poor little baby to me. I shall take care of it and bring it up as my own child.

[She takes the doll and holds it in her arms.]

HI TEE [looking at it]. It is a baby of high degree. It wears a beautiful chain of jade about its neck.

LI MO. The gods have answered our prayers.

HI TEE. Lee Mee, our faithful little duck, we have another mouth for you to feed. Now, three times a day, you must catch three extra fish to feed our baby here.

[The Property Man gives an answering, "Quack! Quack!" and shakes the sail.]

LI MO. Here we go! Here we go! Floating down the water. We thank the gods for this little child — be it son or daughter!

[*The Property Man quack-quacks again. Hi Tee and Li Mo rise, bow and go out, right. The Property Man puts the wooden tub back into the box. The gong crashes. The Property Man sits on his box and yawns. The Chorus comes down and raises his hand.*]

CHORUS. The first act of our illustrious play is now over. You will excuse my actors while they are served a drink of tea to refresh themselves for the remainder of the performance? It is not easy work being actors and they are tired.

[*He bows and goes out to the left, curtain is not pulled. The Orchestra spends its time tuning up, and then the actress who has played the Nurse enters with a tray of tea in little Chinese bowls and serves tea to the Orchestra. They drink and return the bowls to the tray. The Nurse goes to serve tea to the Property Man, but finds him asleep; so shrugging her shoulders she leaves, drinking his bowl of tea herself. The gong is sounded. The Chorus reënters and takes the center of the stage. He bows.*]

CHORUS. Now that my actors have refreshed themselves we will proceed with our play. Nine years have passed away. We are once more on the river Chang Hi looking at the fishing boat of Hi Tee and his loving wife, Li Mo.

[*Hi Tee and Li Mo enter and bow. Hi Tee is wearing a gray cotton beard, the strings of which are tied around his ears.*]

CHORUS. As you can see by Hi Tee's beard, he is not as young as he used to be. His wife, Li Mo, is not as

young as she used to be either, but she keeps her hair black by putting fish grease on it.

[*Hi Tee and Li Mo take their places on the chairs.*]

CHORUS. And now you will see the hero of our play, the little Prince who was stolen. He does not know he is a Prince, and you who are sharing the secret must not tell him or you will spoil him and he will become unhappy longing for something he cannot have. His foster parents have named him Joy which is a very good name for such a bright and laughing boy.

[*There is music. Joy runs in and bows. He wears the same chain of jade around his neck. It looks very strange with the rest of his coarse, brown fishing costume. He turns to the chairs and waves to Hi Tee and Li Mo. They beckon him to come to them. He runs over to the chairs and sits between them.*]

HI TEE. Where have you been all day, my little Joy?

JOY. I have been digging mud-turtles with my friend Kee Hee, but we did not find any. Then we looked for fish with our nets but we could not find any fish either. I am hungry now, dear Mother.

LI MO [*shaking her head sadly*]. Alas, my poor boy, I am hungry, too, and so is your poor father, but there are no fish in the great river.

JOY. Why are there no fish in the great river?

HI TEE. Because, my son, the gods are angry. They have tied strings to all the fishes' tails and are holding them prisoners in the tall mountains where the river begins.

LI MO. If they do not untie the strings and let the fish float down to us, very soon, we will all die.

JOY. I will climb up the tall mountains to the place where the river begins and untie the fishes' tails. I am not afraid, Mother.

LI MO. The gods would kill you, my little son, and then what would I do without you?

JOY. Cannot Lee Mee, our faithful little duck, find any fish either?

LI MO. Can you find us any fish, Lee Mee?

[*They wait for a "Quack! Quack!" from the Property Man, but he is still asleep. The Chorus turns and sees him sleeping. He crosses to him with great dignity and taps him on the head with his fan. The Property Man leaps up, blinking.*]

CHORUS. You will be discharged after the play is over.

You have not given us a "Quack!"

PROPERTY MAN [*staring stupidly*]. Quack! Quack!

HI TEE. What does our little duck say?

PROPERTY MAN. Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!

LI MO. He says he will search every river and every pond and every lake the whole world over until he finds a fish for us to eat.

JOY. I will go with him!

HI TEE. No! You must stay with us. Go, my good Lee Mee, and bring a fishie back to poor Hi Tee.

[*The Property Man shuffles forward and picks up the duck and tucks it under his arm. He shuffles off with it, giving a solemn, "Quack! Quack!"*]

LI MO. If there is a fish left in the river, the lake or the pond, Lee Mee will find it for us. He is the most faithful duck in the whole Middle Flower Kingdom.

JOY. I love Lee Mee!

[*There is music.*]

CHORUS. An hour passes by and Lee Mee returns.

[*The Property Man enters with a duck. He has put into the beak of Lee Mee the fish carved out of wood and painted a bright scarlet. He seats Lee Mee down close to the chairs; then returns to his box.*]

HI TEE. Look! Look! Lee Mee has found a fish for us!

LI MO. Oh, good Lee Mee!

JOY. I have never seen such a beautiful fish before. It is as red as blood.

HI TEE. Where did you get it, Lee Mee?

PROPERTY MAN. Quack! Quack!

LI MO. He says he will not tell.

JOY. Let us eat it at once. I am very hungry!

[*Hi Tee reaches down and takes up the fish.*]

HI TEE. You may have the tail, Li Mo. I will have the head; and our son, the little Joy, may have the middle because it is the sweetest and the fattest. Give me my knife.

[*The Property Man takes a long wooden knife with curved blade from the box and gives it to Hi Tee. Hi Tee puts the fish on the edge of the chair and raises the knife over his head. The gong and loud music are heard. Two soldiers enter carrying tall bamboo poles. They point at the scarlet fish and rush at Hi Tee.*]

FIRST SOLDIER. You are my prisoner!

HI TEE. What have I done?

FIRST SOLDIER. You have stolen the Emperor's sacred scarlet fish from the royal fish pond! To-morrow, you and your family shall die!

LI MO. Oh, Lee Mee, why did you do it?

PROPERTY MAN [*mournfully*]. Quack! Quack!

FIRST SOLDIER. Come along! [*He picks up the fish. To the Second Soldier.*] Bring the rest of them.

[*He starts off with Hi Tee. The Second Soldier follows with Li Mo and Joy. As they are about to go out, Joy brushes aside the bamboo pole of the Second Soldier and rushes back to Lee Mee, the duck. He tucks it under his arm.*]

JOY. I would never leave you, Lee Mee.

PROPERTY MAN. Quack! Quack!

[*Joy rushes back to the Second Soldier and they all depart. The gong and music are heard.*]

CHORUS. And now we are back once more to the garden of the Emperor Lang Moo. It is the next morning. [*The Property Man rolls up the blue cloth and takes the sail down from the chairs.*] It is autumn time when the leaves are falling. [*The Property Man takes a handful of imitation autumn leaves from the box and walks solemnly across the stage scattering them left and right as he goes.*] It is the sad time of the year and all the Emperor's Court is sad because the Emperor is very ill. Everybody knows that the great Lang Moo will soon die and will pass above to the celestial kingdom. This is indeed sad in itself, but when an Emperor dies without a son to take his throne, then it is tragedy.

[*The gong is struck and the Royal Nurse enters. She is walking with a cane, for she now is very old and bent.*]

NURSE [looking about her]. Ah, me — Ah, my — many years have passed since I was banished from this royal garden. I am a very wretched old woman. It is all my fault because the mighty Emperor is dying without a son. Ah, me — Ah, my — [*She sits on one of the chairs and the Property Man gives her a large silk handkerchief to weep into. She weeps, first wiping one eye and then the other.*] I do not know what brought me back to-day, but something whispered in my ear and said that I should come. I left my mountain hiding-place and walked for three long nights and three long days. I am now so very old that no one will ever recognize me, so I am safe.

[*Long Fo and Wing Lee enter. They are now grown up and wear older headdresses.*]

WING LEE. It is here the execution will take place.

LONG FO. Yes, and the executioner should be here now.

He is always on time.

NURSE. Pardon me, my children, but may I ask who is going to be executed?

WING LEE. Oh, don't you know?

NURSE. No. I am a stranger here.

WING LEE. Four heads are coming off this morning. The head of a fisherman, the head of his wife, the head of his son, and the head of a duck, Lee Mee.

NURSE. What have the poor souls done?

WING LEE. They have —

LONG FO. Let me tell her, Wing Lee. You are only a woman and you will get the story mixed up. [To the Nurse.] The little duck, Lee Mee, stole the Emperor's sacred scarlet fish from the royal fish pond and brought it to the fisherman and his family for them to eat.

NURSE. But if the duck stole the fish, why should they execute the fisherman and his family, too?

LONG FO. Because the duck belonged to the fisherman and the fisherman should have taught him better manners.

[*The gong is struck loudly.*]

WING LEE. Oh, here comes the executioner!

[*The Executioner enters walking very proudly. The Property Man hands him a wooden axe. The Executioner stands to one side as the gong sounds. Hi Tee walks in very slowly with his head bent. Li Mo enters next; then Joy carrying Lee Mee, the duck. They are followed by the two Soldiers. Hi Tee, Li Mo, and Joy form a straight line. The two Soldiers stand in front of them. The Property Man gives the First Soldier a scroll.*]

FIRST SOLDIER [*reading from the scroll*]. To-day, Hi Tee, fisherman on the river Chang Hi, his wife, Li Mo, their son Joy, and the most evil, bad-mannered duck, Lee Mee [*the Property Man quacks sadly*], will all die under the axe of the royal executioner. [The Executioner swings his axe.] The first to die will be the little boy named Joy,

so that his parents may have the extreme pleasure of seeing the axe fall upon his neck.

[*He motions to the Executioner who steps forward. Joy kisses his father and his mother good-bye and then kisses Lee Mee, the duck, handing it to Hi Tee. Then he steps bravely forward. He sinks to his knees and bows his head. The chain of jade is plainly seen around his neck. The Executioner raises his axe to strike.*]

WING LEE [to Long Fo]. I'm sure I've seen that chain of jade somewhere before.

FIRST SOLDIER. Wait, Executioner! I will remove this chain of jade. It is too beautiful to be cut by the Executioner's sword. I will keep it for my wife.

[*He takes the chain from Joy's neck.*]

NURSE [jumping up]. Oh, stay a moment! Where did he get that chain of jade?

FIRST SOLDIER. Who are you, old woman?

NURSE. You do not recognize me, for I am so very old, but I am Sing Lo, the royal nurse who long ago was banished from the Court because the little Prince was stolen while in my care. Do you remember?

WING LEE [suddenly beginning to weep]. Oh! Oh! Oh!

FIRST SOLDIER. What is the matter with you?

LONG FO. She is not feeling well, sir.

NURSE [to Joy]. Where did you get that chain of jade?

JOY. It has always been around my neck as long as I can remember.

NURSE [to Hi Tee]. Is this your son?

HI TEE. Y — yes.

NURSE. Your true son?

LI MO [breaking down]. He is not our true son, I must confess. We do not know who he is. We found him in a wooden tub floating down the river when he was only a tiny baby.

WING LEE. Oh! Oh! Oh!

NURSE. He is the stolen prince!

FIRST SOLDIER. What!

WING LEE. It's true.

FIRST SOLDIER. What do you know about it, Wing Lee?

WING LEE. I was the one who stole him.

NURSE. You?

WING LEE. Yes, when I was a little child. The nurse had left the twins beneath the peach tree. They were going to kill the little girl, so I thought I would steal her away. By mistake, I stole the little Prince. I sent him down the river in a wooden tub with that chain of jade around his neck.

JOY [*jumping up*]. What are you all talking about? Aren't you ever going to cut off my head? I'm tired waiting.

NURSE [*taking him in her arms*]. We are not going to cut off your head. Instead, we are going to put a crown on it. You are the royal son of the mighty Emperor Lang Moo who now is dying in his royal bed. The throne of the Middle Flower Kingdom will soon be yours.

FIRST SOLDIER. I will run and tell the Emperor.

SECOND SOLDIER. And so will I! [They run out.]

LONG FO [*to Wing Lee*]. What did you say anything for? Now we will be beheaded.

NURSE. Oh, no you won't. The Emperor will be so glad to get his son back that he will smile to the end of his days.

JOY. Is it really true I am the Prince? Mother, is it really true?

LI MO. Yes, my little Joy. [She weeps.]

JOY. Why do you weep, Mother?

LI MO. Because you will become the Emperor and I shall never see you again.

JOY. Oh, yes you will, Mother. You will always be next to my heart. You and Father and good Lee Mee will always be my dearest dears.

PROPERTY MAN. Quack! Quack!

[*The First and Second Soldiers return.*]

FIRST SOLDIER. Little Prince, the Emperor awaits you in the royal bed-chamber. Will His Royal Highness come?

JOY. May I bring my family along too?

FIRST SOLDIER. Of course, Your Highness.

JOY [*taking Li Mo's hand*]. Come along, Mother. You and I will go in together. Hi Tee, you, and Lee Mee follow close behind.

[*Music and the gong are heard as in procession, Joy and Li Mo, followed by Hi Tee carrying Lee Mee, go out. The two soldiers close in at the last.*]

LONG FO [*to the Executioner*]. Why do you pull such a long face, Executioner? Are you angry because you couldn't use your axe?

EXECUTIONER [*growling*]. Burrrr!

[*He shoulders his axe and stalks off.*]

NURSE. Let us tiptoe down the royal hall and peek through the royal key-hole into the royal bed-chamber. I would like to see the Emperor greet his little son.

[*There is music. With fingers on lips and stepping very high on tiptoes, they start off in line, led by the Nurse. The Property Man starts to follow.*]

CHORUS. Stop!

[*The Property Man stops. The others go out.*]

CHORUS. You cannot peek through the royal keyhole because you are only the Property Man.

PROPERTY MAN [*hanging his head*]. Quack! Quack!

CHORUS [*stepping forward and bowing*]. My good and patient friends, our play is over. For your kind attention I bow, and bow and bow.

[*He bows three times. The Property Man bows three times. Chorus turns and sees him.*]

CHORUS [*snapping open his fan with great dignity*]. You are discharged!

[*He sweeps off to the left The Property Man shrugs his shoulders and goes out to the right.*]

[*The curtain is pulled back showing tableau of all the characters grouped around Joy who is seated on one of the black chairs with a crown on his head. In his arms he holds Lee Mee, the duck. Li Mo stands next to him and on the other side, Hi Tee.*]

CURTAIN

THE END OF THE RAINBOW¹

A FANTASY IN MINIATURE

BY JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER

CHARACTERS

PIERROT

PIERRETTE

WILL O' THE WISP

SCENE: *A Wild Wood.*

TIME: *An April Evening.*

[Enter Pierrot and Pierrette, the latter very weary of journeying through the forest.]

PIERRETTE. O dear Pierrot,
 'Twas hours ago
The sunshiny showerlet passed;
 The rainbow has faded,
 The wild wood is shaded,
And the young April moon overcast.

PIERROT. Pin your faith to the fable:
 Don't you know, were one able
To find where the rainbow comes down,
 One would light on more gold
 Than one's coffers could hold,
Enough for to buy London town?

PIERRETTE. Yes and no, Pierrot;
 But no further let's go

¹ Copyright, 1922, by James Plaisted Webber. Amateurs may produce this play without fee, but permission must be asked of the publishers, the Walter H. Baker Company, 41 Winter Street, Boston. All professional rights are reserved.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

Through this forest so darksomely eerie:

For I very much fear

That you, too, my dear,

Are as footsore as I am, and weary.

PIERROT. Ha' done, Pierrette!

It may be far yet

I must journey through dark and through cold;

But later or soon,

'Neath the light o' the moon,

I shall find me the great pot of gold.

PIERRETTE. O, once 'twas my love,

That, by heaven above,

You swore was your heart's sole desire:

And were I but won,

There'd be naught 'neath the sun

As dear as myself by your fire.

And then, it was fame:

To have noised your name

On the tongue of young and of old;

But when cottage and hall,

All flocked at your call,

You then longed for nothing but gold.

PIERROT. What you say may be true,

But, Pierrette, 'tis to you

I should look for my comfort and hope:

And when gaining my end,

You're a pretty poor friend

To do nothing but grumble and mope.

[*Pierrette has sunk on the ground in a sad little heap
and is crying softly.*]

PIERROT. Well, sit there and cry!

If you live or you die,

I'll keep up my search till the last;

And I think some fine morrow,

You'll see to your sorrow,

What you lost by not holding fast.
 For in coach and with four,
 I shall roll past your door,
 While the world and his wife smile on me;
 But the poor Pierrette,
 Like a grizzled grisette,
 I never, no never, will see!

PIERRETTE. Pierrot, if I could,
 I'd still trudge the wood,
 But I'm only a burden, you say.
 God grant that the treasure
 You find in full measure
 Or ever the first peep o' day!

PIERROT [snapping his fingers].

Tush! that for your flow
 Of fine words!

[*Pierrot quite ruthlessly leaves her.*]

PIERRETTE. Pierrot,
 Farewell, You've grown heartless of late:
 So now in the cold,
 I lie down on the mold,
 And give myself up to my fate.

[*As Pierrette is about to lie down, a shaft of moonlight strikes through the green wood.*]
 But alack, there's the moon,
 And they say, late or soon,
 Who sleeps in the bright light of it,
 Will find that his head
 Has been turned, and from bed
 The dreamer'll arise without wit.
 Then I take me this bough,
 To cover me now,
 And so, if I live or I die,
 They'll not say, "How sad!"
 But the poor maid went mad —
 And that made her Pierrot fly."

PIEDMONT COLLEGE
LIBRARY
DEMORSE 37635

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

[*Ere she lies down, Pierrette offers this prayer to Our Lady.*]

Our Lady, I pray,
To Pierrot on his way
Give guidance forever and ever:
And grant some day he
May come back to me
To leave me, ah, never, no never!

[*As Pierrette drops off to sleep, a faery music is heard, and Will o' the Wisp with his lanthorn, enters, addressing, first, the audience, and later, Pierrette.*]

WILL O' THE WISP. Dear friends, let me lisp,
I'm Will o' the Wisp.
I glide o'er the marsh and the fen.
I lead wildest fancies
On merry, mad dances,
And often I lead foolish men.
So, sweet Pierrette,
Fear not you, nor fret:
E'en now, your false Pierrot
Wanders round in a ring
That shortly will bring
His steps to your bedside, I know.

[*There is a moment of darkness to suggest a lapse of time, during which the faery music is resumed. As the light returns, Pierrot re-enters.*]

PIERROT. [He calls.] Pierrette! Pierrette!
How you plagued me! and yet
I'm tired and lonely and blue.
I verily think,
Though just on the brink
Of high fortune, I want only you.
Yes, I vow by my soul,
Just in reach of my goal,

I've learned since I left her this while
 That there's nothing to me
 By land or by sea
 That's worthy compare with her smile.

[*Pierrot suddenly notes where the moonlight falls on Pierrette's hair, gleaming through the bough which she has laid over her head.*] But stay! what is here?
 By all that is dear,
 I swear there's the gleam of my gold.
 Beneath yonder bough
 Is awaiting me now
 My treasure to have and to hold.
 But, alas! — vain regret —
 Could I find Pierrette,
 I'd toss it away down the wind.
 Yea, though the moon gleams
 On the world's wealth, it seems
 I'm minded to leave it behind.

PIERRETTE. [*She murmurs in her sleep.*] O dear Pierrot!

PIERROT [*unable to locate the voice*]. 'Tis her voice! — I know.

O speak to me once and again!
 Pierrette, tell me where
 In earth or in air
 You are, or I die in my pain.

PIERRETTE [*still sleeping*]. Pierrot! Pierrot!

PIERROT. Where is she? Why lo!
 'Tis she that lies 'neath yonder bough!
 And her dear golden hair,
 'Twas that, I will swear,

I took for my treasure e'en now.

PIERRETTE [*awaking*]. Ah, Pierrot, dear —

PIERROT [*kneeling behind her and supporting her*]. Sweet child, never fear!

PIERRETTE. Have you found 't, Pierrot? Tell me true.
PIERROT. Pierrette, do you care?

PIERRETTE. Not I, how *I* fare,
But only what's fortuned to you.

PIERROT. Then hark, sweetest child,
Though I've long been beguiled,
It's never too late, dear, to mend;
And I've found, for my part,
That your own loving heart

Is my wealth at the true rainbow's end!

[*Pierrette looks up into Pierrot's face with a smile of unutterable happiness and then —]*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE PRINCESS ON THE ROAD¹

BY KATHLEEN CONYNGHAM GREENE

PERSONS

THE PRINCESS
A JUGGLER
LABOURERS, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN

SCENE: *The street of a country village*

A wide road leads into the little village. A market cross on three steps stands in the middle of the road. To the left is a pond with some ducks splashing about in it. To the right are a few cottages, gardens in front of them, filled with flowers.

The Princess enters, walking along the road. She is dusty, the edge of her skirt is torn, and one of her shoes has come off. She wears her hair in a long pigtail under a cotton handkerchief. She is picking the flowers that hang out of the cottage gardens, and singing as she goes.

PRINCESS [*singing*]:

“For me are your songs and your smiles and your tears,
For me, for ever, for all the years,
I have conquerèd all your fears,
Now, for ever, for all the years.
For me are you, are you and your smile,
Now, for ever and all the while . . .”

¹ Reprinted by arrangement with the author and her publisher, Mr. John Lane, The Bodley Head, London. Correspondence in regard to performances of this play should be addressed to Hanson Hart Webster, 2 Park Street, Boston.

[*She sits down on the steps of the cross with the flowers in her lap.*]

PRINCESS. Where am I now? I must be twelve miles from home. And no one has known me! How I will laugh at Florimund! This is life! If I can do this once in every month I shall not mind the sentries and the banquets. Our good Florimund will find me an angel when I return. How he will laugh when he sees my dust and my rags! Can I get a coach from here, I wonder, to take me home? [*She twists her red rose round and round between her fingers.*] Where are all the people? This is like a village of the dead. I am thirsty. I will have a glass of milk, and then one of these good villagers shall drive me home. Where are they all? [*She rests her two hands on the step and looks round.*] No one in sight. Hoh! la la!

[*She calls loudly.*]

[*A little child appears out of one of the cottages and looks at her over the gate.*]

PRINCESS [beckoning with her fingers]. Come here, little one! Where are all the people?

CHILD [with his finger in his mouth]. In th' fields. Harvesting!

PRINCESS. Harvest? Oh, this is very rural! Tell me, has your mother any milk?

CHILD. Aye.

PRINCESS. Get me a cup of milk, will you not? I am very thirsty.

CHILD [pointing over his shoulder towards the cottage]. In there.

PRINCESS [coming down the steps]. Oh, it is in there, is it? And I must go and get it for myself? This is a great adventure! And what a tale for Florimund!

[*She goes across the road, through the garden, and disappears into the cottage. In a few minutes she comes out, carrying a jug and a cup, a loaf of bread and a knife.*]

PRINCESS. Now, little one, we will eat here on the steps and see when your father and mother come home. Will you not have a bit of this good white bread?

CHILD [*standing up straight at the foot of the cross with his hands behind his back*]. No. 'Tis the Sunday loaf.

PRINCESS. But eat now. There will be some for Sunday as well.

CHILD. Nay. Mother'll beat me.

[*He runs back into the cottage. The Princess crumbles the remains of the bread between her fingers and throws it on to the road for the ducks.*]

PRINCESS [*singing*]:

"And mine are your smiles and your songs and your tears,
Now, for ever, for all the years . . ."

[*There is a sound of many voices coming along the road. The Princess pulls down the torn hem of her skirt and pushes back the hair from her face.*]

PRINCESS [*to herself*]. Here are the harvesters! Now to get a cart and to drive home. I could not walk another three steps! How Florimund will laugh! Indeed I am quite like a girl of the people!

[*She sticks out her dusty shoeless foot and looks at it. The villagers enter, straggling one by one. Men and women with rakes and scythes, one woman carrying a heavy basket of apples. The first woman stops at the foot of the cross and stands with arms akimbo, looking up at the Princess.*]

FIRST WOMAN. And who is this?

PRINCESS [*nodding and smiling*]. Good evening, good dame.

FIRST WOMAN. Oh! good evening!

[*The others gather up, talking and laughing, and put down their burdens round the steps of the cross.*]

PRINCESS. Will one of you have the goodness to harness a cart for me? I wish to return to the town.

[*There is a chorus of laughter.*]

FIRST MAN. Eh! No doubt!

[*He turns away and spits on to the road.*]

PRINCESS [*standing up*]. Will you have the goodness to do it for me now? I must return at once to the town.

SECOND WOMAN [*sitting down on the lowest step and tying her shoe*]. She's cracked, no doubt, poor girl!

PRINCESS. I have asked you twice. Did you hear me?

SECOND MAN. Aye! Ask again and then move on. We can't have vagabonds here.

PRINCESS [*sitting down and laughing helplessly*]. Oh, Florimund! How he will laugh!

THIRD WOMAN [*very shrill-voiced, calling out from the crowd*]. What is that? Is it my jug there on the step? Hold it up?

PRINCESS [*holding up the jug*]. Is it yours? I took it from the cottage there on the right.

[*She points towards the cottage.*]

THIRD WOMAN. She took it! She took it! She tells me so! [She pushes past the other people on to the steps.] And my knife! And my cup! And plate!

[*Her voice gets shriller and shriller. The little child squeezes through the bystanders and comes up to her.*]

CHILD. Mother! She took the loaf for Sunday! She gave it to the ducks, but I wouldn't eat it!

THIRD WOMAN. And my Sunday loaf!

[*She flings her hand up over her head.*]

SECOND MAN [*coming up the steps*]. Did 'e do it? Did 'e take the things?

PRINCESS [*cowering back against the stem of the cross*]. Yes! I took them.

THIRD WOMAN. Oh, the brazen-faced hussy! My jug and my loaf! What will we have for Sunday?

PRINCESS. I'm sorry. I did . . .

THIRD WOMAN. Sorry . . . Sorry . . . So will you be! And how do we know what else may not have gone?

FIRST WOMAN. That rose there! That will be from my garden!

FOURTH WOMAN. My flowers too! She's robbed more than th' gardens, we'll see!

THIRD WOMAN. Search her! Search her!

[*She seizes the Princess by the shoulders and pulls at the front of her dress. The Princess screams and pushes her off with her hands.*]

PRINCESS. Oh! leave me! leave me! I'll tell you . . . I'll tell you who I am!

FIRST WOMAN. 'Tis easy to see what you are! The beauty!

FIRST MAN. Where is the child? He'll say. [To the child.] Answer me now! Did she go into the cottage?

CHILD. Aye. She did.

THIRD WOMAN [*who has been feeling over the Princess*]. There's nothing here upon her.

FIRST WOMAN [*disconsolately*]. Nothing?

THIRD WOMAN [*triumphantly*]. Aye, and that shows to me that there must be another one in it! She has passed things to another who has gone off with them! [*She seizes the Princess by the shoulder.*] Where are they? The things 'e took?

PRINCESS [*trembling*]. I took nothing.

THIRD WOMAN. Why did 'e go there into my house?

PRINCESS. I only took the bread and . . .

THIRD WOMAN. . . . and . . . and . . . Do 'e all hear that?

SECOND MAN. Let me come. I'll make her talk!

[*He comes up the steps and tries to grasp her arm.*]

PRINCESS [*screaming*]. No! No! No! I tell you I am the Princess! Oh! can't you believe what I say?

SEVERAL VOICES [*scornfully*]. The Princess! The Princess!
THIRD MAN. Get her to the pond. She'll tell us what she's
taken!

SEVERAL. Aye! The pond!

PRINCESS [*putting her hands over her eyes*]. No! No! No!
I have taken nothing! Only the bread; I was hungry!
[*The Third Man seizes her hand.*] Oh! don't touch
me! Can't you see? Don't you know? I am the
Princess.

THIRD WOMAN [*pointing to Princess's foot*]. Without'n a
shoe! And in rags! The Princess!

[*Shrieks of laughter from the crowd.*]

PRINCESS. Won't you understand? It was for an adven-
ture! Because my husband . . . ! Oh! Florimund!

[*The First Woman has come round from behind and
seized her by the shoulders.*]

FIRST WOMAN. Now up and stand, my hussy, and we'll see
what cold water'll make 'e say!

SECOND MAN [*from the background*]. Whip her out of the
place, the vagabond!

SEVERAL. Have some fun with her first!

[*The Princess flings her arms round the cross and
screams.*]

THIRD WOMAN. Heat an iron at the forge! That'll make
her speak! Like as not she took that hen and chickens
of mine I lost last week!

SEVERAL. No! The water! The water! Fetch her to
the pond!

PRINCESS [*turning round with her hands clasped behind her
round the cross*]. I am the Princess! Oh! can't you be-
lieve me? I am the Princess!

[*The Juggler has come up the road and is standing
on the outskirts of the crowd. He is richly dressed
and is followed by a boy with a basket.*]

JUGGLER. Hello! Hello! What have we here?

SEVERAL MEN [*turning round*]. Oh! A gentleman!

[*The First Man takes off his cap. The Juggler salutes briskly.*]

PRINCESS [*shrilly*]. It is the man who came to the Palace!

You remember me! Don't you remember me?

JUGGLER. What? [*He runs up the steps, pushing aside the people. The Princess holds out her hand. He looks at her in amazement, then takes her hand and kisses it.*] What?

Your Highness? Is it . . . ? What is all this?

PRINCESS [*sobbing*]. Oh! I wanted an adventure. I left them all and borrowed a peasant girl's clothes. I came along the road, picking flowers . . . all alone . . . so free . . . Then these set upon me and said I had stolen their things. I only took a little milk and bread and flowers. And they won't know who I am.

[*The people have been watching from the foot of the steps.*]

THIRD WOMAN [*loudly*]. Now, young sir! Let her be! We must finish our fun with her!

SECOND MAN. Whip her out of the place, the vagabond!

JUGGLER [*turning round and speaking very clearly*]. Good people, you do not know what you are doing! This is Her Highness the Princess, the newly married consort of our illustrious Prince Florimund.

A VOICE. Princess! Ha! Ha!

ANOTHER VOICE. Why is she dressed up so then?

JUGGLER. For her own pleasure the Princess put on the simple clothes of a village girl . . .

A VOICE. What! Those'n rags?

JUGGLER. . . . and came for a walk into the country.

THIRD WOMAN [*shrilly*]. 'Tis likely, for a Princess! Young man, give her here! We'll duck her!

SECOND MAN. A vagabond, a vagabond! Whip her out of the place!

JUGGLER. I tell you I myself had the honour of giving a

performance before Her Highness last week. Several performances. Her Highness's grace and condescension even went so far that she deigned . . .

FIRST WOMAN. Her Highness! Grace! Let be, young man! Princesses behave as Princesses should. This is but a common vagabond!

SECOND MAN. And whip her out of the place!

[*The woman comes up the steps. The Second Man is cracking a cart whip in the background.*]

JUGGLER. I tell you, you are wrong! This is a gracious lady!

PRINCESS. Oh! tell them if they will let me go that my husband will give them anything they ask for!

JUGGLER. One and all they deserve the gallows!

PRINCESS. Do not make them more angry! Good people, if you will believe me, if you will let me just go quietly home, you may have anything you can ask for! Gold . . . and silver . . . [*She looks round*] . . . ducks, a hundred jugs and plates, a hundred loaves of bread . . . I swear that I can give you this!

JUGGLER. And I swear to you that she can do all she says.

FIRST WOMAN. All very well, but how'll we know? Show us something that'll prove it. What can 'e do? Princess, eh?

JUGGLER [*low and eagerly*]. What can Your Highness do? Quick! all may depend on this!

PRINCESS [*putting her hand up to her face*]. What can I do? What can I do?

[*The Second Man cracks his whip loudly, close to her ear. Some one throws a stone into the pond with a loud splash. There is a shrill laugh.*]

A VOICE. Splash her in!

JUGGLER [*to the crowd*]. Her Highness can sing. No one can mistake the voice of a Princess!

FIRST MAN. Sing, can 'e? Let her sing to us, then, Princess or no Princess.

PRINCESS [*looking round*]. Have you a guitar? A viol?

SECOND WOMAN. No, my dear.

[*There is a burst of laughter. The Second Man is chasing the screaming children about the road with his whip. The Princess clasps her hands and sings quaveringly.*]

"For me are your smiles and your songs and your tears,
Mine for ever, for all the years . . ."

[*There is another burst of laughter.*]

A VOICE. Singing! Eh? Can 'e sing? "For me are your tears!" So they will be when 'e's in the pond!

THIRD MAN [*mimicking her in a brassy falsetto*].

"Fer me are your smiles, fer me are your tears!"

[*Loud laughter from all sides.*]

JUGGLER. Oh! Your Highness, what can you do?

PRINCESS. I can dance! Good people, I can dance for you!

SECOND MAN. Dance down the street at the whip end, the vagabond!

THIRD MAN. Aye! Let 'e dance! Let us see how a Princess can dance!

[*The Princess comes down from the steps and stands in the dust in the middle of the ring of villagers. She holds her torn skirts in her hands and looks round vaguely.*]

PRINCESS. The music? Will you play?

FIRST MAN. The music. Don't 'e hear it?

JUGGLER [*breathing very fast*]. Your Highness, there is no music.

[*The Princess makes the first steps of a minuet.*]

FIRST WOMAN. Dancing! That's dancing! As Princesses dance!
[*She laughs loudly.*]

BET. Oh! lor!

FIRST WOMAN [*pushing her forward*]. Here, Bet, can 'e dance like that?

BET [*giggling*]. Oh! lor! [She puts her hands on her hips and kicks about her legs.] Dancing! Oh! lor!

SECOND MAN [*from the outskirts of the crowd*]. Give her here! I'll make her dance!

[*The Princess runs up the steps and crouches down against the cross. The Juggler stands over her glaring at the people.*]

FIRST WOMAN [*loudly and authoritatively*]. Now here, then, young man! Give us your Princess! We have given her a chance to show herself! Could she ha' danced or could she ha' sung we'd ha' believed she were more'n a vagabond . . .

THIRD WOMAN [*shrilly*]. Thieving hussy!

FIRST WOMAN. . . . But she can do nothing. So we'll have a bit of fun with her and send her out on the road.

SECOND MAN. Whip her out of the place!

BET [*giggling*]. Dance again! Let 'e dance again!

THIRD MAN [*squeezing Bet round the waist*]. Here's one as can dance. [Bet struggles and shrieks ecstatically.]

THIRD WOMAN. Come on now!

[*She grasps the Princess's arm.*]

JUGGLER [*pushing himself between*]. I tell you, you are mad fools! You will have your houses burnt above your heads! Do you think the Prince will pardon such treatment as this? And, if you kill her, as you will surely kill her, a delicate woman! . . . do you think the Prince will be content till he has seen you all, men, women, and children, dead before his eyes? Can't you see that this is not a common road woman?

[*Some people look at one another nervously.*]

FIRST MAN. Let 'e show us something! What can 'e do? We won't let vagabonds pass!

[*The Juggler looks round in despair. He sees his boy holding the basket on the outskirts of the crowd, and signals to him wildly. Then he turns to the Princess.*]

JUGGLER. Does Your Highness remember? Could Your Highness do the trick with the balls that you were so gracious as to learn from me?

PRINCESS. Throwing the balls? Oh, yes! I used to play with my sisters.

JUGGLER. Your Highness would deign?

PRINCESS. I could do it. I think I could do it.

[*She pushes up the sleeve from her arm.*]

JUGGLER [*to the crowd, taking a deep breath.*]. You ask to see some sign that this is a Princess, a lady from the highest places in the land? Well . . . since you must see . . . ! Which of you can throw a ball into the air and catch it?

BET [*from the foreground where she is peering impertinently at the Princess.*]. I could.

JUGGLER. Which of you can throw two balls and catch them?

WOMAN [*pushing forward a small boy.*]. Johnny here, he can.

JUGGLER. Which of you could throw three balls, and four and five and keep them flying above the ground? Which of you?

[*The Juggler's boy pushes up to the steps with his gayly decorated basket. The Juggler fumbles with the strings.*]

PRINCESS [*eagerly*]. No. No. Give me that basket of apples!

[*The people are all listening and watching. The Second Woman drags up the basket of apples. The Princess stoops down and takes three apples into her lap. She throws them up and catches them again, keeping them flying in the air at once.*]

FIRST MAN. See her now? Could 'e do that, Bet? Could 'e, Johnny?

JOHNNY [watching open-mouthed]. Nay!

[*The Princess takes another apple and keeps four flying at once.*]

FIRST WOMAN. Do 'e see? Do 'e see?

SECOND WOMAN. Look at her hands? She never did no scrubbing!

[*The Juggler leans against the cross with folded arms, looking at the ground. The Princess takes a fifth apple. A loud murmur of admiration comes from the crowd.*]

PRINCESS [singing, keeping the apples spinning from hand to hand]:

"For me are your songs and your smiles and your tears,
Mine for ever, through all the years;
Give me your hand, forget your fears . . ."

FIRST MAN. Could 'e do that? Could 'e?

[*The people press all forward watching.*]

FIRST WOMAN. Do 'e see the lace at her elbow? Under the ragged sleeve?

SECOND MAN [holding his breath]. Will she drop it now . . . ?
No!

PRINCESS [singing]:

"I have conquered all your fears,
For ever, for ever, for all the years,
And mine for ever shall be your smile . . ."

Throw me another apple!

FIRST WOMAN [in awe]. What! Another apple!

THIRD WOMAN. Give it now!

[*A man comes forward sheepishly with an apple.*]

PRINCESS [imperiously]. Throw it! Throw it!

[*She catches it and spins it with the others. The six apples jump up and down round her like the weaving of a pattern. A cry of admiration comes from the crowd.*]

PRINCESS [*singing*]:

"Mine for ever, for all the years . . ."

[*She spins one apple at Johnny, who is gazing with open mouth.*] For you!

[*She spins another at Bet, who drops it and gropes on her knees after it in the dust. The third flies up in the air. The Juggler gives a start, spreads out his two palms and catches it. The Princess stands up, three apples leaping up and down from her hands. She looks round at the crowd of faces.*]

PRINCESS. Whoever catches this may lend me a cart.

[*She spins one apple into the crowd.*] Whoever catches this may lend me a horse. [*She throws a second.*] And whoever this . . . [*She tosses it up and down.*] . . . may drive me back to the town.

[*She throws the last apple up into the air. There is a scramble.*]

SEVERAL VOICES. I caught it . . . I did . . . I.

[*The Princess sinks down on the step. A battered country cart is dragged to the front of the cross. Some one brings out an old shaggy-legged horse. The Third Man climbs on to the front of the cart, the Second Man hands him the whip which he waves with a beautiful flourish. The Juggler lifts the Princess's hand to his lips.*]

JUGGLER. Your Highness's carriage waits!

CURTAIN

“GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE!”¹

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

CHARACTERS

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS
BABETTE

SCENE.—*A small neat room. In a high Voltaire chair sits a white-haired old gentleman.*

M. VIEUXBOIS [turning querulously]. Day of my life!
Where can she get?

Babette! I say! Babette!—Babette!

BABETTE [entering hurriedly]. Coming, M’sieu’! If
M’sieu’ speaks

So loud, he won’t be well for weeks!

M. VIEUXBOIS. Where have you been?

BABETTE. Why, M’sieu’ knows:—

April!... Ville-d’Avray!... Ma’am’-selle Rose!

M. VIEUXBOIS. Ah! I am old, — and I forget.

Was the place growing green, Babette?

BABETTE. But of a greenness!—yes, M’sieu’!

And then the sky so blue!—so blue!—

And when I dropped my *immortelle*,

How the birds sang!

[*Lifting her apron to her eyes.*]

This poor Ma’am’selle!

¹ From *Proverbs in Porcelain*. Reprinted by arrangement with the publisher, Mr. Humphrey Milford, the Oxford University Press, London, and by permission of Mr. Alban Dobson. Correspondence in regard to performances should be addressed to Hanson Hart Webster, 2 Park Street, Boston.

M. VIEUXBOIS. You're a good girl, Babette, but she,—
 She was an Angel, verily.
 Sometimes I think I see her yet
 Stand smiling by the cabinet;
 And once, I know, she peeped and laughed
 Betwixt the curtains . . .
 Where's the draught?

[*She gives him a cup.*]

Now I shall sleep, I think, Babette;—
 Sing me your Norman *chansonnette*.

BABETTE [*sings*].

Once at the Angelus
 (Ere I was dead),
 Angels all glorious
 Came to my Bed;—
 Angels in blue and white
 Crowned on the Head.

M. VIEUXBOIS [*drowsily*]. She was an Angel . . . Once she
 laughed . . .

What, was I dreaming?
 Where's the draught?

BABETTE [*showing the empty cup*]. The draught, M'sieu'?

M. VIEUXBOIS. How I forget!

I am so old! But sing, Babette!

BABETTE [*sings*].

One was the Friend I left
 Stark in the Snow;
 One was the Wife that died
 Long, — long ago;
 One was the Love I lost . . .
 How could she know?

M. VIEUXBOIS [*murmuring*]. Ah, Paul! . . . old Paul! . . .
 Eulalie too!

And Rose . . . And O! . . . the sky so blue!

BABETTE [*sings*].

One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild;
One had my Father's face;
One was a Child:
All of them bent to me,—
Bent down and smiled!

He is asleep !

M. VIEUXBOIS [*almost inaudibly*]. How I forget!

I am so old . . . Good-night, Babette!

CURTAIN

TO DUST RETURNING¹

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

CHARACTERS

THE KING

THE COURT FOOL

A YOUTH

A GIRL

A PAGE

AN OLD MAN

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

SCENE: *The palace garden, in the centre of which stands a sundial. The King, absorbed in meditation, watches the shadow move across the dial's face. The Court Fool, a fantastic figure, enters, with a superb air, holding in his hand something which cannot be seen. He is pursued by pages, youths, and maidens of the Court.*

THE CROWD. Fool! Fool!

A YOUTH. He swears that in his hand he holds
The bulwarks of the earth!

A GIRL [*to the King*]. Sire, is it true?

A YOUTH. His hand contains great empires!

A PAGE. Kingdoms!

A GIRL. Crowns!

A YOUTH [*to the Jester*]. Prove it! give me a star!

A GIRL [*to the King*]. Oh, Sire, he says
That in his hand he holds a power and glory
More great than yours!

¹ Copyright by Anna Hempstead Branch. All rights reserved. Reprinted by courtesy of the author and *The Poet's Guild*, publishers of *The Unbound Anthology*. For permission to reproduce this play, address the author at 11 Hempstead Street, New London, Connecticut. The royalty is five dollars for each performance.

A YOUTH [*to the Jester*]. Then grant to us our wishes!

THE FOOL. Wish! And I'll grant it!

FIRST GIRL. Please, some satin slippers!

THE FOOL. I have them here!

FIRST GIRL. Painted with flying cherubs?

THE FOOL. With flying cherubs! Lined with sky blue satin!

A YOUTH. I want a kingdom!

THE FOOL. Kingdoms? I have plenty.

SECOND GIRL. A scarlet bonnet!

THIRD GIRL. I would like a lover.

In splendid rich apparel! Have you got him?

THE FOOL. Bonnets and lovers jostle one another.

A BOY. I want a war-horse white as milk, and stamping!

FIRST CHILD. Some wooden soldiers!

SECOND CHILD. And a little trumpet!

A PAGE. Glory I want!

THE FOOL. My hand is full of glory.

THE OLD MAN. I'm blind! I want to die!

THE FOOL. I've death abundant.

THE CROWD. A dancing monkey! Jewels! Stars!

THE FOOL [*addressing the King*]. And you?

THE KING [*pointing to the shadow on the dial*]. I want an answer to the creeping shadow

That marks off time.

THE FOOL [*holding his hand high above his head*]. Look, then! I have the answer

To everything that is. This small right hand

Contains the sum of all desires — the bourne

For which life strives — the solace unto death!

I have more power in this fragile hand

Than kings may covet; all the heritage

Of them that reign — kingdoms and battles, powers,

Banners and hosts of war, and crowns and thorns,

Aye, and the kings that wear them —

THE KING. Fool, explain this.

THE FOOL. Wonderful hand! It is so full of stars
I hardly hold them! It is splashed with scarlet!
Thunders and tumult — these go streaming through it!
A thousand battles rock and riot in it!
Cities are in it — I can hear them breathing —
Kingdoms and crowns, yes, nations have I here!
And hearts! My child, those cherub painted slippers
Are mad in it for dancing! A scarlet bonnet
Flames among fallen cities! I hold the sum
And substance of this world. Oh, look! The glory!
I see it trickling out between my fingers!
Easy to capture it! I reached my hand
And scooped up splendor!

THE CROWD. Give! Oh, show it! Give us!

THE FOOL. Then take —

[Lets fall handful of dust.]

THE KING. It's dust!

THE FOOL. What would you have? This world
From dust created, unto dust returns.

CURTAIN

THE TRAVELLING MAN¹

A MIRACLE PLAY

BY LADY GREGORY

PERSONS

A MOTHER

A CHILD

A TRAVELLING MAN

SCENE: *A cottage kitchen. A woman setting out a bowl and jug and board on the table for breadmaking.*

CHILD. What is it you are going to make, Mother?

MOTHER. I am going to make a grand cake with white flour.

Seeds I will put in it. Maybe I'll make a little cake for yourself too. You can be baking it in the little pot while the big one will be baking in the big pot.

CHILD. It is a pity daddy to be away at the fair on a Samhain night.

MOTHER. I must make my feast all the same, for Samhain night is more to me than to any other one. It was on this night seven years I first came into this house.

CHILD. You will be taking down those plates from the dresser so, those plates with flowers on them, and be putting them on the table.

MOTHER. I will. I will set out the house to-day, and bring

¹ From *Seven Short Plays*, by Lady Gregory, courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. All acting rights, both professional and amateur, are reserved in the United States, Great Britain, and all countries of the copyright union by the author. Performances forbidden and right of presentation reserved. Application for the right of performing this play or reading it in public should be made to Samuel French, 28 West 38th Street, New York.

down the best delf, and put whatever thing is best on the table, because of the great thing that happened me seven years ago.

CHILD. What great thing was that?

MOTHER. I was after being driven out of the house where I was a serving girl. . . .

CHILD. Where was that house? Tell me about it.

MOTHER [*sitting down and pointing southward*]. It is over there I was living, in a farmer's house up on Slieve Echtge, near to Slieve na n-Or, the Golden Mountain.

CHILD. The Golden Mountain! That must be a grand place.

MOTHER. Not very grand indeed, but bare and cold enough at that time of the year. Anyway, I was driven out a Samhain day like this, because of some things that were said against me.

CHILD. What did you do then?

MOTHER. What had I to do but to go walking the bare bog road through the rough hills where there was no shelter to find, and the sharp wind going through me, and the red mud heavy on my shoes. I came to Kilbecanty. . . .

CHILD. I know Kilbecanty. That is where the woman in the shop gave me sweets out of a bottle.

MOTHER. So she might now, but that night her door was shut and all the doors were shut; and I saw through the windows the boys and the girls sitting round the hearth and playing their games, and I had no courage to ask for shelter. In dread I was they might think some shameful thing of me, and I going the road alone in the night-time.

CHILD. Did you come here after that?

MOTHER. I went on down the hill in the darkness, and with the dint of my trouble and the length of the road my strength failed me, and I had like to fall. So I did fall at the last, meeting with a heap of broken stones by the roadside.

CHILD. I hurt my knee one time I fell on the stones.

MOTHER. It was then the great thing happened. I saw a stranger coming towards me, a very tall man, the best I ever saw, bright and shining that you could see him through the darkness; and I knew him to be no common man.

CHILD. Who was he?

MOTHER. It is what I thought, that he was the King of the World.

CHILD. Had he a crown like a King?

MOTHER. If he had, it was made of the twigs of a bare blackthorn; but in his hand he had a green branch, that never grew on a tree of this world. He took me by the hand, and he led me over the stepping-stones outside to this door, and he bade me to go in and I would find good shelter. I was kneeling down to thank him, but he raised me up and he said, "I will come to see you some other time. And do not shut up your heart in the things I give you," he said, "but have a welcome before me."

CHILD. Did he go away then?

MOTHER. I saw him no more after that, but I did as he bade me. [She stands up and goes to the door.] I came in like this, and your father was sitting there by the hearth, a lonely man that was after losing his wife. He was alone and I was alone, and we married one another; and I never wanted since for shelter or safety. And a good wife I made him, and a good housekeeper.

CHILD. Will the King come again to the house?

MOTHER. I have his word for it he will come, but he did not come yet; it is often your father and myself looked out the door of a Samhain¹ night, thinking to see him.

¹ A Celtic feast of the departing sun or summer, held November 1, the beginning of the Celtic year. Omens were read for the future, and ghosts and bogies were believed to be abroad.—Webster's *New International Dictionary*.

CHILD. I hope he won't come in the night-time, and I asleep.

MOTHER. It is of him I do be thinking every year, and I setting out the house, and making a cake for the supper.

CHILD. What will he do when he comes in?

MOTHER. He will sit over there in the chair, and maybe he will taste a bit of the cake. I will call in all the neighbours; I will tell them he is here. They will not be keeping it in their mind against me then that I brought nothing, coming to the house. They will know I am before any of them, the time they know who it is has come to visit me. They will all kneel down and ask for his blessing. But the best blessing will be on the house he came to of himself.

CHILD. And are you going to make the cake now?

MOTHER. I must make it now indeed, or I will be late with it. I am late as it is; I was expecting one of the neighbours to bring me white flour from the town. I'll wait no longer, I'll go borrow it in some place. There will be a wedding in the stonemason's house Thursday, it's likely there will be flour in the house.

CHILD. Let me go along with you.

MOTHER. It is best for you to stop here. Be a good child now, and don't be meddling with the things on the table. Sit down there by the hearth and break up those little sticks I am after bringing in. Make a little heap of them now before me, and we will make a good fire to bake the cake. See now how many will you break. Don't go out the door while I'm away, I would be in dread of you going near the river and it in flood. Behave yourself well now. Be counting the sticks as you break them.

[She goes out.]

CHILD [sitting down and breaking sticks across his knee].

One — and two — O I can break this one into a great many, one, two, three, four. — This one is wet — I don't like a wet one — five, six — that is a great heap. —

Let me try that great big one. — That is too hard. — I don't think mother could break that one. — Daddy could break it.

[*Half-door is opened and a travelling man comes in.*

He wears a ragged white flannel shirt, and mud-stained trousers. He is bareheaded and barefooted, and carries a little branch in his hand.]

TRAVELLING MAN [*stooping over the child and taking the stick*].

Give it here to me and hold this.

[*He puts the branch in the child's hand while he takes the stick and breaks it.*]

CHILD. That is a good branch, apples on it and flowers.

The tree at the mill has apples yet, but all the flowers are gone. Where did you get this branch?

TRAVELLING MAN. I got it in a garden a long way off.

CHILD. Where is the garden? Where do you come from?

TRAVELLING MAN [*pointing southward*]. I have come from beyond those hills.

CHILD. Is it from the Golden Mountain you are come?
From Slieve na n-Or?

TRAVELLING MAN. That is where I come from surely, from the Golden Mountain. I would like to sit down and rest for a while.

CHILD. Sit down here beside me. We must not go near the table or touch anything, or mother will be angry. Mother is going to make a beautiful cake, a cake that will be fit for a King that might be coming in to our supper.

TRAVELLING MAN. I will sit here with you on the floor.

[*Sits down.*]

CHILD. Tell me now about the Golden Mountain.

TRAVELLING MAN. There is a garden in it, and there is a tree in the garden that has fruit and flowers at the one time.

CHILD. Like this branch?

TRAVELLING MAN. Just like that little branch.

CHILD. What other things are in the garden?

TRAVELLING MAN. There are birds of all colours that sing at every hour, the way the people will come to their prayers. And there is a high wall about the garden.

CHILD. What way can the people get through the wall?

TRAVELLING MAN. There are four gates in the wall: a gate of gold, and a gate of silver, and a gate of crystal, and a gate of white brass.

CHILD [*taking up the sticks*]. I will make a garden. I will make a wall with these sticks.

TRAVELLING MAN. This big stick will make the first wall.

[*They build a square wall with sticks.*]

CHILD [*taking up branch*]. I will put this in the middle. This is the tree. I will get something to make it stand up. [*Gets up and looks at dresser.*] I can't reach it. Get up and give me that shining jug.

[*Travelling Man gets up and gives him the jug.*]

TRAVELLING MAN. Here it is for you.

CHILD [*puts it within the walls and sets the branch in it*]. Tell me something else that is in the garden?

TRAVELLING MAN. There are four wells of water in it, that are as clear as glass.

CHILD. Get me down those cups, those flowery cups, we will put them for wells. [*He hands them down.*] Now I will make the gates, give me those plates for gates, not those ugly ones, those nice ones at the top.

[*He takes them down and they put them on the four sides for gates. The Child gets up and looks at it.*]

TRAVELLING MAN. There now, it is finished.

CHILD. Is it as good as the other garden? How can we go to the Golden Mountain to see the other garden?

TRAVELLING MAN. We can ride to it.

CHILD. But we have no horse.

TRAVELLING MAN. This form will be our horse. [*He draws a form out of the corner, and sits down astride on it, putting*

the child before him.] Now, off we go! [Sings, the child repeating the refrain] —

Come ride and ride to the garden,
Come ride and ride with a will:
For the flower comes with the fruit there
Beyond a hill and a hill.

Refrain

Come ride and ride to the garden,
Come ride like the March wind;
There's barley there, and water there,
And stabling to your mind.

TRAVELLING MAN. How did you like that ride, little horse-man?

CHILD. Go on again! I want another ride!

TRAVELLING MAN [*sings*] —

The Archangels stand in a row there
And all the garden bless,
The Archangel Axel, Victor the angel
Work at the cider press.

Refrain

Come ride and ride to the garden, &c.

CHILD. We will soon be at the Golden Mountain now.

Ride again. Sing another song.

TRAVELLING MAN [*sings*] —

O scent of the broken apples!
O shuffling of holy shoes!
Beyond a hill and a hill there
In the land that no one knows.

Refrain

Come ride and ride to the garden, &c.

CHILD. Now another ride.

TRAVELLING MAN. This will be the last. It will be a good ride.

[*The mother comes in. She stares for a second, then throws down her basket and snatches up the child.*]

MOTHER. Did ever anyone see the like of that! A common beggar, a travelling man off the roads, to be holding the child! To be leaving his ragged arms about him as if he was of his own sort! Get out of that, whoever you are, and quit this house or I'll call to some that will make you quit it.

CHILD. Do not send him out! He is not a bad man; he is a good man; he was playing horses with me. He has grand songs.

MOTHER. Let him get away out of this now, himself and his share of songs. Look at the way he has your bib destroyed that I was after washing in the morning!

CHILD. He was holding me on the horse. We were riding, I might have fallen. He held me.

MOTHER. I give you my word you are done now with riding horses. Let him go on his road. I have no time to be cleaning the place after the like of him.

CHILD. He is tired. Let him stop here till evening.

TRAVELLING MAN. Let me rest here for a while, I have been travelling a long way.

MOTHER. Where did you come from to-day?

TRAVELLING MAN. I came over Slieve Echtge from Slieve na n-Cr. I had no house to stop in. I walked the long bog road. The wind was going through me. There was no shelter to be got. The red mud of the road was heavy on my feet. I got no welcome in the villages, and so I came on to this place, to the rising of the river at Ballylee.

MOTHER. It is best for you to go on to the town. It is not far for you to go. We will maybe have company coming in here.

[*She pours out flour into a bowl and begins mixing.*]

TRAVELLING MAN. Will you give me a bit of that dough to bring with me? I have gone a long time fasting.

MOTHER. It is not often in the year I make bread like this. There are a few cold potatoes on the dresser, are they not

good enough for you? There is many a one would be glad to get them.

TRAVELLING MAN. Whatever you will give me, I will take it.

MOTHER [*going to the dresser for the potatoes and looking at the shelves*]. What in the earthly world has happened all the delf? Where are the jugs gone and the plates? They were all in it when I went out a while ago.

CHILD [*hanging his head*]. We were making a garden with them. We were making that garden there in the corner.

MOTHER. Is that what you were doing after I bidding you to sit still and to keep yourself quiet? It is to tie you in the chair I will another time! My grand jugs! [She picks them up and wipes them.] My plates that I bought the first time I ever went marketing into Gort. The best in the shop they were. [One slips from her hand and breaks.] Look at that now, look what you are after doing. [She gives a slap at the child.]

TRAVELLING MAN. Do not blame the child. It was I myself took them down from the dresser.

MOTHER [*turning on him*]. It was you took them! What business had you doing that? It's the last time a tramp or a tinker or a rogue of the roads will have a chance of laying his hand on anything in this house. It is jailed you should be! What did you want touching the dresser at all? Is it looking you were for what you could bring away?

TRAVELLING MAN [*taking the child's hands*]. I would not refuse these hands that were held out for them. If it was for the four winds of the world he had asked, I would have put their bridles into these innocent hands.

MOTHER [*taking up the jug and throwing the branch on the floor*]. Get out of this! Get out of this I tell you! There is no shelter here for the like of you! Look at

that mud on the floor! You are not fit to come into the house of any decent respectable person!

[*The room begins to darken.*]

TRAVELLING MAN. Indeed, I am more used to the roads than to the shelter of houses. It is often I have spent the night on the bare hills.

MOTHER. No wonder in that! [*She begins to sweep floor.*]

Go out of this now to whatever company you are best used to, whatever they are. The worst of people it is likely they are, thieves and drunkards and shameless women.

TRAVELLING MAN. Maybe so. Drunkards and thieves and shameless women; stones that have fallen, that are trodden under foot; bodies that are spoiled with sores; bodies that are worn with fasting; minds that are broken with much sinning; the poor, the mad, the bad. . . .

MOTHER. Get out with you! Go back to your friends, I say!

TRAVELLING MAN. I will go. I will go back to the high road that is walked by the bare feet of the poor, by the innocent bare feet of children. I will go back to the rocks and the wind, to the cries of the trees in the storm!

[*He goes out.*]

CHILD. He has forgotten his branch!

[*Takes it and follows him.*]

MOTHER [*still sweeping*]. My good plates from the dresser, and dirty red mud on the floor, and the sticks all scattered in every place. [*Stoops to pick them up.*] Where is the child gone? [*Goes to door.*] I don't see him — he couldn't have gone to the river — it is getting dark — the bank is slippy. Come back! Come back! Where are you?

[*Child runs in.*]

MOTHER. O where were you? I was in dread it was to the river you were gone, or into the river.

CHILD. I went after him. He is gone over the river.

MOTHER. He couldn't do that. He couldn't go through the flood.

CHILD. He did go over it. He was as if walking on the water. There was a light before his feet.

MOTHER. That could not be so. What put that thought in your mind?

CHILD. I called to him to come back for the branch, and he turned where he was in the river, and he bade me to bring it back, and to show it to yourself.

MOTHER [*taking the branch*]. There are fruit and flowers on it. It is a branch that is not of any earthly tree. [*Falls on her knees.*] He is gone, he is gone, and I never knew him! He was that stranger that gave me all! He is the King of the World!

CURTAIN

THE SHUTTING O' THE DOOR¹

BY WALLACE G. DICKSON

CHARACTERS

MARGARET

JAN

THE FOOL

THE FIRST THIEF

THE SECOND THIEF

SCENE: *An old English cottage in the woods. The beams of the walls and ceiling are black with the smoke of countless years. There is a big casement window at the back. Through it can be seen the shadows of great trees waving in the night wind. At the right of the window is a door opening to the woods. In the right wall is a huge fireplace. Over the brisk fire, hanging from a swinging crane, is a big black kettle. There is a table in the center toward the left. It has a red cover. There are warm, red curtains at the window. In the left corner of the room is a kitchen cupboard. An old settle is warming itself by the fireplace. A fat tallow candle sputters in an iron candlestick on the table.*

[As the curtain rises Margaret is kneeling by the fireplace. Deflly she swings the kettle toward her and with a big wooden spoon she stirs the porridge. She swings the kettle back over the fire to keep it warm. Humming a

¹ Copyright, 1924, by Walter H. Baker Company. All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages. This play, in its printed form, is designed for the reading public only. All dramatic, motion-picture, and other rights in it are fully protected by copyright; and no performance — professional or amateur — may be given without the written permission of the author's agents, and the payment of royalty. Address Walter H. Baker Company, 41 Winter Street, Boston.

dainty tune she gets dishes from the cupboard and sets the table for two. From a stone jug by the fireplace she pours Jan a mug of steaming ale. There is bread on the table. She looks about to see that all is ready. There comes a heavy thump of boots outside. With a mischievous smile she glances about in search of a hiding-place. Just as the door opens she skips behind it. It opens inward and so conceals her. Jan stands on the doorsill looking about the room for Margaret. With a smile he stoops to see whether she is under the table. She is not. Leaving the door open he moves into the room. He is absorbed in thinking where she might be. On tiptoes she steals out from behind the door and with a delicious little laugh clasps her hands over his eyes.]

MARGARET. Guess who!

JAN [as though he did not know]. Gran'ma Neville?

MARGARET. No!

JAN. Sally?

MARGARET [scornfully]. No-o.

JAN [triumphantly]. The queen!

MARGARET. Guess again.

JAN. My queen?

MARGARET. Um-hum. [She looks down as he swings about and places his hands on her shoulders.] Your queen, Jan.

JAN. Gi'e me a kiss, lass.

MARGARET [kisses the first two fingers of her right hand and presses them to his lips]. 'Tis all the kisses you'll get from me, Jan Tindle.

JAN. An' who else'll I kiss, sweet Margaret?

MARGARET [with a saucy flirt of her head]. 'Tis for yerself to decide who ye'll kiss, not me.

JAN. Mayhap. [With a sly glance.] How's that Sally Lawless, the plump wench as tends the kegs down at the Golden Flagon? She's nice.

MARGARET [*with another flirt of her head*]. Hush! Don't talk to me o' that Sally Lawless. Ev'ry tippled Jack in the south country's kissed her.

[*She crosses to the fireplace and swings the kettle into the room.*]

JAN. Except yer own dear Jan. Think I'd kiss any but you? Nay, lass, I did but jest. [*He reaches into one of the pockets of his jerkin.*] Come over, pretty one.

MARGARET. An' what do yer want wi' me?

JAN. Come an' I'll be showin' ye.

MARGARET. Then make haste, the porridge cools.

[*She crosses to him.*]

JAN. Close yer eyes an' put out yer han's.

MARGARET. I'll do nothin' o' the sort.

JAN [*insisting*]. Close yer eyes an' put out yer han's.

MARGARET. Well, if ye reely got somethin' fer me . . .

JAN. Close yer eyes an' put out yer han's.

MARGARET [*she does as he tells her*]. An' don't ye put a frog in 'em, Jan.

JAN. No, I swear not. [*He brings forth a bundle from his pocket and lays it in her hands.*] Now open an' see.

MARGARET [*opening it eagerly*]. What is it, Jan? What is it?

[*She unrolls a long strip of ribbon, Roman stripe.*]

JAN [*almost proudly*]. An' how does that strike yer fancy?

MARGARET [*jumping up and down with joy*]. Oh, Jan Tindle, yer un angel. [*She drapes the silk across her breast.*] An' now I'll fix the other dress. [*Pause.*] Jan, where did ye get it?

JAN. A peddler at the Golden Flagon had it wi' 'im. He said as it come from Italy, across the sea.

MARGARET. I'll pay you, sweet boy.

[*She skips up to him, and with her arms thrown back, leans forward, her lips touching his.*]

JAN [*suddenly*]. I'd gi'e ye the world fer that, Margaret.

[*There is a pause.*]

MARGARET [*coming down to earth*]. I'll fix the other dress
an' we'll go to church, Jan.

JAN. We will that, on the Sabbath. But to-night let's eat.

MARGARET. I'll get the porridge.

[*She places the silk in a safe place and starts to fill two bowls with porridge. Jan loosens the leather belt at his waist and sinks on to the settle by the fire. He stretches out his legs comfortably. As Margaret fills the bowls he leans forward and sniffs.*]

JAN. Smells good.

MARGARET. It is good. I made it from the new meal ye brought me from Jock's mill.

JAN [*leaning back and folding his hands behind his head*]. Speakin' o' Jock. He was down to the Golden Flagon Inn to-night, an' he wagered as he could split the door wi' 'is head.

MARGARET [*astounded*]. Wi' 'is head?

JAN [*nodding seriously*]. Wi' 'is head. Well, the rest o' us took 'im on.

[*Margaret has turned to put the porridge on the table. The open door catches her eye. She looks from Jan to the door and then says, rather severely.*]

MARGARET. Jan!

JAN [*startled into sitting upright*]. Huh?

MARGARET. Ye stupid lout, get up an' close the door. Here ye got my nice warm kitchen all cold wi' yer carelessness.

JAN [*a bit nettled*]. Stupid lout! Is that the way ye call yer nice, kind husband as loves ye? Stupid lout! Ask me right. [He settles back.]

MARGARET. Are ye not a lout to leave a door open in chill October?

JAN. W'ich ain't the point. Ye called me once.

MARGARET [*almost angrily*]. Jan, will ye close that door?
JAN [*flatly*]. No. If ye'd asked me right.

[*He stops with the air of "Things might have been different."*]

MARGARET. Then ye'll not get a taste o' my porridge this night.

JAN [*looking over his shoulder at her*]. Yer porridge. An' how is it yer porridge?

MARGARET. Did I not cook it?

JAN [*cunningly*]. Cook what?

MARGARET. The meal.

JAN [*triumphantly*]. Whose meal? Whose meal did ye cook? [*After the way of a woman Margaret will not answer. Then after a moment.*] Well, I wouldn't eat it anyway. [*He settles back.*] Prob'ly there's poison in it. [*Margaret closes her mouth tightly to hold back the words. She will not look at him. Jan sulkily wagging his head.*] An' why don't you close it? [*He gets a bit uncomfortable under her silence.*] Well, I won't. [*There is a long pause. Then looking 'round at her.*] Why don't ye say some-thin'? [*He waits for a response. There is none forthcoming. Margaret merely closes her mouth tighter. Then after a pause.*] I ken keep still as well as you ken. [*He turns his gaze back to the fire. There is silence. Then turning toward her.*] An' the first one that speaks after this'll shut the door?

[*Margaret nods. Jan turns back to the fire.*

Margaret sits in a chair by the table. One can see that it is going to be a long, hard struggle. After a time the dim figure of the Fool approaches the door. There is a feeble knock. Jan opens his mouth to say, "Come in." Remembering the door he snaps his mouth shut and beckons the man in. Margaret leans from her chair to watch the Fool as he sidles in, crabwise. He stands looking

about the room for several minutes. Then he sees the buttons on Jan's jacket. Carefully laying a forefinger on each he counts them off in a dull monotone. Then he glances down the buttons of his own jerkin and begins counting them; the number does not correspond with the number of Jan's buttons and the Fool is greatly troubled. Cocking his head from one side to the other he stares at the buttons. Then he counts his own again. By skipping a button he makes the number of his buttons the same as that of Jan. This pleases him very much and he is all smiles.]

THE FOOL. Hah! Hah! [There seems to come an echo from the woods and the Fool spins about. For a moment he listens, then, convinced there is no one there, he turns to Jan, shaking his head. Jan shakes his head also.] What is? [Jan shakes his head, smiling good-humoredly. The Fool, catching sight of the bread on the table, looks into Jan's face and then points to the bread.] Bread? [Jan nods and the Fool moves across to the table. He seizes a slice and takes a huge bite. As he stands there munching he sees Jan's mug of ale, and before either Jan or Margaret can make a move he has drained the mug. He smacks his lips. Margaret starts forward with a frown and then sinks back into the chair. She shrugs her shoulders, as though, after all, it didn't matter. Catching up two more slices the Fool crosses the room to Jan. He tries to cram a slice into Jan's mouth.] Bread! Bread! [Jan takes it from his mouth and throws it into the fire. He shakes his head. Imitatively the Fool does likewise. Suddenly he seems stricken with thought. He reaches into his girdle and after a moment brings forth an immense copper penny. This he bestows on Jan with a gracious air and then he turns to go. Jan, however, catches him by the sleeve and returns the penny. He shakes his head. The Fool raises his eye-

brows in surprise. He looks from Jan to the penny and back.] Cookoo!

[Shaking his head he goes out the door, still munching bread. At almost the same moment there comes a faint "Halloo." It is repeated and a little later there is the sound of boots on wood. Then two Thieves bent almost double under the weight of two sacks stagger into the room. With a thud they drop the sacks to the floor. The First Thief gives a huge sigh of relief and mops his forehead with a kerchief. The other stands fighting for breath.]

THE FIRST THIEF [who is tall and lean]. Whew! I be all of a-sweat wi' the heft o' that sack o' sil'er.

[He looks apologetically from Jan to Margaret.]

THE SECOND THIEF [who is short and chubby]. An' so be I wi' my sack o' gold. [He also mops his forehead.] Whew! This thievin' do be a turrible business as to work. Especial for them as isn't us't to 't.

THE FIRST THIEF [groaning]. Aye, it do be that. What wi' my back achin' an' my belly hollered till I ain't got any, I do be in a pretty way.

THE SECOND THIEF. Sit ye down an' rest yer back. We'll toast 'r toes an' fill us up wi' ale an' a slab o' green cheese an' dream as we was captings on a pirate ship. Here ye, master o' the house, an' do 'e say to gi'e us a bite o' sup an' a bed.

[Jan, by reason of the door, can say not a word. He merely stares at them.]

THE FIRST THIEF. A bed wi' cov'rins an' all.

THE SECOND THIEF. An' a leg o' capon an' a swig o' ale as big as a mounting. W'ot say 'e?

[Jan looks distressed. The First Thief nudges the Second.]

THE FIRST THIEF. He bean't speakin' free.

THE SECOND THIEF [*grunting*]. He bean't that. [To Jan.]

Come, we'll gi'e ye two shillin's all.

THE FIRST THIEF. An' a right good price, too.

THE SECOND THIEF. An' a penny for luck. Speak up!

[*Jan simply stares at them. For a moment they endure his gaze, then drop their eyes. The First Thief nudges the Second again.*]

THE FIRST THIEF. W'ot is he, huh?

THE SECOND THIEF. I bean't sure. Do it be i' us to try the 'oman?

THE FIRST THIEF. Aye. You try 'er.

THE SECOND THIEF. [*He crosses to Margaret. He sweeps off his cap and fumbles it nervously in his hands. It would appear that he is not a ladies' man.*] A very fine night it is, medame. [*For an instant Margaret looks him in the eye. She smiles. He expands.*] A royal fine night. [*She smiles again.*] A night as were fit for a king. [*He waits for her to speak. When she does not he becomes embarrassed.*] Er — a — we be two poor travelers as is tired an' hungry, what wi' robbin' all day, an' a fight, an' luggin' a sack o' gold an' a sack o' sil'er, an' we be tired an' wishful o' a snack an' a bed, an' bein' tired we 'ud like to rest us-selves, an' — an' . . .

[*He is all tangled up. Here the other chimes in.*]

THE FIRST THIEF. An' we was wond'rin' as could ye put us i' the loft wi' a spare cov'rin' an' a bite o' cheese or some'at.

[*He waits for her to answer. She looks at them both and smiles. He looks at the other Thief.*]

THE SECOND THIEF [*gulpng*]. We was wond'rin' could we . . .

[*Margaret smiles and shakes her head. She points to Jan.*]

THE FIRST THIEF [*pointing over his shoulder with his thumb*]. She says him.

[*With a single movement they cross to Jan who greets them with a scowl.*]

THE SECOND THIEF. As man to man we want to know ken
we roost i' the coop wi' a jug o' ale?

[*Jan scowls at them for answer. They look at each other and shake their heads, beginning to be a bit afraid of the complete silence of Jan and Margaret.*]

THE FIRST THIEF. Stick me i' the throat, but I don't like this.

THE SECOND THIEF. Or-r I either. They's some'at queer, both o' 'em.

THE FIRST THIEF. Them as wun't say a word w'en they got tongues . . . [He taps his head significantly.]

THE SECOND THIEF. Righto! Howsoever, here be a bit o' bread an' a jug o' ale. I be thet famished as I ken't keep my legs up no longer.

[*He staggers across to a bench and drops on to it. From the table he seizes a slice of bread. The other pours out two mugs of ale. They sit on the bench side by side. Jan watches them gloweringly while Margaret divides her attention between them and Jan. The Thieves look straight in front of them all the time. There is a complete silence. Once Jan shifts a foot and they jump like startled deer. Under the genial influence of the warmth and the ale they begin to expand. The First Thief opens the neck of his jerkin. The other loosens his belt, shifts to a more comfortable position and lets his gaze wander over the room.*]

THE FIRST THIEF. Good ale.

[*The Second Thief grunts his reply. He drains his mug and pours himself another. He stands up, patting his forehead. Then he thumps his chest.*]

THE SECOND THIEF [*blowing*]. Ooo! What wi' this ale i'
me I feel as 'o' I could cope wi' a lion.

THE FIRST THIEF. Bring on yer animuls. [Pause.] I tell

you w'ot we'll do. They don't seem ower lovin' here an' it 'ud be best fer to move on.

THE SECOND THIEF. Befer we go, I gotta kiss the lass, here.
THE FIRST THIEF. W'ot'll I do?

THE SECOND THIEF. Shave the hair off the head o' the man yonder.

THE FIRST THIEF. An' what 'ull we do fer water? There bean't no hot.

THE SECOND THIEF. Shave him wi' the porridge.

THE FIRST THIEF. W'ot then fer a knife?

THE SECOND THIEF. Use the dagger as ye have i' yer belt.

THE FIRST THIEF. So be't.

[He walks carefully around Jan and reaches for the kettle of porridge. As he does so Jan lets out a fierce yell. He seizes Thief number one by the collar and swings him to the middle of the room. He catches the other and holding them both by their necks cracks their heads together sharply.]

JAN. W'ot! Will ye scald me wi' my own porridge and kiss my wife befer my eyes, ye crawlin' scallywags?

[The Thieves let out yelps as he cracks their heads together again.] Get out o' here, an' if I ketch the pair o' ye i' these woods again, curse me if I don't lash ye till ye die.

[He releases them and they shoot through the door as though pursued by Old Nick himself. Jan watches them go. Then he sighs and turns back into the room. His eyes light on the sacks of gold and silver. He cries out excitedly.] Look, lass, look! A thousand p'unds, anyway!

MARGARET. Jan Tindle, ye spoke first! Now go an' shut the door.

[Jan grins sheepishly and starts for the door as the curtain falls and the play is ended.]

CURTAIN

THE WRAGGLE-TAGGLE GYPSIES¹

BY BOYS OF THE PERSE SCHOOL

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

THE LORD OF THE CASTLE

THE LADY

OSWALD, *the Steward*

THE GREEN MAN [Robin], *a Forester*

GYPSY MAN

GYPSY WOMAN

PETER, *another Gypsy*

SCENE I. *Sunset. The Lady's Bower*

A jangling of keys heard. Oswald comes in, ushering the Lady.

LADY. How comes it that my door was locked?

OSWALD. I thought, my Lady, there being unwonted guests about, 'twould be better to restrict access to your room.

LADY. Your zeal outdoes your wisdom, Oswald. [Oswald still lingers round the door.] Thank you: I will not keep you longer from more urgent duties.

OSWALD. By your leave, my Lady, I will renew the rushes on the floor. They are somewhat stale, I believe.

LADY. There is no need. [Sits down.]

OSWALD. The tapestry's awry. Besides, my Lord strictly enjoined me to keep your room as fair as might be.

[The Lady ignores him, and sits thinking with her

¹ By members of the Sixth Form of the Perse School, Cambridge, England. From *Perse Playbooks*, No. 3. Reprinted by courtesy of Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, Headmaster. Correspondence in regard to performances should be addressed to Hanson Hart Webster, 2 Park Street, Boston.

chin resting on her hand. Oswald fiddles about, anxious to begin a conversation. Hems and haws.]

OSWALD. Ahem! They are making merry down in the hall now, my Lady.

LADY. Ah!

OSWALD. His Reverence the Abbot finds my Lord's Mal-voisie much to his taste, my Lady.

LADY. Ah!

OSWALD. By chance, my Lady, you have heard the latest rumour about him and the Lady Jane? Only a silly tale, of course, my Lady. [No answer.] Ahem! by chance, my Lady, you have heard the — [Clapping heard from below.] My Lord summons me. I crave your leave to go, my Lady.

[Bows. No answer; bows again and withdraws.]

LADY. Thank goodness I am rid of that officious fool. [Gets up and looks out of the window. Steps heard on the stairs as she sits down again.] Dear me, here comes the meddling fellow back again!

[Enter Oswald.]

OSWALD. My Lady! [No answer.] Ahem! my Lady!

LADY. Well?

OSWALD. My Lord requests your presence in the hall, my Lady.

LADY. Tell him that I am ill and cannot come.

OSWALD. But, my Lady —

LADY. I am unwell and cannot come. [Exit Oswald.] Will this fellow never cease to plague me?

[A pause. Heavier steps are heard on the stairs, and the Lord enters.]

LORD. What's this? The moody fit again upon you? Come now, be reasonable. My guests crave your presence at the board.

LADY. I sent Oswald with the message that I was ill and could not come.

LORD. Unwell! pooh! pooh! Nothing worse ails you than a heaviness that comes of this brooding by yourself. The merry-making in the hall will cheer you. [He takes her arm.] Now, come with me.

LADY. Oh, no! I haven't the heart to sit in a stifling hall and hear coarse tales and aimless talk, nor breathe wine-tainted air, when I can hear the cool evening wind stirring the poplars at the gate. [She gets up and goes to the window.] How can you take delight in such low, sordid things when the sun behind the pines is weltering in such a gorgeous sea of colour?

LORD [staring]. Good Heavens! what ails you? One might take you for a natural. I think there really must be something in what they say about the moon influencing men's minds. It is at the full to-night. And you are unusually — er — well, strange.

[She does not answer but stands gazing out of the window.]

LORD [becoming indignant]. Look here, I've had about enough of this. It isn't fair towards me. It is as much as to reproach me with being an unkind husband, and we not wedded three full months.

LADY. No, no, don't say that.

LORD. But I do say it. I promised to make you a happy wife, and I have done my best to keep my word. You have a fair castle — a better is not built in the countryside — fine rooms, hung with rare tapestry that generations of my forefathers have treasured as a priceless heirloom — secluded bowers where you can sit over your embroidery, a dappled pony, and besides, a husband's love and service. What else can I give to you to make you happy?

LADY. No, it is not that. You cannot give me anything.

LORD. Then, what *is* the matter?

LADY. O, I am tired of being shut up here, of working gaudy trifles within four grey walls.

LORD. But you have already, since our wedding, made four visits to our neighbours; let me see, to Sir Harry's, to Sir —

LADY. It's not that I mean.

LORD [*getting angry*]. Then what *do* you mean?

LADY. What's the use of telling you? I've told you twenty times before. I want to breathe the open-air and live; I want to run wild upon the moors, and walk barefoot in the dew; to watch the skylark drop, and track him to his nest; see the great herons sail to the lowlands; follow tinkling brooks to where they bubble forth, cool and clear among the rocks; dance through the dark, sweet-smelling pinewoods; trample down underfoot the breast-high bracken, and get lost in fairy-haunted glens; and then give way to happy weariness in the wanton heather under the twinkling stars, and rise again with the sun to —

LORD. Why, this is madness.

LADY. Oh, I am sick of working embroidery in a bower; of banqueting in unwholesome halls; of all the dull futility of this. [Spreading out her hands.]

LORD [*shouting and stamping his foot*]. Oh, I have no patience with you . . . Stay and sulk then!

[*Ramps out.*]

LADY [*calling after him*]. Some day, when the feeling comes strong upon me, you will find my finery upon the floor, and me gone, yes, gone! [Stays looking out of window.] He means well; there isn't a better husband in the land. And yet he does not understand me, and he never will. The thought is appalling. A year of this I verily believe will grey my hair, and leave my eyes as soulless and unseeing as those of a prisoner immured for years in a dark

cell underground. What a shattered dream my wedding is! When my duty was to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and learn to be a well-bred lady; when I saw Edward and Hal go out a-hawking and heard them tell of their exploits in the woods and on the moors, I would comfort myself with the thought of wedding some kindred spirit who should understand me. Then what dreams of happiness! But it was fairy gold, a glamour misty and unstable, and 'tis gone, gone. And I have not words or thoughts to tell my feeling — that yearning — [*her voice sinks to a murmur as she looks far away out of the window*] — the sun's gone — the dark pines in the after-glow — a mystic fairyland behind them — beads, embroidery and bower — wind in the poplars — stars in still pools.

[*Gypsy song floats in. She starts up, and stands listening as if spell-bound.*]

A mist came out of the lake to-night,
When the woods were still and the winds were low.
It hid my true love out of my sight,
And its breath was cold as the winter snow.

I found my love in the morning light,
When the woods were still and the winds were low,
But her eyes were shut and her face was white,
And her breast was cold as the winter snow.

So now I pass where the day is bright —
But the woods are still and the winds are low,
And I sing no longer by day or night,
For my heart is cold as the winter snow.

[*Song stops. She slips off her shoes, rings, etc., and steals out as the curtain falls. The curtain opens a moment later and the Lord's step is heard on the stairs.*]

LORD. I fear I was harsh to you. I did not mean it; so come down to please me. I shall not be happy without

— Halloo! Not here! Where can she be? Oswald, ho,
Oswald! Oswald, I say!

[Enter Oswald.]

OSWALD. Here, my Lord. What is your will?

LORD. Where is my Lady?

OSWALD. Is she not here, my Lord?

LORD. Can't you see, fool?

OSWALD. If she be not here, my Lord, I know not where
she can be.

LORD [to himself]. Can it be — she did not mean — my
harshness — [To Oswald.] Oh, get you gone! But stay.
Who was singing outside a while agone?

OSWALD. Some gypsies, I believe, my Lord, or some such
good-for-nothings.

LORD. And where are they now?

OSWALD. They are gone, my Lord.

LORD. Yes, fool; but whither?

OSWALD. They pitch their lodging in the wilds somewhere,
my Lord.

LORD. Yes, but where? [Stamps his foot.] Wilds, you
nincompoop! Come, tell me! How can I find out?

OSWALD. Robin, the forester, came to-day. He sups among
your henchmen now. He should know. Shall I —

LORD. Fetch him, man! Come, stir yourself! By hea-
vens, if you don't — [Exit Oswald precipitately. Look-
ing round room.] Shoes! rings! great God, it must be
true — my senseless outburst —

[Green Man strides in, followed by Oswald.]

GREEN MAN. What is your will, my Lord?

LORD. Those gypsies that were singing at the gate; which
way will they have gone?

GREEN MAN. I cannot say for sure; let me see —

LORD. Yes, yes; but which way are they likely to have gone?

GREEN MAN [*stepping to the window*]. The night is clear and still. We may see some signs of them. [*Puts his hand above his eyes and scans the country. Lord looks eagerly over his shoulder.*] Yes, look! Smoke beyond Blackscar and slightly to the north! [*Indicates right with his hand.*] Don't you see? Among the pines.

LORD. Yes, yes, I see. And what's the nearest way?

GREEN MAN. Well, the stream that leaps the force below Blackscar bends southward [*indicates left*], and, as you know, curves this way again, and passes just behind the castle.

LORD. Oh, yes, I know the way as far as the Boiling Force. But when you get there, what next?

GREEN MAN. The way seems then to end among the stones, and the only path winds round to the left and turns almost back again under the Brant; you know the ledge, it's dangerous —

LORD. An instant — Oswald! Oh, here you are; get me my horse saddled, the white one, and quickly, too.

GREEN MAN. But if you keep straight on, you'll come to the track again among the pines, and there you'll find the gypsies, or I'm no forester.

LORD [*seeing Oswald*]. Is my horse ready?

OSWALD. No, my Lord, I was waiting to ask —

LORD [*pushing him roughly out of the way*]. Life and death, fool; get out of my way! My horse, quick! my horse!

CURTAIN

SCENE II. *The Gypsy Camp*

GYPSY WOMAN. Hark! What's that? I heard a stone roll down from the rock that overhangs the Boiling Force. Listen! it's clattering down the Brant, and plunk! it goes into the whirlpool.

PETER. Pshaw! T' rain 'as loost t' steans and every breath
o' wind sends one abeancin' dean amun t' rocks.

GYPSY WOMAN. But there's scarce a breath of wind to-night.

PETER. Oh, they dhoppen o' their own seln. I've yarn a dozen fa' sith sundean ef ave yarn one.

GYPSY WOMAN. There is a power of water coming down to-day. At sunset I went up Blackscar, as they call the rock that overhangs the force, and leant out over the Brant. The black whirlpool at the foot was seething like a cauldron, fringed with white foam. At the outlet, not six foot wide, the black was altogether hidden in white. The spray hit my face. You can even hear the thunder from here, though faintly. I got dizzy watching the water swirl, and when — What's that? I heard a twig crack.

PETER. Oh, a weasel, nowt bura weasel. But — Halloa! Who're you? [Enter Lady.] And where are yer shoen? You'll have had a rough passage o'er t' steanes, an' t' grass is none too warm. Coom an' sit thee dean by 't fire.

LADY. Thank you.

PETER. Mind t'cindhers! Thee'st know it, ef thee threaden on one wi' yer bare feet.

[*Gypsy Woman stares resentfully; Gypsy Man glances curiously.*]

GYPSY WOMAN. What do you want, woman?

PETER [in audible whisper]. Sh! oo's a liddy. Ilk a fool cud a towd that.

GYPSY WOMAN [*aloud*]. You're right, Peter; that is just what a fool would see. But if you weren't a fool you would see that a lady wouldn't be wandering about alone in such a spot, and at such a time, let alone without shoes. A moonstruck wench, the village natural, I should say.

PETER. Sh! Woman. Howd thy nise.

LADY [embarrassed]. I — I thought gypsies didn't wear shoes.

GYPSY WOMAN. They don't when they can't get them.

But what's that to do with you?

LADY. I want to come and join you.

GYPSY WOMAN. You want to come and join us! Then that settles it; you are mad.

PETER. Howd yer tongue, you jealous owd vixen. Dun-nut cast her affliction i' er face. Oo connut 'elp it, poor lass.

GYPSY WOMAN. What! I jealous! Jealous of that half-witted hussy! Jealous of that barefoot brazen wench! I'd as soon be jealous of —

GYPSY MAN. That's enough, woman. [She subsides.]

PETER. Her tongue wer allus a scorpaint's nest. Stir it, and a swarm o' stinging things come abuzzin' abeat yer lugs.

GYPSY MAN. Then don't poke the nest again. [Peter subsides in turn.] Are you hungry, lady?

LADY. I thank you, but I am not hungry, friend.

GYPSY MAN. The air nips sharp to-night.

LADY. Yes. But better cold and fresh under the open sky than warm and tainted within four grey walls.

GYPSY MAN. Ah! I never slept between walls but once and they were close enough together.

LADY. And when was that?

GYPSY MAN. When they locked me up for a sturdy beggar. Old Sir John Lucy — they brought me up before him — roared when I denied I was a beggar, "Do you gainsay me, dog? Do you give me the lie, you scurvy villain? Do you think I cannot tell a lousy knave when I see him? Lock him up, jailors! The hangman shall crop his ears, to-morrow." Then he lurched off to finish his carousing, and drown the other half of his wits in a stoup of Malm-

sey. They mewed me up in a dark loathsome cell, along with a dozen other wretches, sweaty from the road, and foul from long immurement. I spent the night in the filthy den — ugh! I can taste the thick foul air now.

[*Spits.*]

LADY. And did they — clip your ears?

[*Gypsy Man shows his ears.*]

GYPSY MAN [*musing*]. Sir John died a short time afterwards. Some say it was of a surfeit, but they boiled his steward in oil for a poisoner. [She glances at him as if struck by some disconcerting thought; but he remains unmoved and she turns away satisfied.] But above all, I remember the horror of being pent up. I, who was wont to dwell in heaths and wildernesses, and to sleep under the bare sky, and to breathe the free air of open spaces, went well-nigh mad to find myself hemmed in by walls. I scarce could withhold myself from dashing against the window-bars like a new-caged bird.

LADY [*earnestly*]. Oh, then you know what I have felt; the stifling confinement of the hard grey walls that crush the soul. And you know that deep inner yearning which no words can tell; the longing for the air, the pining for life in the wildernesses, where the fresh winds blow unfettered by walls, and the deep star-set blue is the sleeper's only roof; and you understand why, when I heard your gypsy song at sunset beneath my window, I slipped off my golden rings, and doffed my shoes, and stole out to follow in your wake along the white moor-road. You will let me come with you from wood to wood, through moor and dale, and share your fare, and smell the sweet wood-smoke when the sun's gone down.

PETER. Haw, haw, swaet wood-smoak? Haw, haw! Lucky we've pitched aar lodgin' i't woodland. On t' bare moor, where there's scarce a copse for miles, yer a-brunnin' o' dried horse-muck and cattle-dung. Bruns

weel and a', howsome it do gie a flavour to t' broth, o' times, un t' smoak 's none too swate.

GYPSY WOMAN. There'll soon be no fire at all; there's scarce but ashes left. You men will sit there lazing at your ease, and watch the flames sink down to cinders, the red ashes turn white, ere you will stir hand or foot to gather fuel.

[*She gets up to go with the air of a martyr.*]

LADY. Oh, let me go! I will gather fuel and mend the fire.

GYPSY WOMAN. Sit you down. A weakling wench like you couldn't find the wood we want, nor bring it in.

LADY. Oh, yes, I could; just let me try.

PETER. Yer connut go barefoot, lass. Tak 'er shoen.

GYPSY WOMAN. That she won't!

GYPSY MAN. Give her your shoes, woman.

[*Gypsy Woman obeys. Lady goes off.*]

PETER. Poor mad wench. Looks a liddy an' a'. You nyedn't cast her affliction i' er face, woman.

GYPSY MAN. She's not mad; no madder than you — which is saying little — no madder than I.

PETER. So, ho! I jist thought as 'ow oo tuk yer fancy; a baint ne'er yeard ye loose yer gab sae free to a sstranger afore.

GYPSY MAN. She is not mad, I say. I own I thought her mad at first; and meant to draw her with idle talk about the weather. But then she broached a subject that draws me like toasted cheese a rat. I forgot I was talk. ing to a stranger wench, a natural; saw only the walls around me; tasted the foul fettered air. And now I know she is not mad; at least, if I'm not. It was merely a pining for the free cool air and the open spaces, that made her steal from her Lord's castle at the beck of our song.

PETER. Her laird'll coom acrapin' afther 'er afoor long a'm

athinkin'. An' t'ud be wie a reet gud lither thong as a'd fot ma lass back ef oo'd a geet it i'er yarb fer't flit.¹

GYPSY WOMAN. Talk, man, idle talk. But — hark! Three times I thought I heard a stone roll down the Brant, and flounder in the force, in the black whirlpool at the foot — there goes another!

PETER. Thee'rt reet, lass. A've yarn t' plunk as plain as a yar yo spake.

GYPSY WOMAN. Come across here. Through the gap in the trees you can see far along the track. [Peter and Gypsy Woman step to the back of the stage.] Look! A horseman riding across Blackscar, across the rock that overhangs the force! You can see the trappings glint in the moonlight.

PETER. Oo's acumin' 'ere sthstraight! Oo smells t' smoak o' ar fire.

GYPSY WOMAN. Let's back, that he may find us innocent round the fire.

[They go back to the fire. Pause; both listen intently.]

PETER. T' horse has stopped. Theer! Con't yar t' breshwood athrakin'?

GYPSY WOMAN. He is tying his horse to a tree. The brambles are too thick to bring a horse through.

[Enter Lord. He looks round, wondering whom to address.]

PETER. Gud neet to thee, measther. Es ther owt as a cundo fer thee?

[Lord ignores him and addresses Gypsy Man.]

LORD. Have you seen a woman pass this way? A barefoot woman? [Peter whispers to Gypsy Woman.]

¹ Peter's dialect in the second sentence in this speech is particularly difficult. He probably means to say:— "And it would be with a right good leather thong that I'd have fetched my lass back, if she'd taken it into her head to run away."

LORD. Eh? What's that you say?

PETER. A said as ow t' wer a shtrange place an' a shtrange time o't neet fer't be aseechin' o'a barefoot 'ooman.

[*Lord turns from Peter to Gypsy Man.*]

LORD [*angrily*]. I ask you, have you seen a barefoot woman pass this way?

GYPSY MAN. And I answer as my worthy neighbour there.

LORD. The devil take you! Why can't you give a plain answer? You shuffling gypsy liars can never look a man in the face and answer straightly "Yes" or "No."

GYPSY MAN. Then I'll not try.

LORD. Come, come, man. Do not make me mad. Can't you see that I am moved and short of temper? Come, answer plainly.

[*Peter whispers to Gypsy Woman. Lord turns suddenly round on them.*]

LORD. Eh? What's that?

PETER. Ef a mon connut stir t' fire as 'e's lit bur e mun be murdtherd o' looks et's none sae weel wie 'im.

LORD. Come, come, man, answer. Did a woman, a barefoot woman, follow you from the house down yonder, where you sang beneath the window?

GYPSY MAN. A barefoot woman? I've seen no barefoot woman. Barefoot women are not wont to walk about alone in such a place and at such a time; — ah! I have it! A natural, a poor half-witted wench.

LORD. Have you seen her, then?

GYPSY MAN. Oh, no. I mean to say I understand why she should wander about in such unwonted wise.

LORD. Oh, fool! Oh, dull-brained fool! [Stamps his foot.] Moonstruck or not, I want her. You must have seen her, she followed in your wake.

GYPSY MAN. Ah! Now I remember! As we left Black-scar we heard the stones roll down behind us and splash in the water. We all looked round, thinking to see the

forester, Sir Harry's forester, who nosed around us all day long, harmless though we be. You remember, Peter?

PETER. Ay, thot a dun. A cud a broken t' knave 'is yarb wie' my cudgel.

GYPSY MAN. And, as I was saying, we all started and turned round. Nothing saw I and Peter; but the woman swears she saw a figure all in white flit among the stones. At that we crossed ourselves and turned and hastened forward, fearing it was the water wraith, that lures belated travellers to their doom in the black bottomless whirlpool at the foot.

LORD. It was she, I swear. And which way went she?

GYPSY MAN. That we cannot tell. For, as I said, we turned our heads away. But she did not come by here, and you have not met her on the track. She must have followed the path that overhangs the force and leads to a ford across the stream. That way is plainer; for the moment there seems no path this way.

LORD [aghast]. Along the track that overhangs the force! She cannot, man! In daylight, when the water's low, the way is safe enough. But now, under the dark Brant, when the whirlpool's boiling like the devil's cauldron, and the stream's one mass of foam, to slip is death.

GYPSY MAN. She has not passed this way.

[*Lord turns to rush off.*]

PETER. Wher bee'st agooin, measther?

LORD [over his shoulder]. To get my horse.

PETER. Stop! [*Lord stops and turns round.*] Thee's none agooin t' long o' yon threacherous ledge ov a 'orseback?

LORD. I shall find her all the quicker. A minute saved now may be a life. [*Rushing off.*] Heavens! Let me not be a murderer!

PETER [following and shouting after him]. Gather thy wits, mon. Ef oo's safe, oo's safe; an' ef oo's dhreatant, oo's

dhareant. Yo cudn't save 'er. Geet thee 'ome. Thee'st find 'er theer an grievin' an a'.

GYPSY MAN. Let him go, you fool! Why did you try to stop him, you half-witted knave?

PETER. Bur 'e'll be dhreant as sure as 't day o' doom.

GYPSY MAN. Let him. What's he to us? Couldn't you see that — *[Lady comes in.]*

LADY. Has he gone? Where has he gone?

GYPSY MAN. Safely home.

LADY. Oh, no. I heard it all. He's gone along the track above the force.

GYPSY MAN. Well?

LADY. He'll be drowned! I heard you say the way was dangerous.

GYPSY MAN. Well?

LADY. I must stop him!

GYPSY MAN. Stop him! And why did you run away from him? Are you so anxious to get back to your bower? Are you so careful for the safety of him from whom you fled but an hour agone? Are you so soon wearied of life in the wilderness and of the free winds of heaven as to yearn already for the shelter of mouldy walls?

PETER. Nae dunnut fret thee, liddy. When t' fresh winds blow agen 'im o't top o' Blackscar, an t' spray o' t' force damps his brow, oo'll cool dean aw reet, thee nyedn't be afeart. Wha, 'is hond's firm an 'is yed's steady.

GYPSY WOMAN. Oh, let her go back to her dear lord. He'll be as glad to have her back to darn his hose as we to —

GYPSY MAN. Hold your tongue, woman.

[She sits down haughtily.]

PETER. Yo connut stop 'im nae. Oo's eat o' yarin'.

CURTAIN

SCENE III. *The Gypsy Camp*

The Gypsies are lying asleep, and the Lady is trying to kindle a fire.

PETER [raising himself on his elbow.] Hallo! Whot's yon?

LADY. I am trying to kindle a fire. I am chilled through, and the damp of the ground has reached my bones.

PETER. Bust ye, connut a felly sleep for ye? Howsome, I reckon it's time fer t' be stirrin'. [Sits up, and stirs woman with his foot.] Nae then, wake up! [Yawns.] [To Lady.] So thee didstn' sleep o'er wel the neet?

LADY. I could not close my eyes for thinking of — of the cold and damp.

GYPSY WOMAN. Of your dear lord, you mean, my pretty duckling. Wondering whether he was sleeping in his own bed or in the torrent's: eh?

GYPSY MAN. Curb your tongue, woman.

[*The Lady bends over the sticks, and busies herself with kindling the fire.*]

PETER [getting up]. Yo connut make a fire thot road, apilin' t' firin' nigh up t' ut moon. Let me show yer.

GYPSY WOMAN [getting up and peering in the Lady's face]. Of course the wood won't kindle, if she drenches it with her tears. [The Lady looks up defiantly.] There! I told you her eyes were red. [The Lady disdains to answer.]

PETER. Yern ud a been red, ef yer'd laid awake aw neet fro' t' cowd. [Woman laughs derisively.] Nae theer's a fire for thee. [Arranges the sticks while he speaks.] You mind it carefully, un put a twig on nae un agen, ilka bigger un t' last, tell yer cumn to them knotty bronches, as a' snapped fro' t' owd withered ash up yon, as is aswing-in' its gnarled owd arms o'er t' force. Et's a totherin' on t' brink awready; coom a gust of a sudden an 'twill send it ahurtlin' o'er t' Brant i' th' whirlpool, to a hend

as more'n ean poor soul has met afore, I'll swar — Hal-loa! What's t' mather nae?

LADY. The smoke got in my eyes. It's out now.

PETER. Nae do as a' sen, yo mind t' fire, whiles a' goo un tak' a look at t' snares. [Goes off.]

GYPSY WOMAN. You leave the fire alone. You'll only put it out with your clumsy fingers. I'll see after that. The best thing you can do is to sit still on that log, where you'll do less harm than elsewhere. [Lady sits down.]

GYPSY MAN [*who has been watching her curiously*]. You look pale, and ill at ease.

LADY. I am faint with cold and hunger. I have not eaten a bite since yesternoon.

GYPSY MAN. Well, we'll see what Peter brings back. Meanwhile, let's to business. Of course you know that gypsies cannot live on air. You must do something for a living if you stay with us. Let me see. You are too old to learn the light-fingered craft that profits most at fairs.

LADY. Don't say that. I will learn anything, if you show me how.

GYPSY MAN. The craft is not one to please you, I fear.

LADY. Oh, yes, I will do anything for the common good.

GYPSY MAN. Well, since you press me, I will expound. 'Tis the art of lightening the pockets of thrifty farmers and stout burghers, by mild persuasion.

LADY. Thieving, you mean! I will never stoop to that. But you are not in earnest.

GYPSY MAN. Do you think we can live on air? But I did not ask you to learn that particular craft. There are other and more delicate ways of loosening purse-strings. Let me see. You have not the smooth and oily tongue to unfold the mysteries of the future to wide-eyed, gaping churls. But you have fingers skilled at embroidery. You shall make beaded shoes to sell at fairs; and saintly relics, pieces of the true cross, and sacred bones, bought

of the paynims in our wanderings in the East, to warm the hearts of the portly brotherhood, and turn the superstitious awe of boors to profit.

LADY. Surely you are jesting with me. I fled from my Lord's bower to escape such trifling tinkering insincerity. What sordid meanness, what unwholesome trifling, what profanity you utter! You cannot mean it!

GYPSY WOMAN. Cannot mean it, indeed! Hark at her! How does she suppose we live? Does she suppose the earth heaps her bounties in our lap, or feeds us like a mother? Does she imagine that folk provide us with the needful things of life for the asking? I know what ails her; she is surfeited of her "life in the wilderness," and pines to go back to her bowers, to her Lord's castle. She may go; we will not hold her back against her will.

LADY. You lie, you bold-faced gypsy-woman!

GYPSY MAN. We will not fall out. Hunger and cold have made us short of temper. Here is Peter. [Enter Peter.] What cheer?

PETER. No luck at all; T' wather wraith' I'll swar, or t' ghoosts o' dhreant men 'a witched t' snares. I've never known them a' fer t' fail this way afore.

GYPSY WOMAN. Your clumsy fingers rather, or your dull wits, that would set a snare upon a rock where never hare or rabbit went before. But what's to do?

PETER. So we mun fa' back on t' jannock as t' poor owd woman gave us. [Fumbles in a sack.] 'Twas harsh to frighten her like that, an' tak' t' oaf as oo were abaking it th' embers.

GYPSY WOMAN. Fetch it out, man; we cannot wait while you tell the tale again thrice over.

PETER. A' i' good time, shrew — Here it is. [Brings out a piece of black bread, and breaks it in pieces.] Hm! Doughy still! Th' owd hag hadn't finished it. Wha didn't oo say as oo adn't? Hm! None much apiece.

I say, woman, you give her yourn! You're used to going wi' eat, bur oo's fresh to our road o' livin.

[*Gypsy Woman draws her piece back indignantly.*]

GYPSY MAN. Do as you're bid, woman!

LADY. I do not want hers, nor mine.

[*Hands her piece back.*]

PETER. What! Dunnut want it! Bur yer said yer were ahungert, and yer look it, an' a'.

LADY. I do not want it now.

GYPSY WOMAN [*sneering*]. Not good enough for her dainty maw! But she'll have to get used to worse than this. May the thought cheer her spirits!

PETER. Hark! Th' steans agin o' Blackscar!

GYPSY WOMAN. I can hear no hoofs. The ring of iron on stone would carry hither. Whoever 't is, comes afoot.

PETER [*rising*]. Let's steal a glance through yon gap.

GYPSY WOMAN. No, no, you fool; sit down. Sir Harry's forester, I'll warrant you; and a forester's no grief-stricken knight a seeking a poor lost lamb. He has eyes as keen as the windhover's.

PETER. Thee'ret reet, lass. He as is acomin' nae is a sight cooler than t' grief-crazed knight as coom a blundherin' throu t' briars yestere'en, i'stead o' by t' thrack, an left mony a flutherin' bit o' rag fer t' bloom ot' thorns, I'll swear, for his hose were tatthered like —

LADY. Grief-crazed! Did you say grief-crazed? You know he was wild with anger and resentment, not with grief.

[*Appealing to Gypsy Man.*] Not grief-crazed, was he?

PETER. Grief-crazed, or aut else, 'ere comes t' forester. Quick, hide that skin, lass; car thee dean on't.

[*Enter Green Man.*]

PETER. Hulloa! a forester it is, bur oo's none Sir Harry's. Good Morrow, Master Forester: t' day 'as dawned leaden an' a'. [Lady jumps up with a cry.]

LADY. Oh, Robin, Robin, I am glad to see you. [*He stands awkwardly and says nothing.*] What, you think me mad? But you may well do so. But we are friends, Robin, old friends. You understand me. Ever since a maid of ten summers, I remember you. You always found a place among my father's henchmen at the board when you were in our neighbourhood. He used to say you were the best forester in the country-side. And then when Edward — you know Edward, my elder brother, was out with his hawks — and Hal who was kind but careless, had left me with a thoughtless gibe that girls are made to sit at home and sew, while men go kill the dinner, and I took my embroidery to my garden bower, you would sometimes tell me quaint lore of the woods and fields and wildernesses; and I, enthralled, would forget my embroidery, and prick my fingers, mayhap. You remember? [*He remains silent, fumbling with his cap. She continues, appealingly:*] You, who spend your life wandering about the country-side, understand why at last I could bear the life no longer; and one evening, when sunset gilded everything — but stay, 'twas but yestereven — there flooded on a sudden through the window, with the sunset breeze, a gypsy song, which melted my heart as snow; and I plucked off my rings and doffed my shoes, and stole out to follow the gypsies. There was magic in the song, that bound as the fastest spell. I had to go. But some potent hand has touched the world now, and turned it all to lead. I am cold and damp with sleeping on the ground; the stale wood-smoke has tainted my clothes, and I have found that gypsies are but mortals. I cannot go with them. My dream is vanished. Take me home with you to my Lord.

GREEN MAN. You ask me what I cannot do, my Lady.

LADY. You cannot? Oh tell me, did my Lord come safely home last night? Selfish as ever, I forgot what first I

should have asked. Your boding look reminds me. Did he come home safe?

GREEN MAN. He came home, my Lady.

LADY. Thank Heavens!

GREEN MAN. Yes, he came home. The torrent carried him down, and we found him at sunrise where the water runs deep and still beside your bower. His horse lies wedged among the boulders yonder.

CURTAIN

PYRAMUS AND THISBE¹

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

CHARACTERS

PETER QUINCE, *the Prologue*

PYRAMUS

THISBE

WALL

MOONSHINE

LION

[Enter Quince, Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.]

QUINCE as *Prologue*. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

[Crosses to Pyramus.]

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

This man with lime and rough-cast, doth present

[Crossing.]

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder:

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

[Crossing.]

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

¹ A play contained in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, scene 1. It is presented by rustic actors at the wedding feast of Theseus and Hippolyta in their palace in Athens.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name, [Crossing.]
The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain:
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And, Thisbe tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine, L., and Pyramus, R.*]

[*Enter Wall, L.*]

WALL. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

[*Stands in c. of stage.*]

[*Enter Pyramus, R.*]

PYRAMUS. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot!

And thou, O wall! thou sweet and lovely wall!
 That stands between her father's ground and mine;
 Thou wall, O wall! O sweet and lovely wall,
 Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
[Wall holds up his fingers.]

Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for this!
 But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
 O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
 Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

[Enter Thisbe, L.]

THISBE. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
 For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
 My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
 Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

PYRAMUS. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
 To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.

Thisbe! [Peeps through Wall's fingers.]

THISBE. My love! thou art my love, I think.

PYRAMUS. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
 And like Limander¹ am I trusty still.

THISBE. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

PYRAMUS. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

THISBE. As Shafalus to Procrus,² I to you.

PYRAMUS. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

[They kiss through the fingers of Wall.]

THISBE. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

¹ *Limander, Helen.* A mistake for *Leander* and *Hero*. Leander, the lover of Hero, was a Greek youth of Abydos. He swam the Hellespont every night to visit her in her tower at Sestos. One night during a storm he perished; and Hero, on seeing his dead body washed ashore, threw herself from her tower and was killed.

² *Shafalus, Procrus.* A mistake for *Cephalus* and *Procris*. Between these faithful lovers unwarranted jealousy arose. Procris spied upon her husband — Cephalus — and was accidentally killed by him. The story is in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, VII. 660–865.

PYRAMUS. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-way?

THISBE. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay!

[Exit Pyramus, R., Thisbe, L.]

WALL. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [Exit Wall, L.]

[Enter Lion and Moonshine, with lantern and dog, L.]

LION. [They bow then. Lion takes off his head.] You, ladies,
you whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar,

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

For if I should as Lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life. [Goes up.]

MOON. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern
[holding it up on a large fork] is the moon; I, the man
i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this
dog, my dog.

[Enter Thisbe, L.]

THISBE. This is old Ninny's tomb: where is my love?

LION. Oh — [The Lion roars. Thisbe drops her veil and runs off. The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.]

[Enter Pyramus, R.]

PYRAMUS. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.

But stay; — O spite!

But mark, — poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?
 How can it be?
O dainty duck! **O** dear!
 Thy mantle good.
 What! stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell!
 O fates! come, come;
 Cut thread and thrum;
 Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!
O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
 Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame,
 That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
 Come, tears, confound
 Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
 Ay, that left pap,
 Where heart doth hop:—
 Thus die I [*stabs himself*], thus, thus, thus.
 Now am I dead,
 Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
 Tongue, lose thy light!
 Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die! [*Dies. Exit Moonshine, L.*]

[Enter Thisbe.]

THISBE. Asleep, my love!
 What, dead, my dove!
O Pyramus, arise!
 Speak, speak! Quite dumb
 Dead, dead? A tomb
 Must cover thy sweet eyes.
 These lily brows,
 This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks
O sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
[*stabs herself*] And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu!

[*Dies.*]

CURTAIN

MISS BURNEY AT COURT¹

BY MAUDE MORRISON FRANK

CHARACTERS

FANNY BURNEY, *Second Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte*

SALLY BURNEY, *her half-sister, a young girl*

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG, *Senior Keeper of the Robes*

DR. BURNEY, *a musician, father of Fanny and Sally*

THE VISITOR

A FOOTMAN

SCENE: *Fanny Burney's drawing-room at Windsor*

TIME: 1791

Fanny Burney enters from an inner room on the left side. She has evidently been crying, and dries her eyes as she seats herself with an air of dejection at a small table near the center. Footman enters at the open door at the right.

FOOTMAN [*in a monotonous but not disrespectful tone*]. Mrs. Schwellenberg bids me say to Miss Burney that Mrs. Schwellenberg wishes Miss Burney to be punctual at tea this afternoon and not keep Mrs. Schwellenberg waiting ten minutes as Miss Burney did yesterday.

[*Bows and goes out.*]

FANNY [*impatiently*]. Oh! Odious!

[*Rises quickly and takes seat on the sofa to the left, again drying her eyes. Sally Burney enters on tiptoe. She looks about her, perceives Fanny, rushes up to her, and embraces her affectionately.*]

¹ From *Short Plays about Famous Authors*. Copyright, 1915, by Henry Holt and Company, 19 West Forty-Fourth Street, New York, to whom should be addressed correspondence relative to productions. The play is here reprinted by arrangement with the publishers.

SALLY. Oh, Fanny! I've been home from school a week now! Only fancy! Home for good! And I'm come to see you at last.

FANNY. Why, Sally, my dear, what a delightful surprise! But have you come all alone?

SALLY. No, indeed; I should never have had the courage for that, even though I'm not a school-miss any longer. Father came with me.

FANNY. Father with you! Where is he, pray?

SALLY. Below in the town, paying his respects to Dr. Parsons, who had some new tunes for Father to hear, he said. I found my way up here all by my very own self, after they had shown me the path up the hill. What a monstrous tall fellow of a sentinel you have standing by the lodge gate! I quite shivered with fear as I passed him, but I said "Miss Burney," and looked as bold as a lion, I'm sure. And now I'm here — here in the palace! How fine everything is! Oh, how all the girls at school envied you for living in a palace! [Stops; looks sharply at Fanny.] Why, you have been crying, I declare. Your eyes are all red! What has happened?

FANNY [with a little laugh]. Nothing has happened. I have a slight cold, I think.

SALLY. And you look quite sad! Do tell me what is wrong!

FANNY [half-laughing and half-crying]. Oh, my dear, nothing is wrong — except that life in a palace has some little drawbacks which make themselves felt now and then. But so has life elsewhere, and I am going to forget all about my silly pin-pricks while my little Sally is visiting me. Now lay off your bonnet [Sally unties bonnet and lays it down] and tell me all about the people at Norbury. How did you leave our dear Susan?

SALLY. Very well indeed; and I have a great long letter from her which you were to be sure to read before father came. [Opens reticule and gives letter to Fanny.]

FANNY [*breaking seal*]. A great long letter indeed! And I am to read it now? You must give me your permission, then.

[*Begins to read.*]

SALLY [*after a moment of watching*]. You are crying again! There must be bad news in the letter! Do tell me!

FANNY [*drying her eyes*]. No, Sally dear, there is no bad news in the letter; we will read it together, if you like, to convince you, and then you will know some of my secrets.

[*Reading the letter aloud to Sally, who listens eagerly:*]

MY DEAREST SISTER:

I can no longer be silent as to the concern with which your situation is regarded by those who love you. Your unselfish unwillingness to disappoint our dear father's hopes of promotion by informing him of the true state of your affairs is causing us the greatest anxiety. Though the illustrious persons you serve possess almost all human excellences, and treat you with the most benevolent condescension, yet you can never, in any part of the livelong day, command liberty or social intercourse or repose. Worse than all, you are subject to the caprice of one whose colleague you justly expected to be, but who regards you as her dependent. Your depression of spirits and constant declension in health convince us all that your constitution is surely giving way. Cease to conceal the fact from the father who loves you so truly. No prospect of honors to be derived from your connection with the Court will seem to him of value equal to a cherished daughter's well-being. I implore you in the name of all your friends — and who has so many as you? — to give him your confidence. Be sure that he will receive it without a syllable of reproach or regret for the thwarting of his plans. Speak to him to-day — tell him all, and end the distress of

Your ever-devoted sister

SUSAN PHILLIPS

SALLY. So you were really crying, after all! Poor Fanny! And I thought you were as happy as the day was long, here in the palace, waiting on the Queen! Do tell me all about it, now! Is the Queen not good to you?

FANNY. The Queen! Oh, my dear, she is goodness itself!
I am always happy when I am with her.

SALLY. Who is it, then, that makes you unhappy?

[*A bell rings.*]

FANNY. Oh, I had forgotten that it was so near tea-time.
But I may escape to-day, I suppose. [*Rings bell on the table — Footman enters.*] John, I shall have tea here instead of above. Bring a tray for two. And make my excuses to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and tell her I have my sister visiting me. [*Footman goes out.*]

SALLY. Mrs. Schwellenberg! What a queer name? Who is she?

FANNY. She is the Senior Keeper of the Queen's Robes. I am only the Second Keeper, you know, and I share these apartments with her. I ought to be pouring tea for her now, I am afraid.

SALLY. Tell me something about her, this Mrs. Schwellenberg. [*Making a grimace at the name.*] Do you like her?
[*Footman enters, bearing tray with tea-service, which he places upon the table.*]

FANNY. I think our little confidences will have a better flavor over a dish of tea, perhaps.

[*Is about to pour tea when Mrs. Schwellenberg enters. She is a stout, red-faced woman of between fifty and sixty, and is in a violent passion.*]

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG¹ [*scarcely able to control her anger.*]. Miss Berni, vat do this mean? I tell you I vant you promptly, and you come not at all. I have lived in this palace for such a long time as no one else, and I never know no one who behave so ill!

FANNY [*quietly*]. I sent John with a message to explain, Madam, that my sister was come to visit me.

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG [*no less angrily*]. You have not to

¹ Mrs. Schwellenberg's dialect and manner of speech are reproduced from Miss Burney's report of them in the *Diary*.

explain, you have to do as I vant. Who is the mistress here, you or me? You think because the Queen like your story-book you are so much better as every one that you do not one thing but be idle in your room and leave me to be alone by myself. But you shall not stay down when there is tea-time. I tell you so vonce — twice — many times, and now I tell you so again that you shall come up.

FANNY [*obviously making an effort to control her indignation*].

I will come, Madam. Will you permit my sister to join us? She has just come from school in Switzerland, and is paying her first visit here.

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG [*rudely*]. For vat must I have the trouble with your sister who comes from school? The gentlemens in my company — gentlemens who vait on the King — do not vant to sit with persons so young like that. Your sister can vait here until I do not vant you longer.

FANNY [*gently to Sally, who has been listening in astonishment*]. Go, my dear, into my bedroom [*pointing to door*] and bring me my fan and gloves. You will find them on the dressing-table. [Sally goes.]

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG. Have His Majesty not already sent to you to-day?

FANNY. No, Madam. Sent for what?

MRS. SCHWELLENBEEG. He have said this morning to the Queen while I vas with her that he did vish for some snuff like vat you mixed for the Queen, and he would ask you for that you mix him some for himself.

FANNY. I have received no message from him, Madam.

[*Reënter Sally, with fan and gloves, which she gives to Fanny.*]

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG [*with a scornful look towards Sally*]. You vill come up at vonce, Miss Berni, and not keep my company vaiting no more. [Goes out pompously.]

SALLY [*half-frightened, half-indignant*]. Ugh! what a horrid,

horrid creature! No wonder you are unhappy if you must be where she is. Poor Fanny! I declare, I hate the palace after all.

FANNY [*laying a finger on Sally's lips*]. Hush, my dear. I must go and serve tea to the equerries now, but you will wait patiently for me, I know. I can give you no company to your dish of tea, for I expect no one at this hour, but you will take my place and do the honors if any one should chance to appear, will you not?

[*Kisses Sally and goes out. Sally stands disconsolately in the doorway for a moment, then tiptoes back into the room, goes up to the mirror, and practises curtseying à la grande dame before it. As she is doing so a middle-aged gentleman appears in the doorway. Catching sight of his reflection, she turns in some confusion.*]

VISITOR. Is Miss Burney not within?

SALLY. No, sir; Miss Burney is engaged at present; but she will be not absent long. She is gone to serve tea to the King's equerries above-stairs.

VISITOR [*in a puzzled tone*]. To the King's equerries, eh?
— the equerries?

SALLY. Yes, sir. But I was to take her place if any one called while she was away, and [*with a sudden inspiration*] will you not step in and allow me to pour you a dish of tea?

VISITOR [*entering and looking curiously about him*]. A dish of tea, eh? — a dish of tea? Very kind, indeed.

SALLY. Nay, sir, I am doing only as my sister bade me.
Pray, be seated.

[*The Visitor takes a chair at the table, Sally sits down opposite him. As she does so, the Visitor starts as if in surprise, without, however, attracting Sally's notice.*]

VISITOR. So you are Miss Burney's sister, eh?

SALLY. Yes, sir, but only just freed from school in Switzerland.

[Pouring out a cup of tea and handing it to the Visitor.]

VISITOR. Never been to the palace before, then?

SALLY. No, sir; never before. When my sister first came here I was too young, and they thought it would not be fitting for her to receive me.

VISITOR. That was foolish of them — very foolish.

SALLY. And then I was sent away abroad to school so that I might get a finer education than was to be had at home.

VISITOR. Ah, French and fal-lals, I suppose. That's what you get abroad.

SALLY. But I wouldn't stop long after coming home from school. I was so eager to see my sister in the palace.

[Sighs deeply as she pours out a cup of tea for herself.]

VISITOR. A great thing for your sister to be in the palace — a great thing, to be sure!

SALLY. Yes, I always used to think so and boast about it to the girls at school. But I should have known better than to boast — I am well paid for it.

VISITOR. No — no — never boast.

SALLY. Indeed, I would never have boasted if I had known the truth. But how could I help believing that it was a fine thing to be in the palace and wait on the Queen, and see the King himself, every day of one's life! [Visitor draws himself up complacently.] Poor Fanny! [Sighing again.] But will you not let me give you another dish of tea?

VISITOR [passing his cup]. A very good brew indeed — a very good brew. [Drinks.] But you say, "Poor Fanny!" Why "Poor Fanny"?

SALLY. Ah, sir, I have a good reason to say poor Fanny, as you would know if you were better acquainted with the

people in the palace. [*Visitor seems about to interrupt, but checks himself.*] As for me, I had not been here a quarter of an hour before I found out how things stood with my sister. Indeed, I cannot see how she endures such an odious creature!

VISITOR. Endures? She loves the Queen, surely — the good Queen?

SALLY. No, no, it's not the Queen. The King and Queen are both good and kind, she says. But [*hesitating*] Fanny would not like me to be saying all this. 'Tis all because I am so angry. When I am angry I must be speaking my mind to some one.

VISITOR. Yes, yes! speak your mind — tell me — I am Miss Burney's friend. I always was. Tell me again — is she unhappy? — I can't believe it — the Queen does all she can for her, I'm sure. And if she were unhappy, she would surely tell the Queen — the Queen wants no one about her to be unhappy. I'll not believe it until I hear that Miss Burney says so herself.

SALLY [*hurt at his incredulity*]. Ah, you don't know how good she is. I could not understand it myself until I saw my sister Susan's letter. It is on account of our father that she will not tell the Queen. Look, you may see for yourself in the letter that Susan sent to her this very day. [*Takes letter and going over to the Visitor, points out passages and reads*]: ““Your unwillingness to disappoint our dear father's hopes of promotion by informing him of the true state of affairs is causing us the greatest anxiety on your behalf.””

VISITOR. Ah!

SALLY. Well, now you may as well look at the rest, and see who knows more about life in a palace, you or I.

VISITOR [*taking letter and looking through it slowly*]. “Caus-ing us the greatest anxiety.” [*Shaking his head gravely.*] “The illustrious persons you serve possess almost all

human excellences." [Nodding his head as if in pleased assent.] "Subject to the beck and call — regards you as her dependent —" Ah, yes, yes — the Schwellenberg — I know she must have a hard time with the Schwellenberg, but I thought — well, well, this will not do — not do at all.

SALLY. Indeed, sir, you would be as sorry as I am if you had seen Fanny's eyes all red from crying, and you would be as angry as I am if you had heard how rudely she was spoken to when the Mrs. what-d'ye-call-her came here to order her above-stairs. [Mimicking Mrs. Schwellenberg.] Miss Berni — vat does this mean? You have not to explain — you are to do as I vant — For vat must I have the trouble with your sister!

VISITOR [*laughing at the mimicry*]. Ah, very good! very good! But we should not laugh because people are unhappy. We should see what can be done for them. Well, well, we shall see, we shall see. But now it is time for me to take my leave. [Rises.] I had come to ask Miss Burney to fill my box with some of her snuff. She mixes it exactly right — exactly right. I will leave my box [*places box on table*], and my kind hostess will tell Miss Burney that I will send for it shortly.

SALLY. Who shall I say will send, sir?

VISITOR. Who? Oh, yes — say Colonel George. Your servant, madam, and my thanks. [Bowing.]

SALLY [*curtsying*]. I wish you a very good day, sir.

[*Visitor goes out. After he has gone, Sally takes the snuffbox from the table and examines it curiously. As she is doing so, Miss Burney enters.*]

FANNY. Well, Sally, my dear, here I am back, you see. The equerries have all been properly tea'd, and I am free for my little sister at last. Poor little sister, to be left all alone in a great gloomy drawing-room!

SALLY. Ah, but I wasn't alone. I had a visitor!

FANNY. A visitor? Who, pray?

SALLY. Colonel George.

FANNY [*puzzled*]. I know no Colonel George. Was he a stranger? And who announced him?

SALLY. He spoke as though he knew you — though, to be sure, he knew little enough about the palace, as I took pains to tell him. He came in as coolly as you please, so that there was nothing for it but to bid him be seated and have his dish of tea.

FANNY. Unannounced — why, no one but — tell me, what was he like?

SALLY. He was a goodish-sized fat man, not quite so old as Father; pleasant enough, though a little stupid, I thought. And he kept on saying things twice over, as though he couldn't quite hear himself.

FANNY [*in a tone of distress*]. Oh, Sally, you can't mean it — Why, you surely haven't —

SALLY. Why, what ails you, Fanny? You bade me take your place and I did; and this Colonel George, whoever he may be that seems to distress you so — I'm sure I can see no reason for it, for he was not so ill, even though he had few wits — came only to ask you for some snuff that you could mix better than any one else, he said.

FANNY [*sinking into a chair, in utter consternation*]. Oh, Sally, Sally, you poor little goose!

SALLY [*aggrieved*]. And here's the snuffbox he left for you to fill when he should send for it.

[*Handing box to Fanny.*]

FANNY [*taking box*]. Ah, I was sure of it! Had you no idea who your Colonel George was?

SALLY. None in the world. And who was he, pray?

FANNY. Why, His Majesty, himself!

SALLY. Oh, no, no!

FANNY. This is his snuffbox. I have seen him with it a thousand times. And Mrs. Schwellenberg told me he

wished for some snuff of my mixing. And he always repeats his words in this fashion. [*Imitating the Visitor*]: “Yes, yes” — “very good, very good” — Was not that the way?

SALLY. Yes, it was indeed. Oh, what shall I do? Why didn’t I know? You don’t know what I told him!

FANNY. Told him! What did you tell him?

SALLY. Ah, you may as well know it all. I was so angry at Mrs. What-do-you-call-her, and you know I can never be silent when I am angry — and he seemed so kind that I — oh! how can I say it?

FANNY. You did what? [*Gently.*] You know, dear, I cannot be angry with my little sister, only sorry.

SALLY. I showed him Susan’s letter!

[*In the pause which follows Dr. Burney enters. He is about sixty years old, stout, florid, and cheery.*]

DR. BURNEY [to Fanny]. Well, my dear, I am come at last.

Dr. Parsons was for playing me a half-score of his newest and slowest tunes, or I should have followed Sally sooner. [*To Sally.*] And what does Miss Bread-and-Butter think of the palace, eh? [*To Fanny, again.*] There was no keeping her away, once she came home — nothing would serve but she must visit Fanny in the palace, before any of the others were as much as thought of. But [*observing the appearance of distress on Sally’s and Fanny’s countenances*] what is this? What has happened?

SALLY [*sobbing*]. Oh, Father, you don’t know what I’ve done!

DR. BURNEY. Why, what can you have done? Not quarreled with Fanny, surely? No one could do that. [*To Fanny.*] Do you tell me, Fanny.

FANNY [*greatly disconcerted*]. Why, Father, I was obliged to leave Sally to herself while I served tea in Mrs. Schwellenberg’s apartment and —

DR. BURNEY. And the spoiled little minx did some mischief, I’ll be bound — smashed your pet china monster, or

ruined your best paduasoy with trying it on when she'd no business to be meddling with it.

SALLY [*indignantly*]. Indeed, Father, I did no such thing. But I will tell you, since you must know. [*Disregarding Fanny's anxious efforts to induce her to be silent.*] I showed the King Susan's letter!

DR. BURNEY. Susan's letter! What letter?

SALLY. The letter that Susan sent Fanny to persuade her to give up her place here at the palace.

DR. BURNEY [*nonplussed*]. But why should Susan want Fanny to give up her place at the palace?

SALLY. Why? [*To Fanny*.] Yes, Fanny, I will tell, since you will not. If the King knows it, Father may as well. [*To Dr. Burney again*.] Because she is miserable and ill and unhappy, on account of a horrid woman with a German alphabet for a name, and because she won't tell about it for fear of disappointing you.

[As Dr. Burney stares uncomprehendingly, she thrusts the letter into his hand. He reads it slowly.]

DR. BURNEY [*turning to Fanny*]. My dear, if this is true we are all to blame for not having greater confidence in one another. But Susan has judged me rightly. There is no promotion worth the price of my dear daughter's well-being.

FANNY. But, Father, I had such hopes that the Queen's favor would bring you the recognition you have earned so well! My troubles would have seemed nothing if only the King could have promised you the place you —

[Enter Footman, bearing tray with a letter.]

FOOTMAN. A letter for Miss Burney's sister.

SALLY [*starting forward*]. For me? From whom?

FOOTMAN. I was to say from Colonel George, Madam.

[Exit.]

SALLY [*in distress*]. Ah! Now I shall find that I have wrecked everything for you.

FANNY [*gently*]. Do not mind, my dear. You did not mean the least ill in the world.

SALLY [*breaking the seal and reading*]:

Colonel George presents his compliments and assures Miss Burney's sister that it is the King's pleasure, and will be the Queen's, that Miss Burney take whatever steps be necessary for the preservation of her health and for the proper exercise of those talents which first brought her to Their Majesties' notice. Should Miss Burney no longer feel it wise to remain a member of the Queen's household, Colonel George is authorized to add the assurance that she will lose nothing of the Queen's regard by ceasing to attend upon her. Miss Burney may also feel at liberty to count on the King's recognition of her father's merit, as soon as any position worthy of Dr. Burney's acceptance falls within the King's gift. Colonel George begs that Miss Burney's sister will retain the snuffbox which Colonel George left in her possession as a slight mark of her guest's appreciation and enjoyment of her sincerity.

[*Dropping the letter.*] Then I've not been so dreadfully meddlesome after all! Did you understand it, Fanny and Father?

FANNY [*taking the letter*]. 'Tis the King's hand, sure enough. I may resign, and keep the Queen's favor! And Father's promotion is on the way! Oh, Sally, you little diplomatist! You should have been at Court instead of me!

DR. BURNEY. Nay, I have tried the family fortunes with one daughter, and am lucky to have escaped without losing her, it would seem. If the King will make me his bandmaster, well and good; but I fear the Burney womenfolk were not meant to be Mistresses of the Robes. I was stupid and owlish not to have noted your distress before, Fanny, but 'tis not too late to make you well and happy again — Providence be praised — and who knows — "Evelina" and "Cecilia" may have a sister

heroine before long. And now [*to Sally*] get your bonnet, Mistress Sally. We have had our fill of the palace for one day.

SALLY. And such fine news as we have for Susan! What will she say to my letter — and to my snuffbox? ♦

FANNY. She will say that she chose a clever ambassadress to send to Court.

DR. BURNAY [*to Sally, who is tying on her bonnet*]. Bid adieu to the Keeper of the Robes. She will soon be plain Fanny Burney again, back with her old father in Poland Street.

SALLY. And with Esther in Mickleham, and Susan in Norbury! Ah, to have Fanny at home again will be better than having a sister in the palace! But [*drawing herself up proudly*] the King is not so ill to have a chat with, there's no denying it. [Putting box in reticule.]

FANNY [*laughing and kissing her*]. Good-bye, my little courtier. [Curtsying to her father.] Good-bye, sir. You shall hear all the hows and whens of my change of station as soon as they have been arranged for. Tell Susan I am grateful, and that all will be well now.

[Dr. Burney and Sally go out. Fanny stands in the doorway for a moment, looking after them; then turns back into the room. As she does so, Mrs. Schwellenberg enters.]

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG [*much perturbed*]. Miss Berni! For vat do you vait? Do you not know that this afternoon I vill go out, and you shall take my place to be ready for Her Majesty when she shall come back from her drive? But no, you do not know nothings — never do you know nothings at all!

FANNY [*gayly*]. I declare, Madam, I had forgotten. Or perhaps you had forgotten to tell me. And so you are going out? Is it for a visit, or merely to enjoy the air?

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG [*angrily*]. It makes no matter for

vhy I go, so long as you do not forget for vhy you are here. I tell you vonce more it is for you to do as I shall vant, and not to ask any questions.

FANNY [*still gayly*]. Yes, Madam, to be sure. Am I to go to Her Majesty now?

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG. It is not yet the Queen's time for an hour. But I did come to tell you that you shall send your sister avay, so that you shall not be too late.

FANNY. My sister has gone, Madam. And now, since we have some time, shall we not play your favorite game of cards?

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG [*astonished*]. For vat you ask me to play cards? You are always so tired at night ven ve play. The gentlemens, they always say, "Miss Berni, she get tired with the cards," and I say, "It is nonsense. Ve play no more as four hours. For vhy shall she be tired?" But I tell them to-night Miss Berni am not tired, she ask to play.

FANNY. I shall be only too happy, Madam.

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG [*scrutinizing Fanny sharply*]. For vhy you say you are happy?

FANNY. I say so, because I *am* happy, Madam. And now, if you are willing, we will go to our cards.

[*Mrs. Schwellenberg goes out tossing her head and muttering, "Happy, for vhy happy?" Fanny curtsies very low as Mrs. Schwellenberg walks away, then follows her out of the room.*]

CURTAIN

JOHN SILVER OFF DUTY¹
BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CHARACTERS

LONG JOHN SILVER

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER SMOLLETT

THE AUTHOR OF "TREASURE ISLAND"

*Ad libitum: HANDS, PEW, GEORGE MERRY, DOCTOR LIVESEY,
FLINT, and other members of the pirate crew.*

SCENE: *A rather plain interior with a door in the center of the back and another door at the left. The right-hand wall may be broken by a window or a fireplace. At the right center is a writing-table, on which are a pile of manuscript, an ink-pot, and a pen. There is a chair at the back of the table, facing the audience, and a bench or stool is about left center, farther down stage than the table.*

LONG JOHN SILVER [entering through center door, strolls down to table, and looks at the manuscript. A moment later as Captain Smollett appears in the doorway, with a man-o'-war's salute and a beaming countenance, he speaks.] Good-morning, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT [grunting]. Ah, Silver! You're in a bad way, Silver.

SILVER [remonstrating]. Now, Cap'n Smollett, dooty is dooty, as I knows, and none better; but we're off dooty now; and I can't see no call to keep up the morality business.

SMOLLETT. You're a damned rogue, my man.

SILVER. Come, come, Cap'n, be just. There's no call to be

¹ Arranged by James Plaisted Webber from *The Persons in the Tale*. Reprinted by arrangement with Stevenson's publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Correspondence in regard to performances of this play should be addressed to Hanson Hart Webster, 2 Park Street, Boston.

angry with me in earnest. I'm on'y a char'a'ter in a sea story. I don't really exist.

SMOLLETT. Well, I don't really exist either — which seems to meet that!

SILVER. I wouldn't set no limits to what a virtuous char'a'ter might consider argument. But I'm the villain of this tale, I am; and speaking as one seafaring man to another, what I want to know is, what's the odds?

SMOLLETT. Were you never taught your catechism? Don't you know there's such a thing as an Author?

SILVER [derisively]. Such a thing as a Author? And who bettern'n me? And the p'int is, — if the Author made you, he made Long John, and he made Hands, and Pew, and George Merry — [*As each is mentioned, he appears for a moment at the center door and then stands down left*] — not that George is up to much [*Merry makes gesture of resentment*], for he's little more'n a name; and he made Flint [*A shadowy veiled figure like the Ghost in Hamlet appears for an instant*], what there is of him; and he made this here mutiny [*Several members of the pirate crew enter stealthily from left*], you keep such a work about [*Shout of mutineers*]; you keep such a work about [*A pistol shot is heard off right*]; and he had Tom Redruth shot; and well, if that's an Author, give me Pew! [*Pew bows his thanks to Silver.*]

SMOLLETT. Don't you believe in a future state? Do you think there's nothing but the present story?

SILVER. I don't rightly know for that; and I don't see what's it's got to do with it, anyway. What I want to know is this: if there is sich a thing as a Author, I'm his favourite char'a'ter. [*Sits on table with self-complacent air.*] He does me fathoms better'n he does you — fathoms, he does. [*Crew mutters, "Aye, aye, that he does."*] He keeps me on deck mostly all the time, crutch and all; and he leaves you measling in the hold, where

nobody can't see you, nor wants to; and you may lay to that! If there is a Author, by thunder, he's on my side, and you may lay to it!

SMOLLETT. I see he's giving you a long rope. But that can't change a man's convictions. I know the author respects me; I feel it in my bones. When you and I had that talk at the blockhouse door, who do you think he was for, my man?

CREW. Aye, aye!

SILVER. And don't he respect me? Ah, you should 'a' heard me putting down my mutiny, George Merry and Morgan and that lot, no longer ago'n last chapter. [Crew grumbles dissent.] You'd 'a' heard something then! You'd 'a' seen what the Author thinks o' me! But come now, do you consider yourself a virtuous char'a'ter clean through?

SMOLLETT [solemnly]. God forbid! I am a man that tries to do his duty, and makes a mess of it as often as not. [Sits down stage left, sighing.] I'm not a very popular man at home, Silver, I'm afraid.

CREW. We'll lay to that!

SILVER [coming down to him]. Ah! Then how about this sequel of yours? Are you to be Capt'n Smollett just the same as ever, and not very popular at home, says you! And if so, why it's "Treasure Island" over again, by thunder; and I'll be Long John, and Pew'll be Pew [Pew bows]; and we'll have another mutiny, as like as not. [Voices of pirates shouting, "Aye, aye, another mutiny!" Smollett feels for his gun and starts to rise.] Or are you to be somebody else? And if so, why, what better are you? And what the worse am I?

SMOLLETT. Why, look here, my man, I can't understand how this story [points to manuscript on table] comes about at all, can I? I can't see how you and I, who don't exist, should get to speaking here, and smoke our pipes, for all

the world like reality? Very well, then, who am I to pipe up with my opinions? I know the Author's on the side of good; he tells me so; it runs out of his pen as he writes. Well, that's all I need to know; I'll take my chance upon the rest.

SILVER [musingly]. It's a fact he seemed to be against George Merry. [Merry assents.] But George is little more'n a name at the best of it. [Merry, unseen by Silver, threatens him with the Black Spot.] And to get into soundings for once. [Hobbles back to table.] What is this good? I made a mutiny, and I been a gentleman o' fortune; well, but by all stories, you ain't no saint. [Smollett makes gesture of admission.] I'm a man that keeps company very easy; even by your own account, you ain't. And to my certain knowledge, you're a hard man to haze. Which is good, and which is bad? Ah, tell me that! Here we are in stays, and you may lay to it!

SMOLLETT. We're none of us perfect. That's a fact of religion, my man. All I can say is, I try to do my duty; and if you try to do yours, I can't compliment you on your success.

SILVER [derisively]. And so you was the judge, was you?

SMOLLETT. I would be both judge and hangman for you, my man, and never turn a hair. But I get beyond that. It mayn't be sound theology — but it's common sense — that what is good is useful too. There and thereabout, for I don't set up to be no thinker. Now, where would a story go to if there were no virtuous characters?

CREW. Aye, where? Where?

SILVER. If you go to that, where would a story begin if there wasn't no villains?

SMOLLETT. Well, that's pretty much my thought. The author has to get a story. That's what he wants. And to get a story [He handles the manuscript] and to have a

man like [*Doctor Livesey enters. Silver salutes him.*] the doctor, say, given a proper chance, he has to put in men like you and Hands. [*Hands salutes.*] But he's on the right side; and mind your eye! [*Doctor comes down to Smollett at right.*] You're not through this story yet; there's trouble coming for you.

SILVER [*hobbling to Smollett*]. What'll you bet?

SMOLLETT. Much I care if there ain't. I'm glad to be Alexander Smollett, bad as he is; and I thank my stars upon my knees that I'm not Silver. [*At this moment the Author enters. If he can make up to look like Stevenson, he should enter through the center door. Otherwise, he should enter lower right, come to the table and keep his back to the audience. He does not see the figures at the left. Smollett lifts a warning finger as the Author is about to begin writing.*] But there's the ink-bottle opening. To quarters! [*The characters all vanish.*]

AUTHOR [*beginning to write, says announcedly*]. Chapter thirty-three!

CURTAIN

THE LITTLE BOY OUT OF THE WOOD¹

BY KATHLEEN CONYNGHAM GREENE

PERSONS

BESSIE, *a showroom girl in a hat-shop*
A LITTLE BOY

SCENE: *The skirts of a small wood near Epping Forest*

TIME: *Bank Holiday Afternoon*

[Bessie is discovered, sitting on the grass. Her large hat is on the ground beside her. On her lap are the works of several poets — Wordsworth, Shelley, Matthew Arnold — all in cheap editions.]

BESSIE [putting Matthew Arnold open face downwards on the grass]. How much better they taste out here. It's like sausage, rolls and milk — horrid in the shop, but heavenly out here! I'm glad I didn't go with the others. Fancy Brighton or the Crystal Palace when you can get this! Oh! there's a butterfly! And the birds and the flowers. . . . O Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!

[She throws her arms back over her head, then picks up her book again, and reads aloud:]

“Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep,
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid.”

¹ Reprinted by arrangement with the author and her publisher, Mr. John Lane, The Bodley Head, London. Correspondence in regard to performances of this play should be addressed to Hanson Hart Webster, 2 Park Street, Boston.

Oh, he knew!

[*While she is reading, a little boy has come out of the wood behind her and has sat down by her side.*]

BOY. Yes, he knew — after his own fashion.

BESSIE [*turning round to look at him*]. Why, little boy, what do you know about it?

BOY. Oh, I know a great deal about it!

BESSIE. About poetry? Why, you're quite a little fellow!

Not more'n seven or eight, are you?

BOY. Oh, I'm much older than that!

BESSIE. And how funnily you are dressed! We wouldn't send out a suit like that from Madam's!

BOY. No?

BESSIE. Where do you come from, anyway?

BOY [*airily*]. Oh, I come out of the wood!

BESSIE. What were you doing there?

BOY. I live there. It's mine.

BESSIE. No! Not really? I say . . . I mean . . . I thought all Epping Forest belonged to the King. I didn't know there was a house right in there in the wood.

BOY. No, there's not a house. I hate houses.

BESSIE. But you said you lived there?

BOY. So I do.

BESSIE. Oh! don't you talk!

[*The Little Boy clasps his hands round his knees and looks at her.*]

BOY. So you like my birds and my butterflies and [*he waves his hand*] my trees?

BESSIE. Well! I don't know that they're yours, but of course I like them. Yes.

BOY. You live in the town?

BESSIE. Yes. I guess I have to. I'm a worker, you see.

Don't know why I should tell you this.

BOY [*nodding his head*]. Tell me.

BESSIE. I'm in a hat-shop in Bond Street. I only get out

here because it's a holiday. I just . . . I just live for these holidays. Last one it was wet.

BOY. And you stayed at home.

BESSIE. No. I came here just the same. I spoilt my best hat, but it was grand in the rain. So singy.

BOY. I know. All the trees were talking and slapping their hands together — swish, swish. And the rain slipping off the leaves.

BESSIE [*eagerly*]. Yes! And the smell of it! Like, oh, I don't know what!

BOY. This is good too?

BESSIE. Oh, this is Heaven! And the others have all gone to Brighton except some that have gone to the Crystal Palace! How they could!

BOY. You don't like that?

BESSIE. With this so near? And . . . and . . . they've all got men with them too!

BOY. Wouldn't you have one?

BESSIE. Not I! I've no use for them. They're stuffy and dull and they've only walked on pavements. I brought a young chap down here once. He was dead keen to come. He just walked along with his head up and said, "Let's get off and have some tea." I just cried when I got home.

BOY. I know.

BESSIE [*looking at him with curiosity*]. Say, I don't know why I'm telling you all this. And you're such a funny little fellow!

BOY [*laughing and showing his teeth*]. So I am!

BESSIE. Where do you come from, really?

BOY. Oh! just out of the wood.

BESSIE. Don't you go to school?

BOY. I know all that's worth knowing.

BESSIE. Oh, hold on . . . What? Latin and Greek and book-keeping?

[*The Boy nods.*]

BESSIE. You don't tell me . . . ! [The Boy laughs.]

BESSIE. Don't you ever wear more clothes than that?

BOY. No.

BESSIE. But in winter?

BOY. I'm not cold.

BESSIE [reflectively]. I'd like to have the dressing of you!

You've got the funniest little face! Rather wild sometimes, aren't you?

BOY. I can be.

BESSIE [after a few seconds' pause]. Do you know this place?

BOY. Yes. It's nearly all mine round here.

BESSIE. Yours! I like that! And you only a baby! Are there any cornfields? "Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep." I've only seen them from the train.

"With distant cries of reapers in the corn, all the live murmur of a summer day." Oh! he knew!

BOY. Yes. He knew me, but not so well as some.

BESSIE. Knew you? You go on! Why, he died years ago.

BOY. He knew me, in gardens and cornfields, on river-banks. Here is one who knew me better.

[He picks up another book.]

BESSIE. Oh, Wordsworth. He's great.

BOY [nodding]. He knew me.

BESSIE [leaning her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands and looking at him closely]. Why, who are you?

BOY. Oh, I'm just a little boy out of the wood!

BESSIE. But how could you have known them? They died ages and ages ago.

BOY [looking at Wordsworth]. He knew me. He was half afraid. They are all half afraid when they see far enough.

BESSIE. What? Of you?

BOY. I'm young here. Only a little boy. But go further into the forest. I'm old there. Go north, where Words-

worth used to meet me. There I'm terrible. I held him.
He knew me so well that he was always half afraid.

BESSIE. Why do you look at me like that?

BOY. I wonder if you know me too?

BESSIE. I don't know . . . you make me feel all creepy.

BOY. Are you going back to the streets? Think how the leaves will sound out here at night. Rustle! Rustle!
Think of my servants who will come and watch with you. Badger and weasel and hare. Do you hear that bee booming? At night you can hear the beetles booming half a mile away.

BESSIE. Why are you saying all this?

BOY. Have you ever been in the wood after a frost? Have you heard the earth crackling when it's getting free?
Have you ever seen the leaves dropping in November?
Do you know the young beech leaves? They are like silk when they uncurl in the sun. Then there will come great storms . . .

BESSIE [*shivering*]. Oh, don't you . . .

BOY. Away in the woods the leaves are whispering all day.
You'd be alone with me there.

BESSIE. How you do talk. I must get back now or I'll oversleep myself and be late at the shop to-morrow.

BOY. Shops and pavements and rattling carts, and you might have me!

BESSIE. You go on. I've got to earn my living.

BOY. There was a man walked after me all over the world.
All along the roads and woods and ditches. He slept under the stars. He was very happy. He was mine.

BESSIE. A tramp! Eugh!

BOY. Did you ever hear a wood-pigeon talking and muttering and gabbling before the sun had got through the leaves to your eyelids?

BESSIE. Oh! you and your talk! Give me my books!

Quick now!

[*The Boy takes out a little pipe.*]

BOY. Did you ever hear my music?

BESSIE. What is it?

BOY. This is my little pipe. Sit down and I will play you a tune and then you can go away.

[*Bessie sits down and pulls at the grass with her fingers. The Boy looks at her sideways out of the corners of his eyes.*]

BESSIE [putting her hands over her face]. Don't look at me like that! I don't know what to make of you! You frighten me, I think!

[*The Boy puts the pipe to his lips and blows a long note like a bird's. A thrush, far back in the forest, answers. There is a rustling among the leaves behind. Bessie looks at him with frightened eyes.*]

BOY. Did you hear that in your books?

BESSIE [nervously gathering her books together in her lap].

I must pack up the books. I must go home.

[*The Boy takes up his pipe again and plays very softly. Bessie looks at him.*]

BESSIE [softly]. I can't. I can't.

[*The Boy stands up, still playing. Another bird calls out of the wood. The leaves touch one another. Bessie hides her face in her lap and sobs. The Boy walks away between the trees, still playing. Three loud notes ring out. Bessie springs up, scattering her books to right and left. She catches up her skirt in both hands.*]

BESSIE. I'm coming. I'm coming.

[*She disappears into the wood.*]

CURTAIN

THE LEGEND OF SAINT DOROTHY¹

BY GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

CHARACTERS

THE EMPEROR OF ROME

THEOPHILUS, *a young nobleman*

PETERKIN, *his page*

A CAPTAIN

SAINT DOROTHY, *a Christian maiden*

SCENE: *A Public Place*

[Enter *Theophilus* and *Peterkin*.]

THEOPHILUS. Peterkin!

PETERKIN. Master!

THEOPHILUS. What is it o'clock?

PETERKIN. Dinner time, master.

THEOPHILUS. I asked you not the time, fool, but the hour.

PETERKIN. And I told you, sir, according to my means,
than which no man can do more. Do you take me for
the town hall, that I should wear a clock in my forehead?

THEOPHILUS. I pray you by what means, not knowing the
hour, do you tell the time?

PETERKIN. Marry, sir, my stomach cries meal time, as true
as a peal of bells.

THEOPHILUS. Say like the bell over a shop door, for it
jingles every five minutes.

PETERKIN. Now in good faith, I hold it wiser to be dealing

¹ From *Comedies and Legends for Marionettes*, by Georgiana Goddard King. Reprinted by permission of the author and the Macmillan Company, publishers. Correspondence in regard to performances should be addressed to the publishers, 60-66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

with good meat and wine and therewith thankful, than to be gaping at the sun and feeding on discontent.

THEOPHILUS. Why should I be content? I have nothing to wish for.

PETERKIN. Most men who wish are discontented, and with the getting of their wishes contentment comes.

THEOPHILUS. Man's sole happiness lies in desire, and when desire is dead he might as well be all underground.

PETERKIN. Where certainly there is no desiring except on the part of Goodman Worm.

THEOPHILUS. If I drink, eat, wear fine clothes, build me a golden house, wherein am I better than the cat stealing cream, the lion springing on a goat, the peacock spreading his tail, and the bee at work upon the comb? Am I not shamed by all these? For I have neither the cunning of the cat, the strength of the lion, the beauty of the peacock, nor the science of the bee.

PETERKIN. Why not be then a poet, master, and sing with more skill than the thrush, with more sense than the nightingale, and with more sweetness than the magpie?

THEOPHILUS. Because the nightingale would outdo me in skill, the thrush in sweetness, and the pie in sense, for he asks only what he needs.

PETERKIN. Then you must needs turn soldier, for he has neither skill, sweetness, nor sense.

THEOPHILUS. Three things which I cannot do without. Neither poetry nor war is to my taste, and as for religion, with all due reverence to the immortal gods, they have less sense than a poet, less sweetness than a soldier, and less skill than a mere man who eats, drinks, and carries his clothing about.

PETERKIN. I see plainly, master, that unless I find you an occupation very soon, you will walk yourself off to an asylum for lunatics and maintain them to be the only

rational company. How say you, shall we go and hunt Christians?

THEOPHILUS. I tell you, no! I'll have no hand in that matter! They are as foolish-innocent a set of folk as ever lived by bread.

PETERKIN. But the Emperor takes huge delight in the new sport.

THEOPHILUS. The Emperor is no soldier, to kill defenceless women, and no sportsman, to strike at what will neither run nor strike back. I would as lief go into the butcher's business and produce mutton and veal, as keep company with the Emperor in these days.

[*Enter the Emperor.*]

EMPEROR. By Jupiter and Apollo, 'tis a nipping day.

PETERKIN. See you now, master, how wit keeps a man warm. I should have thought it was June.

THEOPHILUS. It is seasonable weather, sire.

EMPEROR. Now, by Mahound, it is unseasonable if I am cold. It shall be a warm day, I say. Am I Emperor for nothing?

THEOPHILUS. Doubtless, if Your Majesty does due sacrifice to Apollo, he will at your imperial request drive his chariot near enough to the earth to relieve Your Majesty's shivering fit.

EMPEROR. I know a trick worth two of that. Ho, guard!

[*Enter Captain.*]

Go fire me some dozen of Christians' houses in this neighbourhood, till they warm the air.

[*Exeunt Emperor and Captain.*]

THEOPHILUS. So folly finds ways to warm itself. Go home and dine, Peterkin; I have no mind to eat.

PETERKIN. Nor have I, master. No, I thank the gods I

have two stout jaws to munch withal, and thirty teeth moreover.

[Exit]¹

[Enter Saint Dorothy.]

THEOPHILUS. What goddess comes? Too simple for Pallas, too maidenly for Venus, too —

SAINT DOROTHY. Spare your catalogue, sir. I am but a Christian girl whose house is now a heap of ashes.

THEOPHILUS. Lady, I had four houses — they are all yours. SAINT DOROTHY. I have not begged, sir.

THEOPHILUS. Nor do I give to beggars.

SAINT DOROTHY. I am not for sale.

THEOPHILUS. Nor am I a slave dealer. But there are such things as friends.

SAINT DOROTHY. Not for me among the worshippers of false gods.

[Enter Emperor.]

EMPEROR. Who is that, in Cupid's name?

THEOPHILUS. A lady, sir, to whom —

SAINT DOROTHY. To whom you are a stranger, sir. Your Majesty, an orphan and homeless.

EMPEROR. I've seen your face before to-day.

SAINT DOROTHY. Doubtless, sire, when I left my burning house just now.

EMPEROR. So, now I have it! We smoked the old foxes and out pops the little white rabbit. Well [*clashing his sword against his shield*], you're done with that stuff.

SAINT DOROTHY. Your majesty, I am a Christian.

EMPEROR [*same gesture*]. Now, by Mahound, you won't be long.

SAINT DOROTHY. Always, sire. That is the only name one does not lose in death.

¹ It is suggested that at this point the curtain be lowered for a moment to suggest a lapse of time.

EMPEROR. That I will give you the chance of proving.
Guard!

[Enter Captain.]

Bring her head in an hour to the palace.

THEOPHILUS. One moment, sire. The bloodless victories of faith are the glorious ones, and it is more royal to reduce the number of unbelievers by conversion than by decapitation. The lady is not only fair but sage. Let me attempt her reason.

EMPEROR. By Mars, you waste your breath. In an hour's time her sacrifice or her head. I'll go make search for others. Am I not Emperor?

[Clashes his sword and strides out, Captain striding after.]

THEOPHILUS. Sweet lady —

SAINT DOROTHY. Sir, you waste your breath. I go gladlier than to my bridal.

THEOPHILUS. But, even though doubtfully, to your bridal, I trust. My name — you may have heard it — is Theophilus.

SAINT DOROTHY. I have heard of you as an honourable gentleman, but one who thinks himself too wise to listen to true wisdom.

THEOPHILUS. Dear child, you wrong the world to take your youth and beauty from it.

SAINT DOROTHY. The truth for which I die is more beautiful than beauty's self.

THEOPHILUS. Truth has many forms and even the foolishest gods stand in some way for goodness.

SAINT DOROTHY. Mine is all-wise, all-good.

THEOPHILUS. Dorothy, I will not strive to shake you there, for I know your people are immovable. But my wife could stand in no danger even from religion.

SAINT DOROTHIY. Your heart I know is noble; but I like

better my red bridal even though the chamberlain is grim.

THEOPHILUS. I will carry you away to an island set jewel-like in turquoise sea, where roses bloom every hour and the boughs are heavy with dropping fruits. Dear girl, the grave is dark and cold and barren, and sun is here and sweetness unchanging.

SAINT DOROTHY. Where I go the roses never fade and the trees bear each month twelve manner of fruits.

THEOPHILUS. I cannot see your fruits and flowers.

SAINT DOROTHY. But I will send you some, if —

THEOPHILUS. If what? [With sorrowful scorn.] Send them, and I will follow you to pluck you others.

SAINT DOROTHY. Then expect them. Captain!

[Enter Captain.]

THEOPHILUS. Can you not love me, girl?

SAINT DOROTHY. Greatly, dear Theophilus, but not so much as martyrdom. Remember the roses.

[Exit, Captain following. Pause. Theophilus stands, his face hidden in his arm.¹ Here a voice or voices may sing "For thee, O dear, dear country," or other parts of "The Celestial Country."]

[Enter Emperor.]

EMPEROR. Where's your girl?

THEOPHILUS. Your Majesty should know better than I. By this time, I think, neither of us knows.

EMPEROR. Am I not Emperor? Is not my will the Roman law? When I frown, do not the gods tremble on their golden seats, and the walls of heaven shake at my stride? I will have no worship but by special orders; the gods are gods because I choose them to be.

¹ Here again the curtain may be lowered to suggest a lapse of time. The music would occur during this interval.

[Enter Peterkin with basket.]

PETERKIN. Sir, one gave me this for you: a gold-haired lad yonder, some princess' page may be, for he was pretty enough to be a girl, and proud enough to be a king's son, and sweeter-voiced than the softest singer at the Emperor's court.

THEOPHILUS. Roses! but balmier than those I fetched me from Persian gardens; apples more golden than those of Hesper, and fragrant as spiced October. Good servant, here's my purse. Get you another master longer-lived.

PETERKIN. No, faith; I'd not outlive the best of masters.

THEOPHILUS. I will recommend you to the Emperor.

PETERKIN. Since you could not recommend him to me. No, no; that were to go from flowers to frost, and by trying to climb higher, topple over into the ditch.

THEOPHILUS. We must part, Peterkin, for my last day is almost spent, and I would not crush you in my ruin.

PETERKIN. We must not part — not though it were your last penny that was spent. No more, sir, than I would offer to share your bed would I be guilty of sharing your grave, but in the ground as in the palace, I will be at your feet.

THEOPHILUS [taking his hand]. Enough! Now, if you will not yet go, listen. [To Emperor.] Sire, your captain waits yonder to tell you that the blessed Dorothy has finished her martyrdom and to usher me into her presence.

EMPEROR. By Mahound, this is a poor joke, Theophilus. Am I not Emperor? I think I will take you at your word.

THEOPHILUS. Your Majesty had better, for it is the last you will get from me.

EMPEROR [clashing sword and shield]. Thunder and blood!

PETERKIN. That's Jupiter and Mars.

EMPEROR. Fool, does your master want to get his head chopped off?

PETERKIN. I think that's what Your Majesty wants, saving your presence.

EMPEROR. Is your master a Christian, fool?

PETERKIN. No, Your Majesty —

THEOPHILUS. Sire, I am —

PETERKIN. He's of the religion, Majesty, but it's I that am the Christian fool, for I'm not just sure what is the religion. But there is no doubt that what he is, I am. And that pretty boy yonder did not come around the corner for nothing.

EMPEROR. Shall I be spoken to thus? Shall I be so defied? Not by Pluto! Theophilus, if you recanted a thousand times, you should die, and the fool in your company for the more shame.

THEOPHILUS. I have heard that we are all brothers, and in a family there is no ill company. Farewell, sir, I leave you to the tender mercies of your own false gods. Come, brother, we go a-plucking roses.

PETERKIN. In February! To think the fool should make so good an ending alongside of his master! And yet, after all, it is but a foolish ending.

THEOPHILUS. Some folly is wisdom, brother: that we go to love among the red, red roses of martyrdom.

[*Exeunt Theophilus leading, Emperor striding last.*]

CURTAIN

IN THE GOOD GREEN WOOD¹

BY MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

CHARACTERS

KING RICHARD OF THE LION HEART
ROBIN HOOD, *an outlaw*
LITTLE JOHN
WILL SCARLET
ALAN-A-DALE
FRIAR TUCK
THREE BLACK FRIARS
THE BLIND BEGGAR
THE DEAF BEGGAR
THE DUMB BEGGAR
THE LAME BEGGAR
THE LEAN FRIAR
THE FAT FRIAR
MIDGE THE MILLER

SCENE: *A part of the Forest of Sherwood. Discovered, Robin Hood leaning idly against a tree watching Little John string his bow. Friar Tuck sits with his head on his chest, hands clasped over his stomach, fast asleep. Alan-a-Dale fits a new string to his harp.*

ALAN [*sings lightly*]. Tra-la-la, the bird sings blithely,
Tra-la-la-la-la!

ROBIN HOOD [*stretching*]. Methinks I would rather roam
this good green wood in the spring-time than be king
of all merry England! Is there a place as fair as this

¹ Copyright, 1906, by The Dramatic Publishing Company. Reprinted by permission of The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, the publishers of Marjorie Benton Cooke's plays and monologues, to whom should be addressed correspondence in regard to producing this play.

sweet woodland now, and lives there a king with such an appetite as I?

LITTLE JOHN. The life we lead is the life for me! Both spring and winter have their joys. Thou and I, good master, have had many a good bout at the Blue Boar.

ALAN. Dost remember the night that Friar Tuck must snatch a kiss from the stout hostess, and got a cannikin of ale emptied over his head?

FRIAR TUCK. Who calls Friar Tuck? [All laugh.]

ROBIN HOOD. They do say that our good King Richard comes to Nottingham Town this day. We should be off to help the Sheriff give his Majesty fit welcome. What say ye, my merry men?

[Enter Will Scarlet.]

How now, Will Scarlet?

WILL SCARLET. My master, there's many a fat friar and a villainous lord abroad on the highway to-day a-riding to Nottingham Town. Shall we set forth and find a guest or two?

ROBIN HOOD. Well said, Will Scarlet! Choose a dozen men and get ye gone. Little John, what say'st thou to a merry adventure? Take thou a friar's gown from our chest of garments, and I will don a beggar's rags. Then let us wander forth and see what doth befall us.

[Little John rises and stretches.]

LITTLE JOHN. That suits my mind — let us be off.

ROBIN HOOD. Bring forth such clothes as do befit our needs.

[Little John and Will Scarlet go out to get clothes.] Friar Tuck, will'st thou abide our coming?

FRIAR TUCK. Aye, with a right good will. I'll sleep and watch and sing.

[Enter Little John and Will Scarlet with disguises. Will

helps Little John into a Gray Friar's robe. All laugh at effect.]

ROBIN HOOD. Behold our Little John becomes a goodly friar! Ha-ha! Lend us a hand here.

[*Alan helps Robin into beggar's rags.*]

FRIAR TUCK [*laughing*]. Thy robe, good father, is a trifle scant.

[*He leans over and tries to pull it down to cover Little John's legs.*]

LITTLE JOHN. 'Tis a penance I suffer, good brother, thus to show my legs!

[*He folds his hands and looks down in mock holiness.*]

FRIAR TUCK. Come — come — look not down that way. Raise thine eyes boldly, or they'll know thee for a cheat.

[*Little John takes staff and leather bottle, and Robin arms himself with a staff.*]

ROBIN HOOD. Take thy men, Will Scarlet, and fare thee forth to find us a guest for to-night's feast. Farewell, Friar Tuck. And thou, good father, may'st thou not have cause to tell thy beads in earnest ere we meet again.

LITTLE JOHN [*laughing*]. Farewell, good beggar. May'st thou not have cause to beg for mercy 'ere we meet again!

[*All laugh. Robin exits R. Little John exits L.*

Alan, Will Scarlet, and the Friar go out at back.

Robin Hood returns and searches ground. Little John returns and stops surprised.]

ROBIN HOOD. I did forget my pouch!

LITTLE JOHN. And I my rosary!

[*Both laugh, pick the lost articles up, and start to go.*]

LITTLE JOHN. Hark! Some one comes. [*They peer off R.*]

ROBIN HOOD. Two Friars, an I mistake not. I'll leave them to thy tender mercy, father.

[*Robin Hood hides behind tree.*]

[*Enter a Fat Friar and a Lean Friar.*]

LITTLE JOHN. Give ye good den, my brothers.

BOTH FRIARS. Good den.

LITTLE JOHN. I pray ye give me a penny or two to buy me bread at the next inn.

FAT FRIAR. We have no money. Come, let us on.

[*They start to pass him, but Little John stands in front.*]

LITTLE JOHN. Now, for sweet Charity's sake, give me a penny!

LEAN FRIAR [*crossly*]. I tell thee, we have no money.

LITTLE JOHN. In holy truth?

FAT FRIAR. Not a farthing!

LEAN FRIAR. Not a groat!

LITTLE JOHN. Nay, this must not be. Let us kneel here in the road, and pray the good Saint Dunstan to send us money to carry us on our way.

FAT FRIAR. What? Dost tell me, the High Cellarer of Fountain Abbey, to kneel in the road with a beggarly friar?

LITTLE JOHN [*threateningly*]. Get down straightway, or I may forget ye are both in Holy Orders. [*They sink to their knees in alarm.*] Now, brothers, pray. [*They mumble and tell their beads.*] Now, put thy hands in thy pouches and see what the Saint hath sent. [*They try, but bring forth empty hands.*] What, have thy prayers so little value? Let us at it again. "O gracious Saint Dunstan, send ten shillings apiece to these two friars, and any more thou sendest, send to me." Now, let us see what each man hath! [*They try pouches again in vain.*]

LITTLE JOHN. Again? Nay, I'll warrant ye've missed it. Let me look. [*He brings forth bag from Lean Friar's pouch.*] What hast thou missed, good brother? [*He brings bag from Fat Friar's pouch.*] Ah, ha! I feared thou hadst missed the money the good Saint had sent. I only prayed for ten shillings apiece for each of ye; all

over and above that belongs by right to me, so I take it.
 [He counts out money and gives each ten shillings.] And now, good den, good brothers, may ye have a pleasant journey henceforth.

[Friars exchange frightened glances and flee. Robin Hood comes out laughing.]

ROBIN HOOD. Our Lady, but thou didst serve them well! I almost laughed aloud when thou didst pray.

LITTLE JOHN. Look you — four beggars come this way.
 'Tis thy turn, Master. I'll abide the outcome.

[He hides behind the tree. Enter four beggars, one blind, one deaf, one dumb, one lame.]

DEAF BEGGAR. Methinks I hear voices!

BLIND BEGGAR. I see one of our craft, if I mistake not.

DUMB BEGGAR. Welcome, brother.

[The Lame man sits down and takes off wooden leg.]

ROBIN HOOD [laughs]. Marry, 'tis seemly for you to be glad, since I bring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, and a lusty leg to the lame.

DUMB BEGGAR. Whence comest thou?

ROBIN HOOD. From Sherwood Forest.

DEAF BEGGAR. Is't true? If Robin Hood caught us in his forest he'd clip our ears! For all the money we carry to Lincoln Town I'd not sleep one night in his forest —

ROBIN HOOD. What money is that, thou dost speak of?

BLIND BEGGAR. Stay — I would not doubt our brother, but he is a stranger. Give us the sign. "Hast ever fibbed a chouse quarrons in the Rome pad for loure in his bung?"

[They watch Robin closely. He looks from one to another.]

ROBIN HOOD. Now, out upon ye — ye make sport, patterning such gibberish. [They all fall upon him, beating at him with staffs. He faces them swinging his stick.] How now, would you four stout fellows fall on one man? Stand back!

LAME BEGGAR. Thou art a vile spy. Thou dost not know the sign. Down with him, men.

[*Robin strikes at Lame beggar — he rolls over — then he knocks Dumb beggar down. Other two take to heels.*]

ROBIN HOOD. It were a pity to let sound money stay in the pockets of such scurvy knaves.

[*He takes bag from each beggar's pouch. Little John comes out.*]

LITTLE JOHN. Is't heavy, master?

ROBIN HOOD. Marry — so 'tis. But see, they come back for their wounded, let's away. [*They hide. Two beggars come in and carry off the two wounded ones. Robin and Little John sally forth laughing.*] The day begins right merrily. And now — dost thou take the road to Lincoln and I'll go —

LITTLE JOHN [*points*]. Look you what comes. A flock of portly friars — methinks there's sport here.

[Enter King Richard, dressed as a Black Friar, and three other friars.]

KING RICHARD. Now, I would give an half a hundred pounds for somewhat to quench my thirst!

[*Robin Hood steps out and stands before the King.*]

ROBIN HOOD. Truly, holy brother, it were an unchristian thing not to give fitting answer to so fair a bargain! We keep an inn hereabouts, and we will not only give thee a draught of wine, but a noble feast to tickle thy taste.

[*He blows a whistle.*]

[Enter Little John, Alan-a-Dale, Midge the Miller, Will Scarlet. They line up behind Robin Hood.]

KING RICHARD. How, now? Hast no regard for such holy men as we?

ROBIN HOOD. Not a whit.

KING RICHARD. Out upon thee, thou art a naughty fellow!

Here is my purse, but lay not hands upon me.

ROBIN HOOD. Art thou the King of England to give orders to me? Here, Little John, see what's within the purse. [He tosses it to him.] Put back thy cowl, good brother, I fain would see thy face.

KING RICHARD. Nay, for we have taken a vow not to show our faces for four and twenty hours.

ROBIN HOOD. So be it. Here's thy purse. Give it him, Little John. We keep but fifty pounds.

[*King inspects the band.*]

KING RICHARD. By my soul, thou hast a fine lot of yeomen about thee, Robin. Methinks, the King himself would be glad of such a bodyguard.

ROBIN HOOD. I tell thee, brother, there's not a man among us but would pour his blood like water for the King. Ye churchmen understand him not, but we yeomen love him loyally for his brave deeds.

[*Enter Friar Tuck.*]

FRIAR TUCK. Give ye good den, brothers. I am glad to welcome some of my cloth to this naughty place!

ROBIN HOOD. Give us wine, Friar Tuck, not words.

FRIAR TUCK. Tut — tut — words for the spiritual man, my master, then wine for the material man!

[*He goes out to get wine.*]

KING RICHARD. What name does he carry?

ROBIN HOOD. Friar Tuck, and as goodly a man as ever wore a frock.

[*Enter Tuck with flagons and ale. He pours wine for all of them.*]

Stay! I would give ye a pledge. Here's to good King Richard, and may all his enemies be confounded!

[*All cheer and drink.*]

KING RICHARD. Methinks, good fellow, thou hast drunk to thine own confusion.

ROBIN HOOD. Never a whit. For I tell ye, we of Sherwood are more loyal to the King than those of thine order.

KING RICHARD. Perhaps King Richard's welfare is more to me than thou wottest of, good Robin. But come, I've heard that ye were wondrous archers — canst not show us some entertainment?

ROBIN HOOD. With all my heart. Ho, lads, set up a garland at the end of the glade.

[*King sits on rock at L. with Friars about him. Robin and Little John stand at R., other outlaws at c. Will Scarlet goes to hang garland, and Tuck goes for bows and arrows.*]

WILL SCARLET [*calls off stage*]. Master, shall I set it here?

ROBIN HOOD [*calls back*]. Aye — 'tis well. [*Tuck comes with bows which they select from his hand.*] Yon is the mark. Each of you shoot three arrows, and if any fellow misseth, he shall have a buffet of Will Scarlet's fist.

FRIAR TUCK. I warrant thou dost trust thine own arrows, else thou wouldst be more chary of Will's buffets.

ROBIN HOOD. Come, Midge the Miller, let us see thee try. [*Midge steps forward, and aims arrow off stage at L. All lean forward watching eagerly. First arrow strikes. All say — "Ah!" Second arrow strikes — Another "Ah!" Third arrow strikes — "Oh!" of satisfaction.*] Well done, fellow. Now, Little John.

[*Little John steps out. Same business. Third arrow misses. All say — "Oh!" of disappointment, then laugh.*]

WILL SCARLET. Come hither, Little John, I've something I would make thee a present of.

[*Little John stands before Will Scarlet, braces himself and gets a cuff that sends him sprawling. He picks himself up embarrassed and stands in background.*]

FRIAR TUCK. Master — here's thy bow!

[*Offers Robin Hood his bow. All watch breathless as two arrows strike. Third one misses. All roar with laughter.*]

ROBIN HOOD. Out upon it — the shaft was ill-feathered.
Give me a clean arrow.

WILL SCARLET. Nay, good uncle, thou hadst thy chance.
Come hither and let me give thee what I owe!

FRIAR TUCK. My blessing on thee, good master! These cuffs of Will Scarlet's are passing sweet and gentle.

ROBIN HOOD. I am King here, and it may not be that a subject should raise hand against the sovereign, but I will yield myself to this holy Friar, and take my punishment from him. I pray thee, brother, take my punishment upon thee.

KING RICHARD. Marry, with all my heart!

ROBIN HOOD. If thou canst make me tumble, I'll give back thy fifty pound.

KING RICHARD [rising]. So be it. Make room, good fellows.
[*He bares his arm. All lean forward smiling. The King gives Robin a cuff and he falls at his feet. All roar with laughter, King joining in. Robin sits up rubbing head.*]

ROBIN HOOD. Will Scarlet, count out the fifty pounds. A murrain seize him and his buffeting! I think I'm deafened for life.

[*Will Scarlet counts out fifty pounds, and offers it to the King who puts it in pouch.*]

KING RICHARD. I thank thee. Robin, if thou shouldst ever want for a match to that box, I'll give it thee for naught.

[*Enter Alan-a-Dale, running, red and excited.*]

ALAN. Oh, my dear master, gather thy band and come with me!

ROBIN HOOD. How now, Alan? What's this?

ALAN. King Richard rides in the forest seeking thee, instead of marching to Nottingham. Hasten, we must be gone at once! Who are these strangers, master?

ROBIN HOOD. They are some gentle guests. Their names I know not, but their acquaintance hath cost me fifty pounds and a deaf ear!

KING RICHARD. Thy name, young sir?

ALAN. Alan-a-Dale, and yours, sir? [King Richard lifts cowl. All gaze a moment, then fall on their knees.] Sire!

KING RICHARD. Rise, all of ye, for ye shall suffer no harm through me this day, for 'tis a pity that so merry a time should end in sadness. Robin Hood, art still too deaf to hear me speak?

ROBIN HOOD. Only the deafness of death could make me fail to hear Your Majesty's voice.

KING RICHARD. Now, but for three things, my gentle heart, my love of a stout woodsman, and thy loyalty to me, thine ears might have been closed in that deafness thou hast spoken of. But come — look up. I cannot let thee roam the forest as thou hast done, but I will take thee back with me to London town. Little John, Alan-a-Dale, and Will Scarlet shall also come with me, and the rest of thy band shall be enrolled as royal rangers — and they shall guard the door in Sherwood Forest. And now, good Robin, we'll sample the hospitality of thy inn. We will abide the night, here in the good green wood.

ROBIN HOOD. Your Majesty, we cannot say our thanks to thee in fitting way, for we are surer with the long-bow than with words, but here and now we do pledge ourselves, our swords, and our lives to Your Majesty's service. Do we not, my men?

[He faces them and they wave their hats crying:]

ALL OUTLAWS. Aye — aye — we do swear it! Long live King Richard of the Lion Heart!

THE LION'S WHELP¹
By GEORGE ROSS LEIGHTON
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MILO, *the Abbot of the Monastery of Auvergne*

AMIAS, } brothers of the Monastery
AMBROSE,

TANCRED, *a novice in the Monastery and, unknown to himself, the
only son of Richard the Lion-Hearted*

EUDO DE SAINT POL, *Count of Flanders, a noble and warrior of
Richard's*

A MAN-AT-ARMS

SCENIC LOCALE: *Auvergne, France*

TIME: *Christmas Eve, 1209 A.D.*

SCENE: *The chamber of the Abbot of the Monastery of Auvergne. Walls and flagging of gray stone. A couple of skins stretched upon the floor. Rude table right center with candle lighted, manuscript, quills, etc. Rough-hewn oaken door with foliated iron hinges leads to the outside court left. Door somewhat similar opens into the corridor right. On the wall, back right, hangs a crucifix, with burning tapers and a prie-dieu before it. Back center, a fireplace with logs smouldering on the hearth. At right angles with the fire is a long settle. In a great chair by the table, reading a manuscript, sits the Abbot Milo. He is old and white-haired, his skin withered and shrunken. He holds the manuscript close to his eyes to assist his failing vision and follows the lines with his*

¹ By courtesy of the author, this play is here published for the first time. No amateur or professional performance is permitted without written authorization obtained in advance from the author's agent, Hanson Hart Webster, 2 Park Street, Boston.

finger. On the settle by the fire sits Ambrose, one of the brothers, with head bowed and telling his beads. It is Christmas Eve.

MILO [spelling with difficulty]. "Thence moved he southward into Aquitaine towards Saint Bedes. There he was met by" — heh, what the plague — "M-o-n-t," my sight dims. [He looks toward the fire.] Brother Ambrose!

AMBROSE [stirring]. Yea, father.

MILO. Lend me a little aid with thine eyes. It is dim here in the candlelight and I cannot follow the page.

[*The monk rises and comes over behind the great chair. The Abbot points with his finger and the monk leans over to follow.*]

MILO. Canst thou see? It is a name, I think.

AMBROSE. Yea. Montaubane it is, father. The Sieur de Montaubane.

MILO [thinking]. Ah, yes. Of him do I have a recollection. A loutish man he was, with beady eyes. Read on.

AMBROSE [reading]. "With the Sieur de Montaubane was the Marquis of Joinville and the king's brother John, called Sansterre . . ."

MILO [breaking in]. Toad that he was, loathsome and slimy! His eyes would slink like a hyena's. Heh! Now he sits over England. Nay, read me no more of John, but go on with the manuscript.

[*Ambrose bows and leaves; and the Abbot is left alone. An instant later there is a soft knocking at the corridor door. Milo rouses.*]

MILO. Who is it?

TANCRED [outside]. It is I, father, Tancred.

MILO. Come in, boy. Come in by the fire.

[*Tancred, a boy of about seventeen, clothed in the rough garments of the novice, enters. He is a sturdy young fellow,*

light-haired and with blue eyes. His face is flushed, and he is looking expectantly toward the Abbot.]

MILO. Come over by the fire, my son. Sit here on the settle.

[*The boy obeys in silence and sits looking into the fire. The Abbot touches one of his hands.*]

MILO. Why, thy hands are cold as Twelfth Night. Where hast thou been?

TANCRED [*getting to his feet and moving over before the fire*].

I have just returned from the forest. I have been cutting faggots all afternoon with Brother Barnabas. It is cold work — [*suddenly*]. Mayn't I go to my supper, father? I am most hungry.

MILO [*kindly*]. Nay, nay, sit here. Thou shalt sup with me this night.

TANCRED [*delighted*]. That hath a good sound.

MILO. Boy, boy! Think not so much of sustenance. Meat and drink are passing things.

TANCRED. That be they, father, but they be most marvelous good passing.

MILO [*smiling*]. That was not of Saint Benedict's thinking.

TANCRED. No? [*Sighing*]. How much he missed.

MILO. Tancred!

TANCRED. *Mea culpa, mea culpa!* Forgive me, father.

MILO. Guard thy tongue from forwardness.

[*At this the corridor door opens and Brother Amias enters with a rude wooden platter containing two bowls of porridge, dark bread, and a dusky bottle of wine.*]

TANCRED [*eyes shining*]. Wine!

[*Milo has risen to look over the platter and Tancred does a caper behind his back to the extreme disapproval of Amias.*]

MILO. Move the table, Tancred, before the settle.

[*The boy does so, and then moves the chair before the*

table so that it faces the settle, and the two may sit opposite each other, before the fire.]

MILO. It is good. That will do, Brother Amias. [Amias without a word goes out, leaving the two alone.] Sit down, boy, let us eat.

TANCRED. A-a-ahh!

MILO [disapprovingly]. Silence!

[The Abbot pours milk from an earthenware jug over the boy's porridge and then on his own. After blessing themselves, they eat, the Abbot slowly, for his teeth are nigh gone and the crust is hard. The boy clatters his spoon in the bowl.]

MILO. Was it very cold out?

TANCRED. Was it? There were icicles hanging to my ears when I came in.

MILO [astonished]. Dost thou say so?

TANCRED [snickering]. Yea.

MILO [wondering]. Who would have believed it? [Reaching for the wine and uncorking the bottle]. Thou must be chilled to the bone. Drink a little of the wine.

TANCRED [eagerly]. Yes, yes. [Drinking quickly.]

MILO [sips and holds his glass to the candlelight. His eyes light up]. Hm-m, pretty good, pretty good.

[Puts his glass down and looks keenly at the boy.

Tancred is busy with his eating.]

MILO. Why dost thou suppose, Tancred, that I summoned thee here to-night?

TANCRED [dropping his spoon in his bowl in astonishment, looks up]. Why, I know not, father, I had not thought.

What was it?

MILO. I had thought to tell thee a little of thy kindred.

TANCRED. Kindred, father?

MILO. Aye, concerning thy father and thy mother, and more. Dost thou care to hear?

TANCRED. Care, father? More than anything else.

MILO. God protect thee, my son. Listen now while I speak of thy blood and kin.

[*The boy interested, leans on his elbow on the table watching Father Milo.*]

MILO. Ten winters ago, my son, thou wert brought here, a little child. I came with thee. Many a league had we ridden, guarded by a band of knights.

TANCRED. Knights, father? They who wear the armor, whom we can see passing by the highroad sometimes?

[*Gestures with left arm toward left door.*]

MILO. Yea, they were such. We had come from Lomande. Heh — what a time that was! John Sansterre had barely been crowned. Thy mother, Tancred, was of noble blood. Of one of the great houses of La Marche.

TANCRED [*his eyes shining*]. Then I am of gentlefolk, eh, father? [Leaning on the table].

MILO. Verily, thou art. There is no finer blood in Europe than that which flows in thy veins.

TANCRED. God is good. I thank thee, Father Milo. But what of my father?

MILO. Soft, soft. I come to him presently. Thy father was a warrior, and a soldier — a mighty man of valor.

TANCRED [*almost bursting*]. Says't thou so? Was he high enough to be a vassal of the King of France?

MILO. Nay, lad. He was no vassal of the King of France.

TANCRED [*disappointedly*]. So? I had hoped he might have risen to that high.

MILO. Tut, lad. Wait till thou hast heard me out. Now thy father was partially of French blood. He —

[*There is a knocking at the door R.*]

MILO. Come.

[*Amias enters.*]

MILO. How is it with thy sick brother, Theobald?

AMIAS. He fails rapidly, father. The leech does not leave his side.

MILO. I will come at once. Make preparations for the administration of the sacrament. I will follow you on the instant. [Amias bows, silently, and leaves.]

MILO. Wait here, my son, for me. I must go to our dying brother. Sit thee by the fire and anon I will return.

TANCRED. I will wait, father. But hasten, I pray thee. I long to hear more.

MILO. For shame, my son. Think of him who even now lies waiting for the summons.

TANCRED [hanging his head]. I am full of shame, father. Forgive me for that I did.

MILO [kindly]. Not to me, Tancred. Pray the Father for thy guidance, and forget not in thy prayers to think of the soul of our good Theobald.

[He crosses himself and leaves quietly. The boy stands by the fire, his head bowed. All is still. Then outside the door L., one can hear tramping feet and the clatter of armor. There is a clamoring knock on the door. The boy starts, stands irresolute a moment, and then goes to the door.]

TANCRED. Comest thou in peace?

VOICE OUTSIDE. Yea, in peace. I would have speech with the father Milo.

[Tancred opens the door. A gust of air blows in which causes the candles to flicker and the sighing of the winter wind can be heard in the distance. Dimly one can see a figure in armor standing outside in the gloom.]

TANCRED. Peace be with you. Enter.

[Count Eudo de Saint Pol in full armor, visor up, enters. He is a tall man, of heavy figure, ruddy and weather-beaten in face, with a deep, resonant voice. He should give the impression of force and great dignity. A fine example of the feudal lord.]

EUDO. Is the reverend father within?

TANCRED. He has but this moment gone out.

EUDO. Will you seek him out and inform him that the Count de Saint Pol desires audience?

TANCRED. He is at present at the side of one of the brothers who lies dying. I cannot interrupt the last sacrament, but he will return shortly.

EUDO. Enough. I will bide here by the fire until his coming.

[*Eudo draws off his gauntlet with gesture toward the fire. Tancred bows gravely and remains standing while Saint Pol sits upstage on the settle. There is quiet for a moment and then the boy speaks.*]

TANCRED. May I bring wine, my lord? You should be cold after the riding.

EUDO. Thank you, lad. It has been a bitter day, and I am chilled.

[*Tancred goes to the table and pours wine from the bottle opened at the evening meal. He approaches the knight deferentially and presents the wine. Saint Pol takes it and drinks.*]

EUDO. By the Rood of Grace, 'tis good. Meseems it hath a familiar taste.

TANCRED. It is of Beaune, my lord, of the vintage of 1195.

EUDO. Sayest thou so? 1195! No wonder I did recognize it. 'Twas in that year that the reverend father purchased it. I was with him at the time, and with us His Majesty, Richard [*crossing himself*] — God rest his soul.

TANCRED [*interested*]. His Majesty of England?

EUDO. Aye, our Lion-Heart. 'Twas not long after his return from battling for the Sepulchre.

TANCRED. You were with him?

EUDO. That I was. [*Eyes front.*] Dark days they were before Acre. Twice he saved my life in the siege. I see him now on the morning of the first assault, in full armor, astride his horse, his hard blue eyes looking straight toward the rising sun, just before the charge was sounded.

God's Bread, what a man! Yet after the slaughter how kind and gentle. I have seen him kneeling on the ground beside a dying archer, the tears streaming down his bloody face as he promised the Bowman that his wife and little chicks in faraway England should not lack bread. [The Count is staring into the fire.] I shall never look upon his like again. [Pause.] Didst ever see him, lad?

TANCRED. Never, save in fancy.

EUDO. Thou hast missed much. 'Twas after Mount Tabor that he did give to me the golden spurs. Faithful squire had I been to him for six long years. He was not one to give rewards for naught.

TANCRED. I would that I might but once have gazed upon his face. Even here in this lonely monastery have I worshiped the spirit of him who was of the lion heart. To me he has been a god. [Tancred rises in his excitement, his hands clenched. He strikes himself upon the breast as if to brush away his cowl.] How can I say that beneath this robe I have a monkish soul [there is a catch in his voice] when the heart within me is forever singing a song of chivalry and brave deeds? Even in my sleep can I hear the sounds of trampling horses and the din of battle. Ne'er do I see a bit of cloth fluttering in the wind that it does not seem to be a warrior's pennon, blazoned with the Norman leopards. [He suddenly thinks to whom he is speaking.] Pardon, my lord, I did not think. I did not realize what I was saying.

EUDO [looking at him curiously]. Thou hast done no wrong, lad. There is naught to forgive.

TANCRED [inclining his head]. Thou art gracious, my lord. 'Twas sacrilege for me to speak thus. [He crosses himself.] Thou seest, my lord, I am intended for the Church. [Swallowing hard.] God knoweth best.

[Eudo has not taken his eyes off the boy, but examines him closely.]

EUDO [*muttering*]. Strange, very strange. [Rises — up R.]
TANCRED. Did'st speak, my lord?

EUDO. Nay, I was but thinking aloud. [There is a silence again. Then Eudo speaks.] Thou art most marvelous like him.

TANCRED. My lord?

EUDO. Stretch out thine arm. [Tancred does so.] 'Death, it has the length of his and the height is nigh the same. Who would have thought it?

TANCRED. What meanest thou?

EUDO. Little enough. Yet so strange. But for thy cowl thou might be the Lion-Heart in his boyhood, thy face is so like his. Thou hast the same tawny hair, the same blue eyes.

TANCRED. I, my lord? Thou dost make sport of me.

EUDO. No, by the Face. Thou indeed hast his countenance and form.

[Eudo suddenly strides to the door opening into the courtyard and flings it open, calling . . .] Colin, without there. Colin, I say.

A VOICE WITHOUT. My lord?

EUDO. Bring in thy burden. Take care for the stone steps. [Footfalls outside and a man-at-arms enters, bearing in his arms a little chest.] Set it here before the hearth. [The soldier brings it forward and kneels — sets it down with great care, rises and salutes.] Retire!

[Without a word the soldier goes out backward, closing the door behind him. Eudo in the meanwhile is busy with the fastenings of the chest. In a moment he has it open. Tancred is gazing at him curiously. Eudo lifts out of the chest an aged tabard of real velvet blazoned with three rampant golden lions.]

EUDO. Lad [strikes velvet with his hand], 'twas this tabard the Richard wore the morning that he rode to the hill

called Montjoy that he might gaze but once upon the city of the Holy Sepulchre, the city that he should never live to take. When he had but reached the foot of the hill, he bade us tarry while he rode alone. Yet, when he had reached the pinnacle of the mount from whence he might look down upon the Holy City, his head was bent, and lo, he raised the lappet of his mantle and covered his face, and so, praying, he rode down the hill to us again.

TANCRED. And never with his eyes saw he the city of the Saints?

EUDO. Never. When he had reached us, he lowered his mantle and rode away to the army saying no word. [Voice low.] He never prayed but once after that.

[*There is quiet for a moment. Then Eudo looks at the boy.*]

EUDO. Stand upright, my son. [Tancred draws himself up stiffly. Eudo with trembling fingers places the tabard upon him. Then he stands off to look. Tancred seems to be in a sort of stupor. Eudo stands dumb in wonder for a moment and then gives a little cry.] Splendor of God! Art thou a vision or what? Ah, lad, lad, thou takest me back twenty years, back to the golden days of my youth. Thou art the picture of thy hero. What wonder of wonders!

TANCRED [*choking*]. Nay, nay, my lord, take it away. Thou torturtest me. How can I stand here thus, wearing the habit of my king? The cloister must claim me. God has called me to a life of prayer. Do not tempt me. Christ strengthen my courage! [He flings off the robe and sinks breathless on the settle.] Ah, my lord, the very breath of my body cries for the sword, yet I must not. God ha' mercy! God ha' mercy!

[*Eudo stands bewildered without saying a word.*

Then the door quietly opens and the Abbot Milo enters. At first he does not perceive his

visitor. Then Eudo catches sight of the abbot and advances toward him.]

EUDO. Father Abbot!

MILO [starts, for the first time aware of Eudo's presence].

Hey — Ah — Who art thou?

EUDO [gravely, his voice booming]. Knowest thou me not, Father Abbot? Dost forget the days before Acre?

MILO [in astonishment, peering into his face]. Eudo de Saint Pol, by the Mass. These many years, these many years.

EUDO [standing stiffly]. For God . . .

MILO [crossing himself]. The Church . . .

EUDO [as before]. And the Holy Sepulchre.

MILO. "Tis good to gaze once more upon thy face, old friend. It is many a day since we have ridden together with our sovereign. These be lean years. Now John Sansterre sits upon the throne of England.

EUDO. Aye. God's Curse on him!

MILO.. Still, good Eudo, we could not expect another Richard. God made a mould divine and broke that mould in casting Richard. Ah, well, no more of this. Sit thou by the fire and we will have words. I have but come from the bedside of one of our good brothers. He is in the hands of God. He cannot live much longer. [As he crosses himself, he catches sight of Tancred. His anger is aroused.] Thou, Tancred, sitting in the presence of Count Eudo, thy guest. Rise instantly.

TANCRED [rises with his head bowed]. *Mea culpa, father, mea culpa.*

EUDO. Nay, father, trouble not the boy. I bade him sit for he was weary.

MILO [grimly]. Brothers of Saint Benedict, yea e'en novices, do not sit because they are tired. Rather do they stand. By the chastisement of our souls are we saved. [He sits in his great chair.] Sit thou yonder,

EUDO. Tell me, why camest thou hither? It hath been
these eleven years since I have seen thee.

EUDO. I know it well, oh, father, but war's my trade. One
must follow one's calling. I came hither on an errand.

MILO. An errand?

EUDO. Aye, and a great one. Listen, father, while I speak.

MILO. Aye, my son, I listen.

EUDO [Tancred by fireplace, knee on chair.] Our Holy
Father at the Vatican hath proclaimed a new crusade.

MILO. I had not heard of it.

EUDO. It would have reached you in a few days' time had
I not come to you this night. Yea, a crusade hath been
proclaimed and blessed by our Pontiff. All Christendom
is being called to arms. Father, cast thy mind back to
the last crusade [Tancred turns face about at the word
"crusade"] — Who was the hero? Who battled most
bravely for the Sepulchre?

MILO. No need to answer. All men know his name.

EUDO. Aye, verily. But he is gone. God in His grace
took him. But his spirit lives, Father Milo, his spirit
lives like a thunder-cloud to burst upon the Saracen.
The soul of Richard stalks abroad. [Tancred, hands
clenched.] Hither have I brought the armor he wore
before Acre that you may bless it, and that it may be
carried at the head of the army of Jerusalem.

[*Tancred on knees examining armor.*]

MILO. Ah, Eudo, they do me honor, more than I deserve
[his eyes flaming] — I am to bless the breastplate of the
warrior of God? 'Tis too much, too much. I am not
worthy.

EUDO. Ah, but you are. There are few of us left [Eudo,
rising, crosses to Milo], good father, that have ridden with
Richard in the days of his life. It is but fitting that you
should give your blessing to his cause.

MILO. Goest thou to this crusade?

EUDO. Aye.

MILO [rising.] Ah, Eudo, would that I might go! Would that I might hear the din of fighting and the crash of arms! I have lived too long, Saint Pol. I was not meant to bless the empty armor of a Lion. Even now can I smell the conflict. [Sighing.] But too late. I am too old, Eudo. An old man is worth but little. But Eudo, my friend, would to God I were younger! Not for naught was I called the fighting friar!

TANCRED [*unable to restrain himself*]. Ah, Father Milo, I cannot stand it longer. Release me from my vows. [Rising from the chest.] I was not meant for solitude and prayer. [Clutching at his throat.] The God of Battles calls me from afar. I see a light, a shining light beckoning, and I must go.

MILO [turning]. I had forgotten thou wert there when I spake. My son, may God forgive thee for the words that thou hast spoken. Thou hast offered thy soul to thy Master and He has received it. Thou hast embraced the vows and thou canst not release thyself.

EUDO [starting forward]. Father, I know not the lad, yet it moves me to see him thus. Canst thou not let him go?

MILO [trembling]. Eudo, I am bound by an oath to guard this youth while I live, bound by an oath to the dying, and I cannot let him go.

EUDO [placing his hand on the boy's bowed head]. It is God's will, lad. Take up thy cross and strengthen thy heart. I would have thee go, but I see that thou must tarry here.

[At this moment the door of the corridor swings open and Brother Amias enters at the door, his eyes staring wide.]

AMIAS. "Father Milo!" [He walks haltingly toward Milo.]

MILO. What is it, my son?

AMIAS [*in a strange voice*]. Brother Theobald has received the summons.

[*Eudo and Tancred bow their heads. Milo murmurs . . .*]

MILO. Peace be unto his soul. Oh, thou Holy Mother, receive our brother into thy love. *Per patrem, filium et sanctum spiritum.*

AMIAS. Father!

MILO. Aye, my son.

AMIAS. I must speak of our brother's passing.

MILO. Say on.

AMIAS. At the last, just before he died, he came to himself and roused a little. He called Ambrose and myself to him. "Brother Amias," quoth he, "hold me up, I pray thee." So the two of us supported him and he spoke, pointing through the window toward the moonlit trees, "I see a vision, a vision of a youth in armor. 'Tis a battered armor, and over it is a worn red surcoat emblazoned with three golden lions. He is a tall youth, blue-eyed and tawny-haired, like unto the young novice, Tancred. [*He points toward Tancred.*] I hear the voice of God crying, 'Go ye, Tancred, in thy father's armor and battle for the Holy Sepulchre.'" Then he gave a cry and fell back dead.

[*There is an empty silence. Milo stands stupefied.*

The monk, trembling, goes out the door. Then Eudo steps forward.]

EUDO. By Calvary, Milo, 'tis the hand of God. Who is the boy?

TANCRED [*almost in terror*]. Father Milo, tell me, in the name of Jesus, who was my father?

MILO [*his face shining*]. No longer can I refuse. God forgive me. Stand forth, my son. [*The boy does so.*] Great is thy ancestry, lad, and glorious thy blood. Ah, Tancred, wouldst know thy parents? Thou art the son

of the Countess Jeanne of Bearn and of Richard Plantagenet, Count of Anjou and King of England. [*Tancred stands as if transfigured, face up and hands back.*] God bless thee and keep thee, thou son of Lion-Heart.

EUDO [dropping on one knee]. I should have known, I should have known. Ah, son of my master, son of my king, forgive.

[*Tancred gestures to Eudo to rise — then he goes up R. to priedieu and kneels before the crucifix.*]

EUDO. This is the most glorious day of my life, holy father.

MILO [quietly]. I have kept mine oath, Count Eudo. I have done my duty to my king. There is little left. Where is the armor of the Lion?

EUDO. It is here, Father Abbot, here in this chest.

MILO [as before — *Tancred rises on this*]. Fetch it out that I may bless it.

[*Eudo lifts the armor out piece by piece almost reverently. Milo takes the helmet in his hands.*]

MILO [in an awed voice]. 'Twas I who unlaced this helm that day at Chaluz when he was wounded to the death, this very helmet.

[*His mood changes. He claps his hands and calls, "Ambrose."*]

[*Ambrose enters.*]

MILO. Gird on him the armor, Ambrose.

AMBROSE. Aye, father.

[*Ambrose and Tancred go out and Milo stands with Eudo before the fire looking at the manuscript. An instant later Tancred reappears.*]

TANCRED. And I am to go to struggle for the Tomb of Our Lord?

MILO. Yea.

TANCRED. Give me the blessing that thou gavest my sire when he rode to battle. [He kneels before Milo.]

MILO [*his hands on the boy's head*]. Tancred, son of Richard, son of Henry, son of Goeffrey of Anjou, take thou the cross of thy master. Remember the law of thy house, "Keep Faith," and at last may thou be gathered to thy rest in peace. [*The boy rises and Milo speaks again, his hand still on his shoulder.*] Ah, Tancred, my son, my son. Thou art no longer a boy. From now on thou art a man. Be a man of men, my son. Keep thine heart brave and thine arm strong. Last of all, remember that I love thee, even as did thy father. Forget not the old man of the abbey of Auvergne.

TANCRED [*almost in tears*]. Forget, father? Never. Thou hast been everything to me. All that thou ask, that I shall do.

[*The boy rises slowly. The Abbot is in tears. He turns to Eudo.*]

MILO. Ridest thou to-night?

EUDO. Aye.

MILO. It is well. Go in peace. I cannot keep thee from thine errand.

[*Tancred with the helmet in his hands, comes to him trembling.*]

TANCRED. My father, wilt thou?

[*In silence Milo takes the helmet and puts it on the boy. Then the two, Eudo and Tancred, go toward the door. Milo opens it for them. Tancred goes first. As he goes he turns for a moment.*]

MILO. Farewell, my son. God keep you and give you peace.

TANCRED. Farewell, my father. God willing, I shall come again.

MILO. It is well; *Benedicite.*

[*The boy goes out and Milo and Eudo stand looking at each other in the open doorway.*]

EUDO. For God . . .

MILO. And Church . . .

EUDO. And the Holy Sepulchre.

[*Instinctively they clasp hands. Then without a word Eudo turns and goes out into the night.*]

MILO [to himself]. God bless thee, thou little Lion's cub, and bring thee safe home again. [*Then he softly closes the door and comes back and stands looking into the fire. He lifts the manuscript from the table and looks up at the crucifix.*] Oh, Richard, oh, mon roi, I have kept mine oath. I have kept the faith, oh, Lion-Heart. My work is done.

[*Slowly he tears to shreds the manuscript, dropping it reverently into the fire as the curtain falls.*]

CURTAIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: JOURNEYMAN¹

BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

CHARACTERS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *a young printer*

ROGER BURCHARD, *a Quaker*

ELIZABETH BURCHARD, *his wife*

DEBORAH READ

WILLIAM, *an inn boy*

SCENE: *A room in a tavern in Philadelphia.*

TIME: *October, 1723.*

The room is a private one in the tavern known as The Crooked Billet. It has a neat, cheerful, welcoming aspect. At left a small fire glimmers on the brass and-irons of a well-kept hearth. A brass kettle rests on a hob. On the shelf above the hearth candles are alight.

All across the background are a series of small windows curtained in chintz. By these windows a table set for supper, with a white linen cloth and delicately sprigged china. Quaint chairs with spindle legs.

Against the right wall a secretary with a shelf full of handsomely-bound books. Near this two chairs with high backs that would screen from view any one sitting in them.

There is a door at right background opening into the hall.

Another door at left near background, opening into another room.

¹ From *Patriotic Plays and Pageants*. Copyright, 1912, by Henry Holt and Company, 19 West Forty-Fourth Street, New York. Reprinted by arrangement with the publishers, to whom should be addressed correspondence relative to productions of this play.

At the rise of the curtain Roger Burchard is discovered seated at the table, on which a generous supper lies spread; while Elizabeth, his wife, is bending at the hearth.

ELIZABETH. The kettle hath not yet boiled for thy second cup, Roger. 'Tis slow, yet I do not worry, for 'tis only twilight, and there is a good hour yet ere we are due at the special meeting of the Friends, and Deborah Read is to come with us. Does thee know, Roger, I sometimes think that for all her saucy ways Mistress Deborah Read is half a Friend at heart. When I do speak she listens to me most attentively.

ROGER. Thee should not *force* belief upon another, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH [*demurely*]. I did not force: I did but talk to her, Roger. Thee knows I am not over eloquent. How should a worldly maid of Philadelphia give ear to me?

[*Crosses to Roger: the kettle lies forgotten.*]

ROGER. How, indeed! Does thee know, Elizabeth, that in so quiet a room as this I can scarce believe that a great city lies about us? 'Tis so still that I can hear the ticking of the clock.

ELIZABETH. For myself, I am glad of a little rest after our journey up from Brookfield to the city. I find myself scarce used to city ways.

ROGER. No more do I, Elizabeth, no more do I. I cannot think this lavish life is seemly. This table, now! Does thee note its profusion? More bread and honey and cheese and chicken pie than we can eat. Sheer waste — unless we can share it. If there was but some poor traveler in this inn whom we might bid to supper, and —

[*A knock on the door leading to hall.*]

ELIZABETH. 'Tis William, the inn boy, with tea cakes.

[*Elizabeth opens the door. William enters with tea*

cakes on tray. He deposits the plate of cakes on table.]

ROGER. As I was saying — if there was but some traveler in this inn to share our evening meal — some one with pockets that were well-nigh empty —

ELIZABETH. Perhaps the inn boy knows of such a one. [To William.] Does thee not, William? Some one whose purse is not too over-burdened?

WILLIAM [*sturdily*]. Aye, that I do. A lad came here this noon from Boston. A journeyman printer so he says he is, and I'll warrant he has not above four shillings with him. [To Roger.] He's come to search for work in Philadelphia, and says he was directed to this tavern by a — by a Quaker, sir.

ELIZABETH. Directed here by a Quaker —! [To Roger.] Then, Roger, all the more reason why we should bid him in. What is his name?

WILLIAM. He says his name is Franklin.

ROGER. Then ask friend Franklin if he'll sup with us. Tell him we, too, would hear the news from Boston — that he'll confer a favor if he'll come. And mind, no hint about an empty purse! I fear at first I put the matter clumsily. Give him my later message. That is all.

WILLIAM. I will, sir.

[Exit, with a flourish, right background.]

ROGER. I hope he comes.

ELIZABETH [*fondly*]. 'Tis ever like thee, Roger, to have a care for the friendless and forlorn.

WILLIAM [*knocking, opening door from hall, and announcing*]. Benjamin Franklin, Journeyman!

[Enter Franklin, shabby, travel-stained, and boyishly appealing. Exit William.]

ROGER [*stepping hospitably forward*]. I bid thee welcome, friend Franklin. I hear thee is from Boston, and come

to search for work in Philadelphia. Will thee not sup here? We are ever anxious for news such as travelers may bring. This is my wife, Elizabeth Burchard, and she will make thee welcome. I mind me of the time when I was once a stranger. Will thee not do us the pleasure to sup with us?

FRANKLIN. I scarcely, sir, know how to thank you for such kindness. All Quakers must be kind, I think, for it was a Quaker who directed me hither.

[*Franklin crosses to fire, Roger taking his hat from him. In brief pantomime behind Franklin's back Roger has indicated that Franklin is to take his place at table, and that he himself will sup no further. During the conversation that follows Elizabeth is taking fresh silver out of a quaint basket that is on the table, Franklin stands at fire, and Roger is seated at right.*]

ELIZABETH. Perhaps my husband can advise thee further where best to look for work upon the morrow.

FRANKLIN. I thank you. I will hear him gladly. He that cannot be counseled cannot be helped.¹

ROGER. Thee means to seek for work at once, I see.

FRANKLIN. Lost time is never found again,¹ and since time is of all things the most precious, I am loth to lose it.

ROGER. There is a wise head upon thy shoulders, friend. [*Indicates table, and rises.*] Sit thee down, lad. Sit thee down.

ELIZABETH [*hurrying to hearth where kettle stands*]. Alas! I have forgotten the kettle! The tea is not yet ready. [*To Roger.*] Do thee and Benjamin Franklin talk while I prepare it. Show him the volumes lately come from London. Thee knows the print and paper is most pleasing.

[*Roger Burchard and Benjamin Franklin sit at right in the high-backed chairs, the volumes upon*

¹ From Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

their knees. That they are true book-lovers is instantly apparent. They are lost to everything that goes on about them. They sit with their backs towards the door at left, quite screened from the view of any one entering there. There is a pause. Then Deborah Read taps softly at the door at left. Elizabeth turns and opens the door.]

DEBORAH [*finger on lip*]. S-ssh! Not a word! [Glances towards the back of Roger's chair.] I've crept up the stairs on tip-toe!

ELIZABETH. Sweet rogue! Thee startled me to the point of dropping the kettle! Yonder is my husband so deep in a book that the crack o' doom would scarce rouse him. And with him is a young printer whom we have bid to be our guest. Roger and I have finished our evening meal, so perhaps thee will keep our young guest company while I prepare for meeting.

DEBORAH [*holding up warning finger*]. Primp not too much for meeting, fair friend Elizabeth! A grave demeanor goes with Quaker bonnets! [Laughs.] Yes, yes, I'll serve your printer, play hostess, or aught else that will please you, and you can call me when 'tis time to leave him. [Throws off her cloak, and sits by hearth on footstool.] La! such a day! This very morn I saw the strangest sight! I went to the door to get a breath of air, and as I stood there what should I see approaching down the street but a lad with dusty clothes and bulging pockets — nay, wait, Elizabeth! The drollest part is yet to come! I vow he had stuffed one pocket full of *stockings*, and from the other protruded a loaf of bread! And in his hand was a great fat roll, and he was eating it! Gnawing it off, an you please, as if there were no one to see him! Then he looked up, and —

ELIZABETH [*shocked*]. Deborah! Thee did not laugh at him! Thee did not mock at him!

DEBORAH [*wiping tears of mirth from her eyes*]. Mock at him? Oh, lud! I laughed till my sides ached! [Rises, as she happens to see that Roger Burchard and his guest are rising, yet continues gayly.] And when he caught sight of my face —

[*Just as Deborah utters these words she and Franklin perceive each other. Deborah is utterly taken aback and quite speechless.*]

ROGER [*seeing nothing amiss*]. Welcome, Deborah Read. I present to thee Benjamin Franklin.

[*Franklin bows. Deborah drops a fluttering curtsey, and then clings to Elizabeth Burchard.*]

DEBORAH [*quaveringly*]. I—I feel somewhat faint, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH [*seeing nothing amiss*]. Then sit at the table, dear Deborah, and a cup of tea will revive thee.

DEBORAH [*protesting*]. No—! No—! I—I will help you to dress.

ELIZABETH. Then who will serve Benjamin Franklin? Thee promised that thee would be hostess, so unless aught is amiss —

DEBORAH [*recovering herself, and suddenly displaying a haughty self-possession*]. Naught is amiss, Elizabeth. I will serve tea if you bid me.

[*Deborah sits at one end of the table, Franklin at the other.*]

ELIZABETH. Thee knows the Friends' special meeting tonight is at the same hour as that of the other churches, so when thee hears the church-bells ringing 'twill be time to prepare, sweet Deborah.

DEBORAH [*with a gleam*]. I'll not forget the time. I promise you that, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. Come, Roger. Thee must wear a fresh neck-cloth.

[*Roger and Elizabeth exeunt left. There is a very long pause.*]

DEBORAH. Will you have tea, Master Franklin?

FRANKLIN. If it pleases you, Mistress Read.

DEBORAH. Cream? Sugar?

FRANKLIN. I thank you.

[*She passes him his cup. There is another long pause.*]

FRANKLIN [*with a great sigh*]. 'Tis a silent place, Philadelphia!

[*Another pause.*]

FRANKLIN. Will you have some bread, Mistress?

DEBORAH [*coldly*]. I thank you, no.

FRANKLIN [*bluntly*]. Have you ever pondered, Mistress, that pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt?¹

DEBORAH [*outraged*]. Master Franklin!

FRANKLIN. I know right well that my poor coat offends you; yet in truth, Mistress Deborah, why should I dress in finer cloth when silks and satins put out the kitchen fire.¹

DEBORAH. 'Tis not your coat offends me, 'tis —

FRANKLIN. 'Tis that I am neither the son of a gold-laced governor nor a wealthy merchant but only a poor journeyman printer. Then, Mistress, you have yet to learn that he who hath a trade hath an estate, and he who hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.¹

DEBORAH [*with spirit*]. There you read me wrong, Master Franklin. I have supped with printers before this.

FRANKLIN. Then 'twas the printer's loaf you mocked this morning, Mistress Deborah; and not the printer. Yet in truth, why should eating in the street displease you, since 'twas a matter of necessity. Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse,¹ and my purse was not over full. But — diligence is the mother of luck, and heaven gives all things to industry.¹

DEBORAH [*with a toss*]. You speak as if you and Industry were boon companions.

¹ From *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

FRANKLIN. And what better companion could I have?
Heaven helps them that help themselves.

DEBORAH [*witheringly*]. 'Tis a fine thing to have high hopes,
I doubt not.

FRANKLIN [*blithely*]. Oh, I have more than hopes, Mistress Deborah; for he that lives upon hope will die fasting.¹ To apply one's self right heartily is to do more than hope. Sloth makes all things difficult; but industry all things easy.¹ You are not eating, Mistress Deborah. [She rises.] Have my blunt ways offended you? Have I again displeased you?

DEBORAH [*with chilling dignity*]. You could not an you tried, Master Franklin. I was but going to fetch the tea-kettle.

FRANKLIN [*starting up*]. If I can help you —

DEBORAH [*still frostily*]. I thank you, I am in no need of help. A-ah! [With a cry she drops the kettle.]

FRANKLIN. You have burned yourself, Mistress Deborah! The poor little hand! [He tears up his handkerchief.] Let me bandage it for you! It is sorely blistered!

DEBORAH [*tears in her voice the while she submits her hand to him*]. I can tolerate blisters, Master Franklin. They are far less irksome than — than —

FRANKLIN [*gravely bandaging her hand*]. Than journeymen printers who eat their bread in the street. Perhaps you are right, Mistress Deborah. I trust that the blisters will soon heal; and that the memory of the journeyman printer will not trouble you further.

DEBORAH [*as the church-bells begin to ring without*]. The memory of a chance traveler is easily forgot, Master Franklin.

ELIZABETH [*outside door, L.*]. Come, Deborah, we shall be late! Come quickly, child! [Deborah snatches up her cloak.] Bid Benjamin Franklin to wait my husband's

¹ From *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

return. He would talk to him further concerning books. Come, Deborah!

[Exit Deborah, left, without a glance at Franklin.]

FRANKLIN [dropping into chair by secretary, r.]. Do blisters burn as keen as words, I wonder? "Chance travelers . . . easily forgot!"

[Sits with bowed head. Deborah stands again in doorway at left, sees him, comes to him swiftly and remorsefully.]

FRANKLIN [raises his head; sees her]. Is it —

DEBORAH. 'Tis naught — naught but Deborah Read come to say to you — to say to you — that she should have remembered that you were a stranger in a city full of strangers. [Pleadingly.] Indeed, indeed I did not mean to hurt you! I do not mind your rusty clothes; I do not mock your — your faded hat. I — I have been full of foolish pride. Will you forgive me?

FRANKLIN [rising; amazed]. Deborah!

DEBORAH [hurrying on]. I had not meant to laugh at you this morning. Will you forgive that, too?

FRANKLIN [moved]. Deborah!

DEBORAH. I know I sometimes judge by foolish standards. Will you forgive?

FRANKLIN. With all my heart, my friend. [They clasp hands on it.] And will you, Deborah, forgive me my blunt speeches? I knew not how to please you. I meant no harm.

DEBORAH [earnestly]. I forgive all.

FRANKLIN. And we are friends for life — for all our lives, Deborah.

ELIZABETH [speaking somewhat impatiently from beyond the door at left]. Deborah! Child!

DEBORAH [prettily]. Yes! Yes! I'm coming!

[Hastens out the door with a friendly backward glance at Franklin. He stands for a moment

where she has left him. Crosses to secretary, takes book, seats himself, opens it slowly, looking after her. Then sits a-dream in the fading fire-glow. Presently he looks at the book again, and reads the first line upon which his eye chances to fall.]

FRANKLIN [reading]. "Count thyself rich when thou hast found a friend."

THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY ¹

BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

CHARACTERS

RICHARD STOCKTON

JOHN COREY

NED PEABODY

PHIL AMESBURY

JEFFERSON WINWOOD

FRANK WHARTON

THOMAS RIGBY, *a tavern-keeper*

EGBERT PENROSE }
SIDNEY MARSH } *Young British lieutenants*

SCENE: *The tavern known as The Golden Pheasant.*

PLACE: *Boston.*

TIME: *Six o'clock on a December evening, 1773*

The tavern-room is low-ceilinged and wainscoted with dark woodwork. There is a door in middle background, and windows on each side of it.

At the right, towards foreground, a chimney-place, with smoldering fire. Above is a shelf on which are iron candlesticks and short bits of candles that show economy. Against the right wall a round mahogany table. On it another iron candlestick, which has been lighted. A punch-bowl. Cups. A ladle. Also a brass bowl beneath which a small charcoal flame burns, keeping hot

¹ From *Patriotic Plays and Pageants*. Copyright, 1912, by Henry Holt and Company, 19 West Forty-Fourth Street, New York. Reprinted by arrangement with the publishers to whom should be addressed correspondence relative to productions of this play.

the lemonade. Beyond this table a dark wooden chest with a heavy lock. Under the window in left background a similar chest.

By the hearth, facing audience, a long seat with a high back and pew-like ends. At the rise of the curtain, Thomas Rigby, the rubicund landlord, is lighting with a taper the candles that stand on the mantelshelf, the buttons on his plum-colored waistcoat twinkling in the gleam. He has only lighted one when the door is pushed open, and there enter two young British lieutenants, mere lads, whose scarlet cloaks, exaggerated lace wrist ruffles, and brilliant gold braiding make a fine showing. But Thomas Rigby shows no look of welcome.

MARSH. Hey, landlord! Brrrr! It's cold! Give us something to warm us.

PENROSE [*foppishly*]. Aye, and be brisk about it. I do not wish to be served in a loitering fashion.

[*Rigby makes as if to speak; but restrains himself, and, with a look of quiet scorn, serves them hot lemon punch. Penrose is by the fire. Marsh by the window.*]

MARSH. It promises to be a chilly eve after a cloudy morning.

PENROSE [*with a shiver*]. More snow and bitter weather!

MARSH [*looking out the window*]. Nay, not so bitter. The window-panes are clear and unfrosted. The twilight gathers quickly. The streets are gray, and there's scarce a gleam in the darkness of the harbor.

PENROSE [*as Marsh leaves window for fire*]. Not e'en a light in the rigging o' Francis Rotch's ships? The sailors must be supping at the taverns. They're weary now of staying harborbound. There'll be rejoicing when the tax is paid, and the stiff-necked Yankees bring the tea to land.

MARSH. There be some who call themselves patriots, and swear they'll never pay it.

PENROSE [*sipping*]. Not pay it? They'll defy us? Pooh! We could bring them to time with a twist of the wrist did we but wish to! [Looking with approval at his own apparel.] A mere handful of men with scarcely any lace for their ruffles, and tarnished buckles for their shoes! *They defy us?* You're jesting! No, no, my dear Sidney! In spite of all their protests and town meetings they'll be glad enough to give in at the end, and to pay the tax right speedily. For, mark you, in spite of all the rumors of defiance that we've heard, the town to-night lies as quiet as a church.

MARSH. Aye, so it does.

PENROSE [*rising*]. Too quiet for my spirits. Let's seek another tavern where there's more revelry than there is here.

MARSH [*draining his glass*]. We'll not find shrewder lemon punch at any. On my way back I'll have another glass.

[*Tosses money at Rigby, who lets it lie where it falls.*
He shakes a clenched hand after the retreating figures of the two lieutenants, and then goes back to lighting his candles on the mantelshelf. Marsh and Penrose exeunt. After a moment there comes from without the sound of a halting step, the door is opened, and Richard Stockton enters, a lad with the eyes of a dreamer, and the bearing of a doer of deeds. Thomas Rigby, at sound of the entering step, turns, taper in hand.]

RICHARD [*coming forward*]. 'Tis only I. Go on with the candles, landlord.

RIGBY [*joyfully*]. Only you, Dick Stockton! Zounds! There's none whom I'd sooner see! Quick! Tell me the news! These be stirring days, and here am I tied to this

tavern-room, and afraid to leave it lest those brawling red-coats loot it while I'm gone. To leave a tavern-room empty is to invite disaster — and yet — what patriot should bide indoors on days like these! 'Faith! I'm torn 'twixt necessities! Come! Your news. Sit by the fire and out with it! What's to become of the tea we won't pay taxes on?

RICHARD. Give me breath and I'll tell you! There's news to make your blood boil. I've been at the town meeting in the Old South Church all day. What think you —! The governor at Milton has refused a pass to Francis Rotch, and the tea ships cannot leave the harbor. The British have sworn they'll make us pay the tax or wring our scurvy necks.

RIGBY [outraged]. Zounds! There are necks I'd like to have the wringing of! What else, lad, what else?

RICHARD. The Old South Church could not hold half the patriots who wish to talk and listen. Such speeches! Oh, they'd stir your blood if you could hear them!

RIGBY [eyes agleam]. 'Tis stirred enough already! Go on, lad, quickly!

RICHARD. Josiah Quincy is presiding at the New Old South. 'Twas he who thought of sending word to the governor. And now the governor has refused, and if there's nothing done we're *beaten* — beaten, Tom Rigby, we who so love freedom!

RIGBY. Tut! Tut! Lad! The night's not done yet. Are they still at the meeting?

RICHARD. Aye, and are like to be for the next hour. 'Tis scarcely six — just candle-lighting time.

RIGBY. You look white, lad. Have you eaten?

RICHARD. Eaten! On such a day as this!

RIGBY. Nonsense, lad. You must keep up your strength. [Crosses to serving-table where bowl stands.] Here! If you will not eat, at least you can drink a cup of steaming

lemon punch. No *lads* who come to my tavern get anything stronger — unless, mayhap, a cup of apple juice. Youth is its own best wine. Cider for you. Burgundy for your betters, eh, lad? [Gives Richard a cup and takes a cup himself.] Here's to taxless tea! [Drinks.]

RICHARD [*joining him in the toast*]. And the confounding of the British! And now, since there are no red-coats about, I may tell you that the Old South Church is not the only place that's to hold a meeting. There's going to be one here.

RIGBY [*surprised*]. Here?

RICHARD. In less than half an hour the lads will meet me. We call ourselves "The Younger Sons of Freedom."

RIGBY [*somewhat severely*]. All that I have is at your service; yet 'tis only lately that lads have been allowed to rove past curfew time.

RICHARD. Such days as these lads grow to men right quickly. Do you think we waste our time with games and — and snowball forts, Tom Rigby? No! The Younger Sons of Freedom have learned to fight and fence, to run and swim, and to swarm up a ship's ladder if need be. How could any lad be idle these last nineteen days, with fathers and brothers patrolling the wharves day and night to keep the tea from landing; when patriot sentinels are stationed in every belfry; and when all Beacon Hill is topped with tar-barrels ready to blaze out into signals at a moment's notice. I tell you — my very dreams are of defiance! But my deeds — what can a lad do when he goes through life halting? A maimed foot makes a maimed ambition, unless — unless as I would fain believe, the spirit is stronger than the body. It is the *will* that counts.

RIGBY. You're wiser than most lads, Richard. You've a head on your shoulders. I've known you long; but you have never spoken — until to-night. It was your will,

that took you through your puny childhood, fatherless, motherless, and made your stern old uncle proud of you. Why now be down-hearted? I've heard you spoken of as a lad of spirit by Dr. Warren, aye, and by Paul Revere.

RICHARD. There's a patriot for you! Would I could do such deeds as he can do. Oh, all I think of is to serve my country — my city and my country!

RIGBY. That's all I think on, too.

RICHARD [amazed]. You, Tom Rigby?

RIGBY [somewhat bitterly]. Did I seem to you only a waist-coat with buttons? Nay, don't protest! 'Tis how most folks think of me. What have I to do with valor? I'm Tom the landlord, Tom the tapster, Tom the tavern-keeper! How should they guess in me Tom the patriot, Tom the hero-worshiper? And yet there's not one bit of my country's past, not one smallest Indian war but what has meaning for me. What do you think those chests are full of? Trophies!

RICHARD. Trophies!

RIGBY. From all the wars we've had. [Unlocks chest at right wall, excitedly.] Look! Tomahawks. Head-dresses. [Taking things out of chest.] Feathers. A war-knife. An Indian robe taken in Philip's war.

RICHARD [delighted: interested]. In Philip's war.

RIGBY [with emotion]. They're more to me than a king's ransom! [He pauses, looking over contents of chest.]

RICHARD [going back to seat by fire, and speaking to himself as he sits by it]. A king's ransom! What have we to do with kings, who cannot even thwart the tyrant who would rule us! If there was but some way —

[Sits, lost in thought.]

RIGBY [putting trophies back in chest, looking at them fondly, and singing softly for the sheer joy of touching them]. "Oh, a seaman's life is a jolly life — Trol de rol, de rol!"

Wampum. A woven blanket. A peace-pipe. [Sings.]

I had a goodly old sea-chest,
 'Twas filled with — India dyes.
 Oh, wide the harbor, deep the sea,
 Five fathoms down it lies!
 Five fathoms down it lies!

RICHARD [*half-hearing Tom's voice, and repeating to himself.*]

“Five fathoms deep it lies —” [*In a suddenly electrified voice.*] Tom! Tom Rigby! I have the way! Your song has given it to me! I have the way!

[*He has rushed to Rigby.*]

RIGBY [*as sounds of approaching footsteps are heard without.*]

Hush! Here come the Sons of Freedom! [*Door is flung open. Rigby's professional manner asserts itself.*] Welcome, my lads. Come in! Come in!

WINWOOD [*to Richard.*] Are we on time? What have you planned for us, Dick? My hands and heart are ready for a night's work! [*Offering his portion of cider in loving-cup fashion.*] Some cider?

RICHARD. No. I've supped on revolution!

WINWOOD. Would there were something stirring!

RICHARD [*throughout with growing excitement.*] Are folk still in the Old South Meeting-house?

WINWOOD [*impatiently.*] Aye, still talking of what's to be done. Hancock and Paul Revere are at a coffee-house.

COREY [*as the lads gather about table.*] Come, Dick, you've heard the Governor's reply. How would *you* deal with the taxers?

RICHARD [*at table, center, one foot on table and one on chair.*]

I'd set their tea to brew!

ALL [*amazed.*] What!

RICHARD. In a monstrous teapot!

PEABODY [*jesting.*] As big as Rigby's bowl.

RICHARD [*flaming with excitement.*] Oh, larger! Larger!

AMESBURY [*indicating large cockade.*] Or as Frank Wharton's hat.

RICHARD [*inspired*]. Larger by far!

AMESBURY. You mean —

RICHARD [*impassioned*]. I'd take the ocean!

ALL. { The ocean!
Zounds!
The harbor!
Does he mean it?

RICHARD. Overboard — all of it! Listen. The ships are deserted: the sailors on shore drinking at different taverns. If we can go disguised, we can slip to the water front unnoticed. You know how many Indians roam our streets, and no one ever heeds them. We'll all be braves and chieftains.

AMESBURY. But where are our disguises?

RIGBY [*opening his chests, tossing out his treasures, wild with delight*]. Here! Here and here!

RICHARD. Wait. We must have other followers. Followers, said I? *Leaders* — with sagacity. Run, Winwood! Speak to John Hancock, Paul Revere, and Dr. Warren. You know the coffee-house they sup at. Tell them there are disguises for us all. But let no red-coat hear you. Quick! The time is passing.

[*Exit Winwood, on the run.*]

RIGBY [*half-overcome with his emotion*]. Richard!

RICHARD [*helping him and the rest to dress, assisting first one and then another*]. Be quick. Let me help you. Here are feathers. Beads. A knife. Hatchets. A Frenchman's sash-belt. A head-dress.

AMESBURY [*hurriedly fastening on his disguise*]. Where are yours, Dick?

RICHARD. Hush! [Takes his knee.] I cannot scale a ladder. Listen! Here's Winwood.

WINWOOD [*bursting in*]. Paul Revere, John Hancock, Dr. Warren — all come with us. I've run ahead to tell you they'll meet us on the way. Give me disguises. [They

clap an Indian robe across his shoulders, and he takes an armful of Indian finery.] John Hancock says there's a boat and oars at the foot of the wharves, and Paul Revere will lead us. Come quickly, lads!

[*He dashes out the door, with his armful of finery.*

The others follow one by one, as their readiness of costume determines.]

RICHARD [*to himself*]. And Paul Revere will lead them!

RIGBY [*his hand on Richard's shoulder*]. Richard, you've been the brains, and we are but the fingers! We toss the tea: but 'twas your heart that planned it. Will you not serve us — serve us here on land? If any British come, see they don't go a-roving. The fewer on the streets the better. D'ye catch my meaning? And, Richard, one word more. You can see the ships from here. The work we'll do will take but twenty minutes. If we succeed, I'll send you a signal. I'll wave this lantern three times in the darkness.

RICHARD. Bless you, Tom Rigby.

[*Richard is left alone, and goes to seat by fire.*]

RICHARD [*dreaming aloud*]. First they'll go to the wharves . . . stealing quietly through the darkness. Then there'll be the muffled dip of oars . . . and then — Oh, would that I could aid them in this hour! But I am impotent, impotent!

PENROSE [*querulously, as he and Marsh enter*]. This tavern's still deserted. Is there naught alive in this town save the half-dozen Indians we've met a-prowling the streets! Where's the landlord?

RICHARD [*mock-humble*]. He's absent, sir, on business of importance. But he will soon return. If I may serve you — some cider, sir, or steaming lemon punch?

PENROSE [*haughtily*]. Let it be punch, and see that it *is* steaming.

RICHARD [*busying himself*]. At once, sir.

PENROSE [*languidly*]. Mark how importantly he takes the landlord's place. How old are you, young tapster?

RICHARD. About your own age, sir, I have been thinking.

MARSH [*with a laugh*]. Zounds! You're well answered, Penrose.

RICHARD [*seeing that Penrose starts up angrily*]. Indeed, 'twas truth I meant, sir, and no insult.

MARSH. Sit down. Sit down. He is a simple fellow. [Taps his forehead.] He means no wrong. We might have sport with him.

RICHARD [*still mock-humble*]. If I can serve you, sir, to anything?

MARSH. Suppose we call for tea?

RICHARD [*simply*]. We do not serve it.

MARSH [*amazed*]. Oho! Oho! This is a rebel tavern. And so — no tea. You Yankees do not serve it.

RICHARD. No; but we sometimes brew it — with salt water.

MARSH [*more and more amused*]. 'Tis as I said. Simple. Let's try him further. This tea you brew. It must have a new flavor?

RICHARD. Aye, a new flavor. Some will find it bitter. It is a brew that will be long remembered.

MARSH. I doubt not, if 'tis made as you have said.

PENROSE [*yawning impatiently*]. Come! I am weary for adventure! [Draws his cloak about him. Marsh somewhat reluctantly follows his example.] Let's see if there be sport about the wharves —

RICHARD [*to himself*]. The wharves —

MARSH [*still reluctant*]. On such a night as this —! Why, but a moment since you swore it was too cold! Besides, at the last tavern that we visited that fool of a Barton took my sword in jest. [Darkly.] He thought 'twas a rare bit of nonsense; but 'tis one I'll make him pay for! I'll not go roaming without my sword.

PENROSE [insisting]. But I have mine. One sword's enough for both. More than enough for any Yankees we are like to meet. We could give some of them a rare fright, comrade. Come, then, in search of —

RICHARD [*who has utilized the time in which they were talking by silently taking a foil from the nearest chest*]. Back! Do not come any nearer. You see this door is guarded.

[*Stands before it, his mock-humility gone, his voice resounding.*]

MARSH [angrily]. What does this mean?

RICHARD [suavely]. One of my crack-brained fancies. I wished to keep you, sirs, for twenty minutes.

PENROSE [insulted]. Even a crack-brained lout may go too far.

MARSH. Have at him! He's but one —

RICHARD [*clearly and passionately, his voice a thrill*]. Behind me are a hundred — a thousand souls — all those who stand for freedom. Although you do not see them, they are there!

PENROSE [astounded]. What! Would he challenge us?

MARSH [scornfully]. A turn of the wrist and the thing is done. Have at him, Penrose.

[*Penrose and Richard engage. Richard fights coolly, with his back ever to the door. Penrose grows more and more flustered. Marsh holds an iron candelabrum aloft, for the other candles have gutted and the room is shadowy.*]

PENROSE [fear in his voice]. The candles — higher. They're getting low. I cannot see —

[*Richard and Penrose engage a second time, and Penrose's foil is flung across the room to left. Marsh is about to crash the candelabrum on Richard's sword, when Richard, with a deft movement, seizes it and hurls it to the floor, where it falls with a dull clatter. Marsh, discomfited,*

turns to Penrose, who has picked up his fallen sword, and is holding his wrist.]

PENROSE [peevishly]. The lout has turned my wrist, and torn my ruffles.

RICHARD [*who has darted to window, and stood looking out for the space of a second before he turns to them*]. A thousand pardons! [Bows ironically.] Go! The play is ended! [With growing fervor.] Through the black night I've caught my prompter's signal. I've seen a light — a light that swings in the darkness — a light that swings three times —

PENROSE [*querulously, leaning on Marsh's arm as they go towards door*]. What does he mean? A signal?

RICHARD [*turning on them with passionate triumph*]. A signal that a blow is struck for freedom! A signal that your tea is overboard! A signal that the time will come when *liberty* will be the watchword of our nation!

MARSH. Come! Come! He dreams! [They go out.]

RICHARD [*with face upraised in the waning fire-glow*]. May all such dreams come true!

CURTAIN

THE LITTLE KING ¹

BY WITTER BYNNER

CHARACTERS

JEANNE MARIE

BARELLE, *a stonemason*

THE KING (LOUIS XVII OF FRANCE)

ANTOINE SIMON

ROBERT, *a boy*

TIME: *The morning of October 16, 1793.*

SCENE: *In the Temple at Paris: a room in which is imprisoned Louis XVII, the Boy-King of France, under the tutelage of Antoine Simon and his wife, Jeanne Marie.*

Behind a large iron-barred door at the back is an ante-room from which one staircase descends to the courtyard and another ascends to a platform on the roof of the Temple. A closed door leads at the left into a bedroom. Near it stands an elaborate bird-cage in which a wooden canary moves when wound up and whistles "The March of the King." In the cage are also some live canaries, one of which has a red ribbon round its neck. A small barred window at the right overlooks the courtyard. Under it are a box of mortar and some squared stones, one or two of which have already been set into the window. Near by is a table, a cupboard of dishes, and on the floor a basket of soiled linen.

¹ All rights reserved under the International Copyright Act. Performances forbidden. Applications for the right of performing this play must be made to Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 220 West Forty-Second Street, New York.

Copyright, 1914, by Mitchell Kinnerley; 1920, by Witter Bynner, and 1922, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Reprinted from *A Book of Plays* by special permission.

At rise of the curtain, Jeanne Marie, with a dish in her hand, stands by a larger table where three people have just finished a light meal. She is a squat woman of fifty with thick features and a blotched face. While she clears the table, she talks with Barelle, apparently a middle-aged stonemason, who is mixing mortar with his trowel near the window.

JEANNE [as she carries soiled dishes into the anteroom].

What? — Block the door and shut out all the light?

BARELLE. The window first, and afterward both doors.

A grating left there for his meals, but not

An aperture for light or hope or mercy.

JEANNE. Ah, but the fools have chosen you to do

The job! Luck's with us, Citizen Barelle.

BARELLE. You mean God's with us. God himself, not they, Selected me — to be His instrument.

JEANNE. There's damnable divinity in gold.

You be the God. I'll be the instrument.

BARELLE [removing from the window a cross-shaped iron bar].

O Father, prove Thy greatness to these people
That have turned coward toward a little boy,
Son of the King they killed! O Lord, reach down
Thy hand to us! For Jesus' sake, Thy Son,
Give me Thy strength to save the Son of France!

JEANNE [seizing the iron bar]. Here's holy water for your crucifix.

[She spits on it and throws it on the floor.]

BARELLE. God pity you. — By noon I shall be back
And I shall bring the boy. Does the King know?

JEANNE. Leave that to me. You fetch the other King.
And, please, the puppy-dog has learned his change
Of name. Not King, not Louis any more!
Just call him Capet and he'll wag his tail
With quite remarkable intelligence.

BARELLE. How are you going to manage with Michel?

JEANNE. Michel relieves the other guard at noon.

As soon as he's alone he'll signal us.

BARELLE. Your husband —

JEANNE. Leave my husband to your God!

Leave everything to God — except His Image;

Soon as the coin comes round — leave that to me;

And while we're talking — what about the coin?

BARELLE. One payment now. The rest as we agreed.

JEANNE. God in three parts! And one part now! Come pay it!

BARELLE [*taking from inside his blouse a bag of gold, which he hands to her*]. And you at noon pay me my King!

[*Exit Barelle.*]

JEANNE [*to the bag of gold*]. Sweet God!

[*She kisses it, then hides it in her sewing-basket on the small table. Humming a snatch of the "Marseillaise," she throws open the bedroom door and calls through it with her arms akimbo.*]

Capet, your eyes are red. Go scrub your face.

Make it all red like a washerlady's son.

THE KING [*a boy of nine, his voice heard outside*]. I am a Queen's son!

JEANNE. Times have changed, my dear,
And Marie Antoinette has handkerchiefs
To wash, she cries so much. Her nose now looks
Like any one's and gets as red as mine.

THE KING. It is not red.

JEANNE. Go make yours red, Capet!
For you're to be a washerlady's son
This very day. — Sh-h! Don't you tell Antoine!

[*She hears him on his way upstairs singing a revolutionary chant. She quickly closes the bedroom door and turns toward the anteroom where Antoine Simon enters. He is a big shoemaker of*

*fifty-five, with straight black hair hanging long and
a swarthy brutish face. He carries aloft two bottles of brandy.]*

ANTOINE. I've brought two friends with me.

JEANNE [*seizing a corkscrew*]. Off with their heads!

ANTOINE. Let go my friends! I bring 'em here like this
And you — you murder 'em! You used to be
A stylish drinker, Jeanne Marie. But now
You're an old soak.

JEANNE. Only a soak would talk
Like that. I taste my glass the same as ever.
It's you who booze like a lout and waste a lot
On Capet, just to make the poor brat drunk.
ANTOINE. You're keen to see him caper round, yourself.
But you don't pay your share. You get two thirds
As much as me for staying in this hole
And you never spend a sou.

[*He sits and changes his boots for slippers.*]

JEANNE [*carrying dishes from table to cupboard*]. The nation takes

Good care of you, husband — also of me:
Six thousand livres your share, four thousand mine.

ANTOINE. A patriotic cobbler and his wife
Cooped up like marquises!

JEANNE. You make me sick,
Talking like that about ten thousand livres.

You don't know what you want, you lucky fool.

ANTOINE. Know what I want? I want to be let off
From tutoring Capet. But let me off
They won't. They've got me here. And here I stick
And rot. It's bad for the brain, that's what it is.
Capet's much luckier than we are, Jeanne,
For he has us, he has, for company,
But we have only him.

[*The King, a handsome, gentle boy, appears at the*

bedroom door. Antoine hurls his boot at the King.]

Get out of here!

[*The King looks calmly at them both, then returns into the bedroom. Jeanne Marie closes the door after him.*]

JEANNE [*in a superstitious whisper*]. He looked at me as my boy Raymond did.

He looked at me as my dead Raymond did.

ANTOINE. Forget your Raymond! Capet isn't Raymond.

JEANNE. You're sore because he waked you up last night.

ANTOINE. With his damn prayers! I fixed him good.

He'll not

Be trying Trappist tricks on me again.

JEANNE [*angrily*]. Yes, fixed him good and maybe fixed yourself.

Doused him with water, let him lie between

The icy sheets and shiver all night long!

What if he's caught his death?

ANTOINE. What did they say

When I asked 'em, the Committee, about Capet,

Whether they wanted me to poison him?

They said, "Well, don't you let him grow too much!"

Wife, dear, what did they mean?

JEANNE. They meant, "Don't add

A cubit to his stature — cut him short,

But not too short!" They know their business best.

Why do you suppose they send a mason here?

ANTOINE. Barelle, you mean?

JEANNE. To seal that window up.

ANTOINE. Make bats of us?

JEANNE. No, not of us. Of him!

They're going to block the door and lock him in.

ANTOINE. And lock us out?

JEANNE. We'll feed him through a hole
Cut here and talk to him an hour a day.

ANTOINE. On what?

JEANNE. On Liberty.

ANTOINE. Woman, he'll live
For years.

JEANNE. O, no, my dove, he's delicate.

ANTOINE. But I've a mind to do for him to-day
And end this job.

JEANNE. You're good at jokes on death.
Our Lady Guillotine might yet arrange
A joke on you. And, citizen, I fear
You wouldn't laugh so well without your mouth.

ANTOINE. But I don't see who'd care about a Capet.

JEANNE. Because they had no use for Louis Capet?
Because they say about the Austrian,
"Why does she ask for cake, when there is dust
To eat"? But people have soft hearts. They might
Forgive the boy his dirty breed, Antoine.
A child's a child, no matter from what stock.
Besides, France has her enemies abroad
Who call the whelp a king. France has her game
To play. And this one Louis — see? — this poor
Thin undecipherable piece may be
A lucky coin. I grasp it all so clearly.
And I tell you, Antoine, clever as you are,
When the Council General sent the Simons here,
They put their trust as a matter of fact — in me.

ANTOINE. You put your trust in your four thousand
livres

All right, but drink your brandy on my pay,
On the six thousand which they give to me
For being less important than my wife.

JEANNE. A child's head looks ridiculous on a pike.

ANTOINE. No, it looks neat.

JEANNE. Hey, Antoine, listen! Drums.

ANTOINE. Some one they've got to guillotine, I guess.

JEANNE. The roof, the platform! Call if you can see!

ANTOINE. I'll bet you first it's Marie Antoinette.

JEANNE. An end of her? Not on your life, my dear!

If it were women trying her, then yes.

But this Tribunal? Men, Antoine? Not much!

ANTOINE. Justice decides — and Justice is a female!

JEANNE. They'll feast for days upon those dainty eyes

Before the garbage goes. If she's a beauty —

I hope I'm not.

ANTOINE. You're not.

JEANNE. Trust her with men?

She's got you, all of you, just where you're weak —

ANTOINE. Bet me the brandy on it? — the cost of the
brandy?

JEANNE. Double the cost! It's not the Widow Capet.

ANTOINE [at the window]. I'll ask Michel. He'll know.
He's just come on.

JEANNE. O husband, how I wish the Guillotine

Was near, where we could watch, to cheer us up!

In seven weeks I haven't seen one head.

[*Antoine goes upstairs through the anteroom. Jeanne Marie rapidly takes a piece of soiled linen and wrapping her bag of money tightly so that it shall not jingle, lays the bundle aside on the little table. Then she enters the anteroom and calls to her husband.*]

Who wins, Antoine?

ANTOINE [outside]. I do! I win!

JEANNE. The Queen?

ANTOINE [entering]. I heard 'em shouting, "Death to
Madam Veto!"

At noon they'll split her like an angle worm!

Hustle him out. I've news for him.

JEANNE. No, no,

Not yet — he's sick! And when his father croaked
He wouldn't eat, was like to die himself.

Go easy, Antoine, for he's off his feed.

You don't know what might happen. This'll keep.

You'll have the fun. I'll not sneak in ahead.

ANTOINE. The brandy, open it. No, pay me first!

[*He opens a bottle. She reluctantly pays him, taking the money from her stocking.*]

I tell you what we'll do. We'll make him drink.

And then we'll make him dance, dance to the bells,
The bells that ring when they lift up her head!

That's one on you, old girl! Now fetch the brat,
We'll celebrate.

JEANNE [*opening the door*]. Capet! Aristocrat!

ANTOINE. What are you doing? Eating up those pears
You took from lunch so's not to eat with us?

Come out here! Join your betters!

JEANNE. Careful now!

[*The King enters from the bedroom. He has in his hands two pears, which he lays on a chair. Jeanne Marie intercepts Antoine.*]

Come here, Capet, I want to tell you something:

A caller's coming — Citizen Barelle.

THE KING. You told me that.

ANTOINE. You like him, don't you?

THE KING. No.

ANTOINE. You do, you little liar.

THE KING. No, I don't.

ANTOINE. Why do you lie to me?

THE KING. I do not like him.

JEANNE. Have you forgotten that he brought you these?

You like your birds, you ought to like him too.

THE KING [*after a pause*]. But if I did, they would not let
him come.

ANTOINE. Your tutor, Simon, never goes away.

They let him come.

JEANNE. You're fond of him, ain't you?

ANTOINE. Come, answer us! You love me, don't you?

THE KING. Yes.

ANTOINE. You little liar!

THE KING. Why do you ask me then?

JEANNE. D'you like me, Capet?

THE KING. Where's my Mama-Queen?

She isn't walking up there any more.

I listen and I listen. Is she sick?

Where have they taken her?

ANTOINE. Don't use that word!

JEANNE. Don't you say Queen! Your tutor doesn't like it.

THE KING. Where is she gone?

JEANNE. She's sick.

THE KING. I thought she was.

O can't I go to her? Please can't I go
To her?

JEANNE. Not much!

THE KING. Then can't I send her these?

O can't I? Can't I send her my canaries?

JEANNE. You haven't heard that Citizen Barelle

Will bring Robert, the washerwoman's boy,

To stay a little while and play with you?

THE KING. O Master, let me send her my canaries?

ANTOINE. Sit down. We're going to celebrate. Three
glasses! [Jeanne Marie brings the glasses.]

THE KING. I do not care for one.

ANTOINE. Sit down, I say!

Here's to the Guillotine! Pick up your glass.

[The King draws back.]

Do you want it down your neck? The Guillotine!

And my good-luck! Come on now.

[Antoine and Jeanne Marie drink, then he makes
the King drink.]

THE KING. What good-luck?

JEANNE [with a moment of pity]. It's better luck than you would understand.

ANTOINE. I won a bet, young man. I won that wine.

JEANNE. And it's a happy day in the Republic!

THE KING. If it's a really happy day, I'm glad.

ANTOINE. Then drink to France! — Our Lady Guillotine
Drinks blood to-day to France!

THE KING. Who is it now?

JEANNE [preventing Antoine from telling]. People you know
who used to be at Court.

ANTOINE. There's no more Court.

THE KING. O dear, why do they kill

Good people — only good, kind people? Why?

ANTOINE. Dunno. They have a funny way with them.
They'll take me next.

THE KING. They'll never take you, Master.

ANTOINE. Ain't you the little joker! Catch your ball!
Why don't you hold your hands out, blunderhead?
Can't even learn to catch a ball! We'll see
If you can sing. You know! Your favorite!

[*He sings, Jeanne Marie joining him.*]

Madam Veto thought she could
Make all Paris run with blood;
But it didn't come off,
Thanks to a cough —
(Dance, dance the Carmagnole!)
Thanks to a cough —
Of the cannon!

Put spirit in it, Capet. Now! Pipe up!

THE KING. "Madam Veto thought she —" O no, no!
I cannot sing that song.

ANTOINE. Why not?

THE KING. Because

You mean my Mother. And it isn't true.

She hasn't done them any harm. She loves
Her people, Mother does.

ANTOINE. She loves her wolves,
Her Austrians! Her people aren't the French.
THE KING. Her people are the French. She told me so.
ANTOINE. You going to sing?

THE KING. How can I sing it, Master?

I cannot sing bad songs about my Mother.

ANTOINE. You sang it yesterday.

THE KING. Master, I didn't.

ANTOINE. Didn't he, Jeanne Marie?

JEANNE. Of course he did.

THE KING. I didn't.

ANTOINE. Little fool, you don't know what
You do. Get drunk. Here, get a jag again
And sing! You're jolly when you're drunk.
To France!

THE KING. O no, no, no! — not if I sang that song!

What if my Mother heard me sing that song?

ANTOINE. She's heard you sing it! Sure she has! It's
done

Her good, shown her how well I keep my word:
"He shall receive a royal education;
We shall instruct him to forget the past
And only to remember he's a child
Of the one and indivisible Republic."

You sing your song. You won't? Then take this drink.
The young wolf shuts his teeth. See, Jeanne Marie,
What savage little teeth! He must be tamed.
Where's there a knife to pry them open with?
We'll cure his pride. Now will you sing that song?
Down on your knees! Learn this —

JEANNE. Let him alone.

ANTOINE. Obedience comes first in Simon's course.

[*He forces the King to the floor.*]

Open your mouth. Drink this. Well, then, try this,
Try this!

JEANNE. Antoine! Give me that knife!

[*She takes it from him.*]

ANTOINE. Get up.

[*He roughly lifts the motionless King.*]

Open your mouth and say you ask my pardon

And we'll postpone the music-lesson. What?

Won't talk?

[*Jeanne Marie turns toward the anteroom, where Barelle enters, followed by Robert, who, looking like the King in height, color, and feature, brings a basket of clean clothes and a bouquet of roses tied with the tricolor. They see Antoine about to strike the King with the cross-shaped iron bar.*]

BARELLE. You dog! Is that good tutelage?

JEANNE. For insolence it is!

ANTOINE. The little snob,

I couldn't make him drink the health of France!

THE KING [*grasping the glass*]. You lie! — To France!

[*As he holds the brandy high and then drinks, the bells ring out.*]

JEANNE. The bells!

ANTOINE. She's dead! She's dead!

The holiday! The Carmagnole! She's dead!

THE KING. What do you say? I'm dizzy. France is dead?

JEANNE. France that was crucified — has come to life!

ANTOINE. The resurrection! Dance, my darling, dance!

[*They start singing the "Marseillaise" and take his hands.*]

THE KING. No! — not to that tune! Wait and I will dance.

[*He breaks away and turns on the catch which sets the toy canary whistling.*]

I'll dance to my tune, mine! — "The March of the King"! [Jeanne Marie turns off the catch.]

BARELLE [*interposing between Antoine's anger and the King*].

Go slowly, Citizen, to cure a King.

The lilies flourished for a thousand years.

Uprooting them takes time.

JEANNE. Well — time takes root.

BARELLE. How are your birds, Capet?

ANTOINE. They sing, but he? —

He has the pip!

BARELLE [*crossing to work at the window*]. I left an officer

Behind me on the stairs whose legs were weak

With too much holiday. He's bound, he says,

"To mourn the dead with Citizen Simon."

JEANNE [*handing Antoine the bottle and glasses*]. Here!

Comfort him! The platform's pleasanter.

[*While Barelle fits a stone into the window, Jeanne Marie sees Antoine out and closes the heavy door after him.*]

THE KING [*politely to Jeanne Marie*]. He doesn't understand about the window.

You said that he was going to mend the window.

JEANNE. That's what he's doing. There were holes in it.

BARELLE. Let's see which one is taller of you boys.

[*They measure back to back.*]

ROBERT. We're just the same.

THE KING. Why, yes, we're just the same.

[*Receiving from Robert the bunch of roses.*]

Thank you, Robert.

ROBERT. I thought you'd like them. Look!

Look underneath the roses — look at this!

THE KING. My flower, my flower!

BARELLE. A lily for the King.

[*The King kisses the lily and hides it again under the roses.*]

THE KING. Sir, you've been kind to me both times you've come.

Last time you brought me my canary birds.
I have not anything to give to you
But these two pears which I have saved from lunch.
And, just because I am so poor, I beg
That you will please me, sir, by taking one.
And will you take the other one, Robert!

BARELLE. I thank Your Majesty.

JEANNE. Get up! Don't call
Him that. It isn't done. You're right, they are
As like as peas. Listen to me, Capet.
Take off your things. Put on Robert's.

THE KING. What for?

JEANNE [on guard near the big door]. You're going to be
Robert. Obey Barelle,

Do everything he says. For, if you don't,
They'll kick you, whip you and cut off your head.

BARELLE. You'll come with me?

THE KING. I'll go with you and do
Just what you tell me to. But afterwards
They'll punish me.

BARELLE. You do not understand.

We are your friends. We come to free you, Sire.

THE KING. My Mother too? — my Mother?

BARELLE. Where you go,

The Queen shall follow you. Be sure of that.

THE KING. Then take me to her! That will make me
sure.

BARELLE. Robert, your coat!

[*Robert takes off his coat and waits by the bedroom
door.*]

THE KING. I think you are my friend.

JEANNE [showing and patting her bundle]. He's counted out
the proof of it in cash.

He's paid me money. Think of it, for you! —

A little piece of rotten meat like you!

BARELLE [*to Jeanne Marie*]. You are the rotten meat I purchased!

JEANNE. Pooh!

Don't wave your crest at me, old cockatoo!

THE KING. You mean that you have had to pay for me?

ROBERT. Come quick, for we must change our clothes, you know.

THE KING [*to Robert, in the doorway*]. Mother will look at me that funny way

And not know which to do, to laugh or cry,
And not do either — but just look at me.

Doesn't your mother look at you like that?

ROBERT. Come, little King, and change our clothes.

THE KING. Mine does.

[*He follows Robert into the bedroom.*]

BARELLE. You'll watch the door?

JEANNE [*opening the big door a crack*]. The platform-stairway creaks.

I always hear him coming.

BARELLE [*looking through the window*]. What? — Two guards?

JEANNE. We'll have to wait till Michel's there alone,
Before you start.

[*She sits and sews listening by the big door.*]

BARELLE [*setting another stone in place, watching*]. I wish that you had told Antoine.

JEANNE. I'm no such fool. I know Antoine.
He would have shilly-shallied half-a-year.
Antoine's a coward. If I do the thing,
Saving him all the pains and half the cash,
He'll thank me when it's done. I know Antoine.

BARELLE. He may come down.

JEANNE. Then let me manage him,
Bottle him up again and think for him

And act for him — and put a sum away
 With which to make him love me by-and-by.

BARELLE. How little you have learned from our mistake!
 You care for him by caring for his money
 As we took care of you by keeping yours. —
 There would have been no need of blood and tears,
 If only my poor friends had counted well
 And learned the deadly peril of too much
 And dared to be contented with enough.

JEANNE. Enough is not enough and never will be.

I tell you, Citizen, there's no such thing
 As coin enough. Look at the two of us! —
 You've had too much and you philosophize.
 I've had too little and I kick up hell.
 But those who have enough — lie in their graves.
 Too much, too little — life! Enough — the end.

[*The boys enter, each in the other's clothes. The King has Robert's liberty cap in his hand.*]

THE KING. I have on everything. But not the cap!

JEANNE. Put that on, too. No matter where you go,
 You'll never wear a crown in France again.
 Put that on too, my darling Citizen.

[*The King still holds it in his hand.*]

BARELLE. Run back again, if any one should come,
 And change the jackets — that would do.

JEANNE. And then

Come out again like you'd been playing ball.
 Here, Capet, take it, have it in your pocket.
 When Michel's by himself, Barelle, don't wait
 To talk. Just go. See, Capet, there's your load.
 I've lightened it, — so's not to strain your wings.

[*She sits and sews again by the big door. The King tries the weight of the basket, then lays it down and stands watching Robert. Presently he takes Robert by the hand and leads him to the cage of canaries.*]

THE KING [*softly*]. I like the one you gave me best of all.

My toy canary sings "The March of the King"

And the one you gave me tries to copy him.

[*They sit on the floor by the cage.*]

I've tied a little ribbon on his neck

To tell him by. — I think he knows me, Robert.

He lets me take him out of the cage and talk

To him. And he turns his head and looks. And once
He sang to me sitting right on my finger.

O how I wish my Mama-Queen could see him!

They wouldn't let me send him up to her.

She's sick and ought to have all sorts of things

To comfort her. — Perhaps they'll let me send

My flowers to her. Wouldn't you like to have me?

To comfort her, Robert, instead of me,

Because she's sick, you know.

ROBERT. Yes, little King.

THE KING. I do not like to have you call me King.

They might not let you play with me again. . . .

And then besides it means my Father's dead.

ROBERT. The King is dead — long live the little King!

THE KING. The night he left he took me on his knee

And held my hand and made me swear, Robert,

That I'd forgive his people everything

And not be harsh with them when I grow up.

And don't you think that that was like Our Saviour?

Next day my Mother helped me pray for him;

But when I tried to think of the good God,

I couldn't think of any one but Papa.

Why did they kill him, Robert?

ROBERT. Mother says

Because their hearts are bronze.

THE KING. I told my Father,

The day I lost Moufflet, my dog, the day

We came to the Temple and the men stuck out

Their tongues and knocked the statue down and called
My Mother names, I told my Father then
How bad they were. But he said, "No, they weren't."
He said that they would understand him some day
And find that we were just like them and ask
Our pardon for the way they treated us.
You ought to have seen how Mama looked at him!
And then she kissed him. Then she kissed me, too
And cried, Robert, because I think she knew
Better than Papa what was happening.
There's nobody so wonderful as Mama.
Why do they call her names and sing bad songs
About her, when she's good? My Mother's good.
She doesn't hate the people.

JEANNE. Shut your mouth,

Capet, and pay attention! Watch Barelle!

BARELLE. He will not go, the man will never go! —

Hast Thou forgotten us?

JEANNE. Don't drag in God.

Just wait and watch and, when the time comes, act.

You'll learn some day there isn't any God.

[*They all wait a moment or two, silent.*]

THE KING [*whispering, close to Robert*]. When I was little,

Mama had her hair

Away up high with a hundred waves in it.

And on the waves were tiny ships, Robert!

O it was wonderful! She waked me up

To let me see it. — And I had a sword.

JEANNE [*jumping to her feet*]. He's coming! Quick, the both of you, get in there!

[*The boys run into the bedroom. Jeanne Marie shuts them in, then sits again and sews. Barelle works at the window.*]

ANTOINE [*entering*]. We want another bottle of that brandy.

JEANNE. Here, take it. Drink it up. To hell with Queens!
ANTOINE. What's the son of the she-wolf doing, hey?

[To Barelle.] I'm not supposed to take my eye off him,
You know. Even asleep, one eye must be
Propped up and watching him. A pretty job!
Where is he?

JEANNE. Here's your bottle.

ANTOINE [brushing her aside and opening the door of the bedroom]. Come on out
Of there!

[Stopping short, then turning savagely.]

What's this, Barelle?

BARELLE. What, Citizen?

ANTOINE. They're changing coats! — Barelle, what game
is this?

JEANNE. If brandy makes a muddle in your brain —

ANTOINE. Come out here, you two!

[The King enters, his coat in his hand.]

Both of you!

[Robert follows, cap on, but carrying his coat.]

By God! —

What is this game you're playing?

ROBERT. Citizen —

THE KING. We're playing ball.

ANTOINE. Show me the ball.

THE KING [finding it in the pocket of his coat]. It's here.

ANTOINE [knocking it out of the King's hand]. Ball in a
room that hasn't any light!

What were you changing clothes for? — tell me that!

THE KING. We changed our jackets. He didn't want to,
Master.

I made him play a game of masquerade.

ANTOINE. The hell you did!

[He seizes the King by the throat.]

BARELLE. Let him alone! Hands off!

ANTOINE. Not hands off! Heads off! And yours first,
Barelle!

JEANNE. Yours second, Antoine!

ANTOINE. Hold your dirty lip!

You're in on it!

JEANNE. You lose your head like this

To-day, you'll lose it good to-morrow. Fool!

What do you mean to do?

ANTOINE. Accuse Barelle.

JEANNE. And me?

ANTOINE. And you — and get ten thousand livres
For taking care of Capet by myself!

JEANNE. Try it and see! You send me to the scaffold,
I'll just turn round and take you with me, dear.
You broke the rules, left Capet with Barelle
And kept the officer outside. Why that? —
The reason was a hundred thousand livres!

ANTOINE. What's this? What hundred thousand?

JEANNE [*lifting her bundle from the table and letting it drop back clinking*]. Use your ears.

BARELLE. I've sixty thousand here in Paris — yours!
This ring! The Prince of Condé's. Take him this,
He'll pay the rest. Now, sir! your life is more
To you than mine to me. I've got you there.
But you can save yours, mine — and earn, besides,
Another hundred thousand livres.

JEANNE. That is —

Besides my hundred thousand?

BARELLE. Yes.

JEANNE. Good God!

BARELLE. Nobody ever comes who knows the King.

JEANNE. And I'll fall sick and we can get away.

BARELLE. With all the cash you need for all your lives.

JEANNE. Antoine, that means as much as ten whole years
Of prison and the brat. Go on upstairs!

ANTOINE. You should have let me in on this before.

JEANNE. Shut up with your "before"! It's "now."

Go on!

That's all you've got to do. Go on upstairs!

ANTOINE. Well, I don't know. I guess I'd better do it.

JEANNE. Here! You're forgetting what you came to fetch.

[She hands him the second bottle of brandy.]

ANTOINE [brandishing it at Barelle]. I'd like to smash your head, you Royalist!

BARELLE. God knows, my hand would like —

JEANNE. Quit quarreling.

I'll see if Michel's there alone. — He is!

Go! Go!

BARELLE. Give me your jacket! Quick, Robert!

Come! and be careful, O be careful, Sire!

THE KING [as they put him into Robert's coat]. My little birds, good-bye. Good-bye, Robert.

My Mother-Queen will bless you when I tell her. —

O shall I see green trees again and sky

Spread out? — O think of it — the sky spread out!

ROBERT. And lots of birds!

BARELLE. Good-bye, Robert.

ROBERT. Good-bye.

BARELLE. You are a brave and darling boy, Robert.

ROBERT. Good-bye, good-bye.

[Barelle kisses him, then turns to the King.]

BARELLE. Be quiet now and follow.

Be careful.

THE KING. I'll be careful. I know how.

ROBERT. Good-bye.

ANTOINE. O shut your mouth!

[With a sudden blow he knocks Robert to the floor.]

THE KING [standing stock still]. I cannot go.

I had not thought of that. — I cannot go.

You are too little.

JEANNE. I'll be here. I'll take
His part.

THE KING. You can't, you can't, when Master — No!

ANTOINE. Go while the going's good. You're wasting
time. [Antoine lurches out and is heard calling.]

I've found the brandy, Friend. She tried to hide it.

THE KING. O no, Robert! the people over there,
If they should find me gone, would punish you
And maybe kill you.

ROBERT [rising]. But they won't find out.

I'll turn my head away and I won't talk
To them.

THE KING. He'll make you talk. He'll make you sing.
And when he has you here alone, Robert —!

I had not thought of that. I cannot go.

BARELLE. They'll soon find out who Robert is —

JEANNE. What's this?

BARELLE. They'll think that he was used against his will,
Without his knowing — and they'll let him go.

THE KING. Once you are here, they never let you go.

O, no, Robert, give me my coat, take yours!

[He slips off Robert's coat.]

JEANNE. You little chump, keep on that coat! Behave
Yourself! You're stubborn as your mother. ▾

THE KING. Am I?

ROBERT. Please, little King, please, please!

BARELLE. Your Majesty!

THE KING [resisting Barelle's attempts to put the coat back on
him]. I will not go. You cannot make me go.

Robert could never stand it as I can.

A King can stand — O more than any one!

JEANNE. Here, hold him, Citizen. Bring him your cap,
Robert. Come now, Capet, behave yourself!

THE KING [still resisting the coat, and throwing the cap down].
And then, besides, I've thought of something else.

You might save me and not my Mother-Queen.
She might be left here all alone upstairs.

JEANNE. She's not upstairs, you little whining fool.
They should have killed you, too, and saved us trouble,
You with your mother, the whelp with the she-wolf!

BARELLE. O shame!

THE KING. My Mother-Queen?

JEANNE. To-day at noon.

You heard the bells, Capet, and drank her health!

BARELLE. Great God!

ROBERT [*taking the other boy's hand*]. Poor little King!

THE KING. It is not true.

You wish to make me go. It is not true.

If it were true, you would have told me then.

I will not go and leave my Mother-Queen.

I will not go.

JEANNE. Tell him it's true and get
Him out of here. We haven't time to fool
Away like this.

BARELLE [*tenderly, gravely*]. Your Majesty, it's true.

THE KING. My Mama-Queen?

BARELLE. Is with your father, Sire.

She died to-day, as brave as she had lived.

They would not let her say good-bye to you.

ROBERT. Poor little King!

THE KING [*with a sob*]. She isn't dead! no, no,

She isn't dead. My Mama isn't dead.

BARELLE. Be brave, Your Majesty, as she was brave.

A man on horseback told me what she said.

She said: "I was a Queen and you dethroned me.

I was a wife and you have killed my husband.

I was a mother and you tear my children

Away from me. Only my blood is left.

Make haste to shed it. And be satisfied."

THE KING. O she was brave, my Mother, wasn't she!

I'm going to be like Mother.

ROBERT. Little King!

BARELLE. Then, don't you see, you owe it to your kingdom
And to her memory to come with me?
That will be brave, Your Majesty.

JEANNE. Go on,

Flatter him up! Perhaps he'll take to that.
I never saw such people as these Capets.

BARELLE. And you shall have your sword again and come
Some day to punish murderers.

THE KING. O sir,

I promised both my Father and my Mother
Never to hurt the people. But I'm not
Afraid of them. My Father said to me
He could not run away from them and be
A coward. That was why we all came back.
And I should be ashamed to run away
And not be like my Father and my Mother.

JEANNE. Shut up his talk! Get busy while there's time!
Take him!

[*Barelle and Jeanne Marie try again to force
Robert's jacket on the King, who struggles against
them.*]

THE KING. No, you shall not.

BARELLE [passionately]. Your Majesty!

[*They lead him into the anteroom, the King contesting every inch of the way.*]

BARELLE. For God's sake!

JEANNE. Little fool!

THE KING. I will not go.

BARELLE. If you betray us, it will be the end.

THE KING. O won't you please obey me? Won't you please?—
[*He breaks away. Barelle follows and lays hold of
him again. But, with a sudden royal gesture, he
checks Barelle in the centre of the room.*]

I am the King of France. Obey me, sir,
And take your hands away.

BARELLE. God's will be done.

JEANNE [*trying to pass Barelle*]. God's nothing! It's the antic of a child!

[*Barelle holds Jeanne Marie back while the King helps Robert into the washerboy's coat.*]

THE KING. But O be sure, be sure you come again!

The Simons will not dare to tell on you,
For I should tell on them. Take all the clothes!

[*Picking up Jeanne Marie's bundle from the table.*]

Take these as well, Robert. And look inside
And you will find a keepsake there from me.

JEANNE. Not on your life!

THE KING. You wish me then to tell?

[*Jeanne Marie stands back glowering while he gives Robert the bundle. Then he takes the lily from his bouquet and hands it to Barelle.*]

This lily is much better than the pear.

BARELLE. I ask you, Sire, to let her keep the money.
She would be kinder.

THE KING. Take them all, Robert.

[*Barelle bows and hides the lily in his breast.*]

JEANNE. You little cur — you devil out of hell!

[*Hearing the stairs creak.*]

The officer!

[*Barelle crosses to the window and seals the next to the last opening.*]

ANTOINE [*entering, at the big door, heavy with brandy, his finger on his lips*]. He's on his way downstairs.

BARELLE. It does not matter now. My work is done.

ANTOINE [*looking closely at Robert*]. Your work is done, you say? What do you mean?

BARELLE. All but one stone.

ANTOINE. One stone?

THE KING. Good-bye, my friends.

[*Barelle kneels and kisses the King's hand. The*

King will not let Robert kneel, but puts an arm about him and kisses him on the lips. Robert goes out with the basket at the big door.]

BARELLE. Surely you cannot punish him for this!

What has he done but shown that tyranny
May go by any name and wear red caps —
While loving comradeship may dwell in kings! —
Father, forget not he's a little boy!

[*Jeanne Marie hurries Barelle out and closes the door after him.*]

JEANNE. He wouldn't go.

ANTOINE. You rotten little snake!

JEANNE. He gave the money back. He said he'd tell.

THE KING. You cannot buy and sell the King of France.

ANTOINE. But we can make him pay!

[*He goes to the cage of canaries and starts to bring a chair down over it.*]

THE KING [*in the way*]. What are you doing?

ANTOINE. I'm smashing up your royal bird that pipes
“The March of the King.”

THE KING. But not the other birds!

O not the one — !

ANTOINE. Which one?

THE KING. — that sings to us!

The little one! The ribbon's on his neck!

ANTOINE. So that's your toy! — your kingdom in a cage!
And orders, marks! We'll see!

THE KING. The ribbon's red! —

He's my republican canary, Master!

ANTOINE. Favorite of the King, come out here, you!

[*He thrusts his hand into the cage and takes out the bird.*]

THE KING. O give him, give him to me!

ANTOINE. There he is.

[*He wrings the bird's neck and throws its dead body on the floor.*]

THE KING [*kneeling and taking the bird up tenderly*]. O
listen to me, please, dear Heavenly Father!

JEANNE. Don't mention God again! — There is no God.

THE KING. — Help me to be as brave as Mother was.

ANTOINE. Get up. Give that to me. Here, Jeanne
Marie,

[*Taking the bird from the King, he tosses it to her.*] Cook it for supper.

[*He jerks the King to his feet and points to the red cap on the floor.*]

Now pick up that cap!

JEANNE. And put it on again!

[*The King faces them, not moving.*]

ANTOINE. You dirty pup!

JEANNE. You put that on! — or else we'll punish you
Worse than you've ever dreamed. The window's sealed,
Capet. And now we'll seal this door, and this,
And cut a little hole here in the middle,
And then hand in your food to you and leave you.
Alone in the dark, all day, all night, forever.
You've heard the rats here in the walls? They'll all
Come out, when you can't see them, and they'll eat
Your food. And then they'll eat your fingers, Capet.
And bugs and worms and snakes will come and wait
For you to go to sleep. — Pick up that cap.

ANTOINE. Pick up that cap.

[*The King moves toward it and quietly stands on it,
facing them. Antoine crosses and sets the last
stone in the window, darkening the stage so that
only shadows are seen.*]

JEANNE [*pointing, trying to laugh*]. Behold the little King!

[*Then they open the big door and close it behind
them, and leave him standing in the darkness.*]

SUGGESTIONS TO STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

I. THE ONE-ACT PLAY

THE dogmas of theorists often fail when confronted with the data of fact. Aristotle asserts that if two stones of unequal size are let fall at the same moment from a given height, the larger will the sooner reach the ground. Then, hundreds of years later, somebody tests the statement by actual experiment; and when down go the stones, down, too, goes Aristotle. Similar cases occur in the field of dramatic theory. For example, Clayton Hamilton, in *Studies in Stagecraft* (1914) asserts, “*Treasure Island* could not possibly be dramatized for presentation in the regular theater, because the interest in the action is dependent on its rapid change of place from hour to hour.” The very next year, however, along comes Jules Eckert Goodman with a dramatization of *Treasure Island* — one of the successes of the season.

The same discrepancy between theory and fact apparently obtains in attempts to define the one-act play. Several authorities have asserted that the material out of which the one-act play is fashioned is of such a nature that it cannot be expanded into a longer play of several acts. Yet we read in Mr. Augustus Thomas’s *The Print of My Remembrance*, “Mr. Royle’s *The Squaw Man* was done at The Lambs as a sketch. So, too, was John Willard’s *The Cat and the Canary*.” And he adds, “My own plays, *The Burglar, Alabama, The Harvest Moon, As a Man Thinks, and The Copperhead* were each at first one act.”

Another difference between the one-act play and long plays has been stated to be in the number of characters employed in the two types of drama; the longer play, according to one recent anthologist, containing more char-

acters than the short play. But in the very same collection in the introduction to which this statement is made, we find as a specimen of the long play, *The Green Goddess*, with but six speaking parts, and as a specimen of the short play, *What Men Live By*, with nine! The long plays *Friendly Enemies*, *Bought and Paid For*, *Arms and the Man*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, *Paid in Full*, *The Bird and the Cage*, have but seven characters; while the one-act plays *The Golden Doom* and *The Seven Princesses* have eleven each; and *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, *Spreading the News*, *The Ghost Story*, and *The Knave of Hearts* at least ten. Obviously, therefore, the number of characters, so far from being a ground of distinction between one-act plays and longer plays, has nothing to do with the case.

All theorists who write regarding the one-act play will probably agree that one of its characteristics is *economy*. But in a case of asserted plagiarism, recently tried in one of the United States District Courts, it was stated, apparently without question, regarding any good drama, "The manuscript must not contain any idle or irrelevant word."

But lest our discussion seem to be wholly a negation of definitions, let us turn again to Mr. Thomas. "A playwright," says he, "starts out with a dramatic situation which has possibilities in the theater of some strong effect and tries to find out for that some immediate cause and for that cause one still further back in origin, and it is in this fashion that his construction grows. Very often this effect . . . can be expressed in one act." This act containing the "dramatic situation," with only such precedent facts, causes, or conditions stated or shown as may make the "effect" intelligible, convincing, interesting, and climactic, is the very nature of the one-act play.

After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and having read the various statements of both theorists and practitioners, we come to the simple conclusion that a good one-act play is a good play in one act.

II. READING THE PLAYS

Only when one has committed a passage to memory has one made it one's own. Then only can one read it most effectively. For this reason, if for no other, we advise that, however brief the assignment for a given lesson may be, the plays be "read" *from memory*.

That these assignments to different pupils may have some equality in the number of lines required, the teacher must do considerable planning. Suppose that for a given lesson the play happens to be *In the Good Green Wood*. Here we have twelve speaking parts; but the number of lines for the different characters vary from but two in the part of the Dumb Beggar to eighty-five in that of Robin Hood. Tabulated, the number of lines of these and the other characters are approximately as follows:

Robin Hood.....	85	Fat Friar.....	5
Richard.....	36	Lean Friar.....	3
Little John.....	36	Blind Beggar.....	4
Friar Tuck.....	14	Deaf Beggar.....	4
Will Scarlet.....	8	Dumb Beggar.....	2
Allan-a-Dale.....	8		

Obviously the work demanded in memorizing four or five of these parts may be considered negligible; that of memorizing several of the other rôles, a not unreasonable task; but that of learning all of one of the principal rôles out of all proportion to the work called for in committing one of the lesser parts. These principal parts may be divided among several pupils, who will relay each other as the play progresses. If eight to a dozen lines seem a reasonable assignment for a single lesson, six boys may share the part of Robin Hood, the first pupil taking the part from the beginning as far as the stage direction "Little John rises and stretches" (page 157); the second from that point to the entrance of the Lean and Fat Friars (page 158); the third from Robin's next entrance to the entrance of King Richard (page 161); the fourth from there to the entrance

of Friar Tuck (page 162); the fifth from that point to the place where Robin is felled by the King (page 163); and the sixth, the remainder of the part.

The parts of King Richard and of Little John may be similarly divided. In this case, the first reader of Richard may take the part until Friar Tuck goes to get the wine (page 162); the second from that point to the place where Richard raises his cowl (page 165); and the third may read the two remaining speeches. As for the readers of Little John, the first may go as far as the stage direction, "They start to pass him" (page 159); the second will relay at that point and read to the direction, "They try their pouches again in vain" (page 159); and the third will read the rest of Little John's lines.

If it seems advisable to divide the part of Friar Tuck, the first reader will take through the Friar's first exit (page 158); and the second, through the remainder of the play.

If we follow such a distribution, we have six pupils doing Robin Hood; three, Richard; three, Little John; two, Friar Tuck. Add to these, one pupil doing Will Scarlet and another Allan-a-Dale, and we have sixteen readers exclusive of those who read the "bits." These last parts offer opportunities for "doubling." For instance, the two friars who appear in the first of the play may read the lines of two of the three beggars, in which case it will be well, for the sake of equality, to let the Fat Friar, who has five lines, read those of the Dumb Beggar who has but two; and the Lean Friar, who has but three, those of the Blind Beggar who has four.

For the sake of clarity it may be well for the teacher to write out in tabular form the divisions of a play. For instance, *The Boston Tea Party* might be scheduled as follows:

Section I. From the rise of the curtain, to the exit of the British officers (page 195). Characters: Penrose (20 lines), Marsh (10), and Rigby (0). Two pupils might read Penrose, the first reading as far as "Not pay it? They'll defy us?" (page 195) and the second as far as the exit (page 195).

Section II. From the exit of Marsh and Penrose to the direction "With eyes agleam" (page 196). Characters: Richard Stockton (10 lines) and Rigby (10).

Section III. From the direction "With eyes agleam" to Richard's somewhat long speech beginning with "Such days as these" (page 197). Characters: Richard (12 lines) and Rigby (12).

Section IV. From the beginning of Richard's speech commencing with "Such days as these" to the exclamation "Trophies!" (page 198). Characters: Richard (20 lines) and Rigby (16). Two boys might divide Richard's part, the first taking the first ten lines of his long speech and the second the remainder of the section.

Section V. From the exclamation "Trophies" to the entrance of The Younger Sons of Freedom (page 199). Characters: Richard (8 lines) and Rigby (14).

Section VI. From the entrance of The Younger Sons of Freedom to the reopening of the chest (page 200). Characters: Richard (13 lines), Winwood (6), Amesbury (3), Corey (2), Peabody (1), Wharton and Rigby (0). There are also various ensemble shouts, which should be definitely assigned.

Section VII. From the reopening of the chest to the reappearance of the young British officers (page 201). Characters: Richard (17 lines), Rigby (11), Winwood (6), and Amesbury (6). In this section it will evidently be well to have the same boys read Amesbury and Winwood who read these parts in Section VI.

Section VIII. From the reentrance of Marsh and Penrose through Penrose's line beginning with "Let's see if there be sport about the wharves" (page 202). Characters: Richard (12 lines), Marsh (9), and Penrose (9).

Section IX. From "Let's see if there be sport about the wharves" to the end of the play. Characters: Richard (15 lines), Penrose (10), and Marsh (10).

For the sake of pupils who have no parts assigned or who have only "bits," it may be advisable to repeat some section of a play, letting them do over again some speech or speeches previously read by other pupils.

A somewhat similar procedure is to take up only a part of a play in one lesson and have several different casts repeat

the assignment, each group trying to improve the interpretation of their predecessors. In this case, if the first scene of *The Boston Tea Party* is done three times with the rôle of Penrose divided each time between two pupils, there is work for nine different pupils.

Sometimes it will be well for the teacher to read one or more parts himself. There are several advantages in his thus sharing the exercise or performance with his pupils. In the first place, his own work, as in the case of a competent actor in a professional company, will draw out the best from the pupils playing with him. A pupil has been known to ask a teacher thus working in the scene with him, "Why do I feel so much confidence when you are on the stage with me?" In the second place, he can often, either by taking a long part himself or merely filling in one of the "bits," equalize the assignment of the parts. Again, if some of the plays call especially for an older person, he can make the performance even in classroom more convincing; such rôles are the Inn-keeper in *The Boston Tea Party*, The King in *To Dust Returning*, Charles Burney or The Visitor in *Miss Burney at Court*. But the greatest advantage of all to be derived from this coöperation is the sense of comradeship thus engendered. Perhaps no other classroom work offers such opportunities for breaking down the feeling of barrier as between taskmaster and laborer. The spirit engendered is quite similar to that between pupils and teachers who participate in the same games on the athletic field and on the tennis court.

Even in the memorized "reading" of the plays some attention should be given to "stage business." The entrances and exits should be made at the proper instant and the places taken on the stage or platform or in front of the class with some consideration to securing good stage pictures and every tendency to play the parts should be encouraged. There will, however, presumably be no scenery, and the "properties" may be as symbolic as those mentioned in Austin Dobson's lines:

"When Burbage played
The stage was bare
Of tower and temple, font and stair;
Two broadswords eked a battle out;
Two supers made a rabble rout;
The throne of Denmark was a chair!"

III. STUDYING THE PLAYS

The proper way to *study* a drama is by analysis.¹ The first step in the process is taken by dividing the play into "scenes" according to the French use of that term in all printed versions of their dramas, and indeed as the word is commonly used "back stage" in the American theater. According to this usage, a new scene begins not simply when the scenic background or surroundings change, but whenever the number of characters on the stage is increased or diminished; in other words, with entrances and exits.

Having made these divisions, which for the sake of reference may be lettered A, B, C, and so on, or numbered, note the beginning, the middle, and the end of each. For instance, consider the first of the two scenes of *To Dust Returning*. Here, at the rise of the curtain, a crowned figure in royal robes is poring over a sun-dial. However scanty be other suggestions, we see at once that we are in a garden in the days when, we have been taught to believe, kings wandered about outdoors in their habiliments of state. As the royal personage scans the dial, his mien reveals that he is in a philosophic mood, meditating, say, on the brevity of life, the flight of time, or the vanity of the passing world. This scene is brought to an end by the shouts of a crowd off stage; while the entrance of the Jester, pursued by the rout, begins the second scene, which forms the body of the play.

Again, consider the first scene of *The Prince of Stamboul*. The rise shows us a cottage in which lies a little sick child, attended by two men and a woman. These, we presently

¹ Consult *The Science of Playwriting* by M. L. Malevinsky. Bren-tano's, 1925.

learn, are the parents and the village doctor. Then the body (or middle) of the scene reveals to us the facts that unless the child drops off to sleep soon, she will not recover; and that the one thing which keeps her awake is an obsession to hear "Tommy Tiddler play 'Home, Sweet Home' on his flute." Finally, the scene closes as the Doctor, assuring the parents that the child will live if she sleeps, makes his departure.

As a third example of this sort of analysis, take the scene of the first appearance of the young British soldiers in *The Boston Tea Party*. The beginning is their entrance, when they talk about the subject most natural to men coming into a warm tavern on a cold winter night — the weather. The middle of the scene conveys to us the important information that the tea-ships, now in Boston Harbor, are nearly deserted by the sailors, who are supping ashore. The end of this scene is brought about by Penrose's suggestion that he and Marsh seek another tavern where there is more revelry, the exit line, "On my way back I'll have another glass," preparing for their reappearance later in the play; but the very end of the scene occurring when Marsh, as they go out, tosses his money at Rigby, who shakes his fist after their retreating figures.

When a student has thoroughly analyzed a play in this fashion, he should have little difficulty in answering the following questions:

1. What is the fundamental emotion underlying the play?
2. What character most fully embodies this emotion?
3. What character is most strongly opposed to the one who most fully embodies the underlying emotion?
4. What subsidiary characters aid, abet, or serve as foils in one way or another to the principal characters?
5. What does the play show or prove — what is its thesis?
6. What is the plot of the play; that is, its "story," told in logical sequence?
7. What is the point at which the conflict or complication most evidently occurs?
8. What is the turning point or crisis of the play?
9. What is the final outcome, resolution, or denouement?

In the case of *The Boston Tea Party* we may answer these questions thus:

1. The fundamental emotion is Patriotism.
2. The character most fully embodying it is Richard Stockton.
3. The character most strongly opposed to him is Penrose.
4. Stockton is aided by Rigby and the Younger Sons of Freedom while Marsh serves as a foil to Penrose.
5. The play shows how a lame boy fulfills his desire to serve his country.
6. The story briefly recounted is as follows:

As Thomas Rigby, landlord of The Golden Pheasant, is lighting his candles on a cold winter evening, two British officers enter and call for something to warm them. Then we learn from their conversation that the British sailors have nearly all deserted the tea-ships, now in Boston Harbor, to sup in taverns in town. After the officers have departed, with the expressed purpose of returning later, young Richard Stockton, a lame boy, enters. From him we learn that the patriots are meeting in the Old South Church; that the boy's blood has been set afire by their eloquence; that, as the Governor has refused to let the tea-ships pass, the patriots are beaten if nothing is done. Then, when Richard tells of how he thinks of nothing but to serve his country, Rigby declares that such, too, are his thoughts; that he so loves his country that he has chests full of souvenirs of even our smallest Indian wars. Presently, as he exhibits his trophies, he sings a song which puts into the mind of the boy a plan which the latter lays before his young friends. This plan is that the boys and some of their elders disguise themselves as Indians, board the tea-ships, and dump their cargo overboard. In this expedition itself, poor Richard cannot take part; for his lameness prevents his clambering up a companion ladder; but he can stay and keep any British who come to the tavern from roving forth. After Richard's friends depart, the young British officers return; Richard serves them; but, when they propose seeking sport along the wharves, he guards the door, engages with Penrose, disarms him, and only when he sees the signal agreed upon to indicate that the tea is overboard, lets the British depart.

7. The conflict comes when Stockton is brought face to face with Penrose.

8. The turning-point or crisis occurs when Stockton takes a foil, guards the door, engages with Penrose, and just as he discovers that the signal is being waved, disarms him.
9. The outcome is Stockton's seeing a lantern waving as a signal which tells him that the plot of dumping the tea overboard has been accomplished and his dream of service realized.

A further study of a play might include an investigation of

1. Facts precedent to, or contemporary with, the drama, not actually presented by action, scenery, or costume, but revealed in the dialogue.
2. The nature of the dialogue: style and form of expression; use of a dialect or of a diction which reveals: (a) from what class of society the characters come; (b) their trade, profession, or calling; (c) their mode of life.
3. Mechanical details that concern: costume; make-up; scenery; furniture and properties generally; lighting; off-stage effects such as shouts, knockings, shutting of doors, storms, and incidental music.

Though we believe that the greatest benefits to be derived from the consideration of any work of art will accrue only when that work is considered from the creator's standpoint, and that, therefore, one should read and study plays primarily as such; yet undoubtedly much pleasure may be gained from reading dramas chiefly for the story element and some profit from such odds and ends of miscellaneous information which are afforded incidentally. But, even in this case, the best results will be obtained only when there is a definite aim on the part of both teacher and pupil. The first object should be to grasp the story so that it can be retold clearly, according to logical sequence. If such a retelling must be performed as school-work (which, Heaven forbid!), it might be from a scanty outline, consisting of a list of the personages present in the different "scenes" according to the usage of that term suggested on page 239; such an outline of *The Shutting o' the Door* being as follows:

Scene 1. Margaret alone.

Scene 2. Margaret and Jan.

Scene 3. Margaret, Jan, and the Fool.

Scene 4. Margaret, Jan, and the two thieves.

Scene 5. Margaret and Jan.

For a more searching knowledge of the subject-matter of a play innumerable questions may be propounded. But again the best results will be obtained only if the teacher prepares these questions carefully beforehand and dictates them or places them on the blackboard and has the pupils, after a careful reading of the play to secure such grasp of the story as we have advised, study the piece through again with a view to answering the particular questions. These questions should be specific enough to justify the teacher's holding the pupil strictly accountable for the preparation of his lesson. Merely as suggestive of their nature, we submit the following as a basis for the study of *The Little Boy Out of the Wood*:

1. Where is Epping Forest? — Bond Street? — Brighton? —
2. What is Bank Holiday? — The Crystal Palace? — 3. What are some of the most famous poems of the three poets mentioned in the play? — 4. From what are the lines beginning with "Through the thick corn" taken? — 5. What is the story from which Matthew Arnold drew his theme in his two poems of Oxford? — 6. What lines in Wordsworth's poem *The Prelude* bear out the Boy's statement, "He knew me. He was afraid." (See *The Prelude*, Book I, lines 368–401.) — 7. Why does the Boy say he met Wordsworth in the *North*?

Other questions may deal with historical basis, local color, forms of speech, and all the thousand and one details of rhetoric and grammar (save the mark!) with which the teacher is only too familiar.

IV. NOTES ON PLAYS AND AUTHORS

The Prince of Stamboul

If this play is given in public, for anything like a convincing performance a capable violinist will be needed either for the rôle

of Lotti or to play off-stage while the actor simulates the rendering of "Home, Sweet Home." The flute playing, too, may be done behind the scenes. In case of such simulation, pains must be taken to make the acting and the music synchronize: both instruments must be in position an instant before the melody begins; and it is safer for them to be so held after the last note has died away, rather than to risk the ludicrous disillusionment of having the notes continue when the actor is obviously not playing. With this point in mind, it may be possible to place the real musicians where the actors can see them; if not, some simple signal (such as the testing of a note or two) may be given by the actor to indicate that he is ready for the music to begin.

The violinist's "Home, Sweet Home" should be a rather ornate version such as may be found in some one of the variations on the theme so popular many years ago and which can be secured from any music store. The flutist, however, should play the theme quite unadorned and also a bit off-key.

A vacuum cleaner may be used to imitate the sound of the motor. It will be well to use a motor horn at the return of Lotti's car.

Lord Dunsany (Edward Moreton Max Plunkett, to give his full name) is the eighteenth Baron of his line. His ancestry is said to be the third oldest in Irish history; and his barony dates from Henry VI, who ruled in the years 1422-61.

He was born in 1878, and after school days at Eton completed his education at Sandhurst, the English military college. He has seen active service in the Boer War as lieutenant in the famous Coldstream Guards; and in the World War as captain in the First Royal Iniskilling Fusileers — another celebrated regiment and one referred to in Richard Brinsley Sheridan's farce *Saint Patrick's Day*.

Lord Dunsany first became known as an author in 1902 or 1903, in connection with the Irish literary movement; and his first book, *The Gods of Pegana*, appeared in 1905. It was not until 1909, however, that any play of his was produced, when *The Glittering Gate* was performed at the Abbey Theater, Dublin. In America, while several of Dunsany's plays had been seen prior to 1916, it was not until Stuart Walker's productions (in 1916-17) that the dramatist became really popular. Since then, his plays have been performed frequently and in all parts of the country; indeed, his work seems to have won wider appreciation here than in his native land.

A Night at an Inn is perhaps the Dunsany play which comes most readily to most people's minds; but others deserve to be equally well known; for example, *The Golden Doom*, *The Lost Silk Hat*, *The Queen's Enemies*, and *Fame and the Poet*, all in one act. His longer plays include *King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior*, *The Gods of the Mountain*, *The Tents of the Arabs*, and "If." In addition, Lord Dunsany has written several volumes of stories, notably, *Tales of Gods and Men*.

The Toy-Shop

"*The Toy-Shop*," Mr. Wilde tells us, "is designed to be presented without intermissions. The changes of scene, which are simple, should be effected without interrupting the action of the play, and above all without dropping the curtain. A very brief space of time will suffice for the rearrangement of the scene; the stage directions, given in the text, should be followed to the letter.

"The parts of Pierrot and Dad, the Masked Doll and Mother, and the Wooden Soldier and the Policeman are intended to be acted by the same three persons, whose slight changes of costume are allowed for by the time required to 'send out the general alarm,' and comply with the stage directions which follow.

"Directors of organizations producing *The Toy-Shop* should bear in mind that a maximum effect cannot be expected if these friendly admonitions are disregarded."

The Toy-Shop was first published in the 1922 Christmas numbers of the *Pictorial Review*, New York, and of the *Woman's Pictorial Review*, London. Like others of Mr. Wilde's one-act plays it won immediate popularity — being produced no fewer than sixty-one times during the month following its publication.

Mr. Wilde, who was born in New York City, is a graduate of Columbia University. In addition to one-act plays, he has written short stories, and one or two longer plays. The tendency is to consider any author as a literary man first, last, and all the time. When one thinks of a poet, for example, one feels that here, probably, was a man who went about with pencil and paper seeking occasions upon which to write a poem. This is not the fact, however, particularly nowadays; since authors have usually been fully alive to the workaday world. Mr. Wilde, for one, is a versatile person. During the World War, he served in our navy first as chief machinist's mate and later as ensign; and he invented

for the airplane compass several devices that have been adopted by the United States Navy.

After the war he went to live in Sharon, Connecticut, where he has again concentrated upon writing one-act plays — not, he says, as a side line, as so many authors do, but purely for the love of this form of drama.

Other plays of Mr. Wilde's that will interest young people are *The Unseen Host*, *The Dyspeptic Ogre*, and *Reverie*; and there are several more in his collected volumes.

The Stolen Prince

Mr. Totheroh wrote *The Stolen Prince* after seeing some highly amusing and colorful performances in the Chinese theater in San Francisco, his home city. Plays of the type commended themselves to him, he tells us, as according actors more freedom to use their imagination than is possible in the closely knit Occidental plays with which we are more familiar. Plays in the Chinese manner written by other dramatists include Hazelton and Benrimo's *The Yellow Jacket*, Margaret Scott Oliver's *The Turtle Dove*, and Ruth Comfort Mitchell's *The Sweetmeat Game*: and like *The Stolen Prince* these offer young people abundant opportunity for freedom in expression.

Mr. Totheroh has written various other short plays for young people, among which may be mentioned *A Tune of a Tune*, and *The Widdy's Mite*, both of which were printed in *The Drama*.

Some years ago with his one-act play *In the Darkness*, Mr. Totheroh won the prize in a contest conducted by the United Neighborhood Houses; and in 1925 he produced, in New York City, a three-act tragedy, *Wild Birds*, which was also a prize-winning play in a contest for California playwrights.

The End of the Rainbow

This little sketch demands so little in the way of definite scenery that it has been given under most varying conditions: at the Brinckerhoff Theatre at Columbia University; out of doors at Camp Red Wing at Adirondack-on-Schroon; in hotel parlors by the Ruth Fielding Child Players; and as a puppet show by the Marionette Club of Indianapolis.

Opportunity will be found for introducing a dance either by Will o' the Wisp alone or accompanied by elves or other creatures from faëry land.

Excerpts from Mendelssohn's music for *A Midsummer Night's*

Dream will be appropriate. A portion of the Overture might precede the rising of the curtain. At the entrance of Will o' the Wisp, the first twenty or thirty measures might be repeated or some other extract from the work be inserted. After Will o' the Wisp's exit, during Pierrette's slumber, might be played the Notturno which Mendelssohn wrote to follow the third act of Shakespeare's comedy, and at the closing curtain either the last five, or the last fourteen and a half, measures of the Overture. Or instead of the Mendelssohn music, bits from MacDowell's *Fireside Tales* and Chaminade's *Pierrette* may be introduced. Orchestral records of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture and the Notturno have been published as orchestral records by the Victor Company.

The "interval of darkness" is of course not essential, but a fancy dance or appropriate music should be introduced at the point where the suggestion of a lapse of time is desirable.

Mr. Webber has written other one-act plays, including *The Golden Arrow*, and *Frances and Francis* (both published by the Walter H. Baker Company, Boston). During several recent summer seasons he has played with the Stuart Walker companies in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Dayton.

The Princess on the Road

In many plays printed for a reading public, the stage directions are ideal rather than actual. In *The Princess on the Road*, for instance, the pond with ducks splashing about therein is patently impracticable; and the cottages, painted either as set-pieces or on the back-drop, are not essential. It may be well, however, to have some suggestion of a fence and hedge.

The market-cross may be fashioned from six by six timber and should look old and weather-beaten, and the transverse arms may be missing. The stage-picture will be effective if this cross be upon a platform perhaps a foot above the stage.

While the Princess goes into the cottage to get the cup of milk, the Child is left alone. To avoid the awkwardness of a stage-wait, the Princess may drop some of her posies as she goes out, and the Child may busy herself with them until the Princess's return.

The juggling of the apples presents an apparent difficulty. Unless the performer of the part of the Princess is an expert, capable of fulfilling the stage directions literally, this juggling

must be "faked." This is best done by surrounding the Princess by the crowd in such a way that she and one or two assistants are quite concealed from the audience. Each one then tosses a single apple at regular intervals above the heads of the crowd and the audience learns from their shouts what is supposed to be going on.

At the end of the play, the horse, of course, does not appear, but only the rear of the market-cart.

There is a flavor of J. M. Barrie in each of Miss Greene's plays. *The Princess on the Road* reminds one of certain touches in *The Little Minister*; and *The Little Boy Out of the Wood* is a bit in the same vein as *Peter Pan*.

Good-Night, Babette!

This tiny play may be used as a sort of interlude between longer plays or as an epilogue to an evening's programme.

The entire piece has been set to music as an operetta by Liza Lehmann.

The melody for Babette's Song on the following page is that used at the performance at Columbia University in 1925.

Austin Dobson (1840-1921) was an English poet and man of letters. His parents intended him to be a civil engineer, but his life was spent largely as an official of the Board of Trade, and in literary work. His lyrics, such as *Vignettes in Rhyme*, and *Proverbs in Porcelain* are inimitable in their artistic finish and grace of fancy. Many of them are full of the atmosphere of Queen Anne's time, a period to which he devoted several volumes of essays, — *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, and others. Mr. Dobson wrote also charming biographies of Hogarth, Fielding, Steele, Goldsmith, and other literary notables.

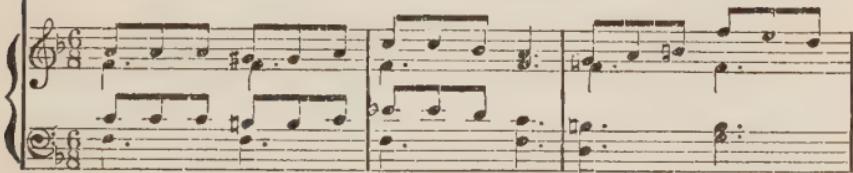
To Dust Returning

This piece may be staged effectively with nothing but draperies for scenery. These may be either black or green flannel, denim, or sateen. The sun dial may be a plaster pedestal from which a bust has been removed, with an upright gilded pointer as of a dial set thereon. If it can be up on a little platform say about four by four in breadth, and six or eight inches high, it will make an effective place for the Jester to stand. There might also be a bench for the King to sit upon during the scene in which the crowd appeals to the Jester. It is not doing violence to the

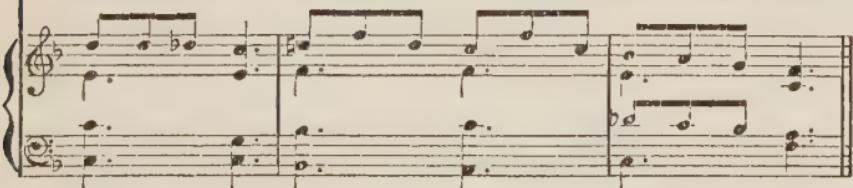
BABETTE'S SONG.



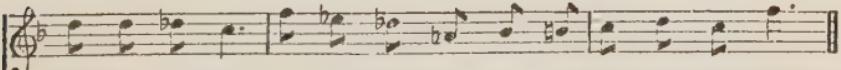
1. Once at the An - ge - lus (Ere I was dead), An-gels all glo - ri - ous
2. One was the Friend I left Stark in the snow; One was the Wife that died



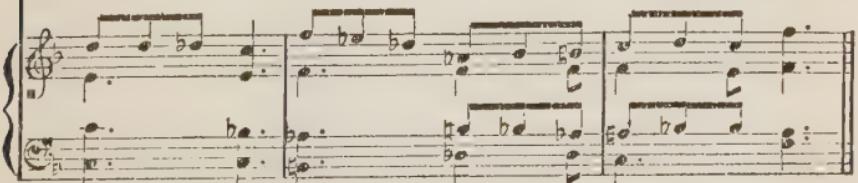
Came to my bed; An-gels in blue and white Crown'd on the head.
Long, long a - go; One was the love I lost. How could she know?



3. One had my mother's eyes, Wist-ful and mild; One had my father's face;



One was a child. All of them bent to me, Bent down and smiled.



blank verse to have the Crowd shout "Fool! Fool!" more than once. In any case don't let the shouts be given with the mechanical precision of the "omnes" of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera!

When the crowd is on, get an effective grouping. If the King sits up stage right, and the mob enters from the left, the Girl may pass over to the King, as she addresses him, and others may follow her to that side. It will probably be well to have them grouped, forming, but not too regularly, the sides of a triangle with the Fool at the apex. Let there be some reaction from both King and Crowd at the last line: perhaps a slight recoil from the Crowd, with a sighing "Ah," barely whispered with an intake of the breath; perhaps the King, who has risen, sinks back on the seat. Still another possibility is for the King to hand the Jester his crown.

In the year following her graduation from Smith College, Anna Hempstead Branch won the first of the prizes offered by *The Century Magazine* for poems by college graduates. Since then she has been a frequent contributor to various periodicals, and has published several volumes of collected poems and plays. A professional company first produced her play, *Rose of the Wind*, in New York in 1907 and 1908; while *The Shoes that Danced* has always been popular with amateurs throughout the country. Among her poems that particularly appeal to young people may be named *A Foreign Tongue*, *Wealth*, *The Monk in the Kitchen*, and *An Unbeliever*. In addition to her literary life, Miss Branch is an enthusiastic participant in settlement work in New York City. Her home is in New London, Connecticut.

The Travelling Man

Lady Gregory knows Irish life, from bottom to top, as few Irishwomen and few Irishmen of our day know it; and in her plays she presents Irish life, particularly village life, with fidelity to human nature, and in the racy dialect of the country. Her plays range from genuine comedies to poignant tragedies, and include *The Rising of the Moon*, *Hyacinth Halvey*, *The Workhouse Ward*, *The Gaol Gate*, and others. In addition to these one-act plays for the Irish Players, of the Abbey Theater, Dublin, Lady Gregory has published her own versions of the folk-tales, legends, and romances told in the ancient Irish sagas. She is active also in the work of several societies whose aim is the betterment of the social or political status of the Irish people.

Lady Gregory was born at Roxborough, County Galway, Ireland, in 1859; and unlike most successful dramatists began writing for the stage comparatively late in life, her first play appearing in 1904.

The Shutting o' the Door

Even with so-called phonetic spelling, it is difficult to secure anything like a perfect rendition of dialect from those unfamiliar with the speech of the particular region represented in dialect plays. But even a few touches of rusticity may serve to create the atmosphere. As a matter of language training, however, some study of dialect is exceedingly helpful. "Some attention," it has been stated, "should be paid to dialect with a view to improving speech by developing some 'bi-lingual' faculty. Language sense will be increased, and speech and pronunciation improved more by a study of variants than by a categorical insistence upon 'right and wrong.'"

The Shutting o' the Door is based upon the old ballad, *Get Up and Bar the Door*. It is said that the story is one of a group common to French, Italian, German, Arabian, Turkish, and other literatures, all of which turn upon a penalty for speaking first, agreed upon with varying circumstances between husband and wife. It is interesting to trace the variations between the tale as told in the play and as told in the ballad, and to note the additions which the dramatist has thought fit to make.

Another widely popular story which would make a good play is the fairly modern ballad *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury*; and John Hay's ballad-poem *The Enchanted Shirt* offers the dramatist an amusing situation. Numerous other story-telling ballads and poems will occur to the reader as capable of ready adaptation into short plays.

The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies

Pupils at the Perse School, Cambridge, England, under the instruction — perhaps he would prefer to say "under the guidance" or "suggestion" — of H. Caldwell Cooke, have done some most interesting work in the creation of various forms of literature including short plays. Some of their pieces, together with an account of his methods (we fancy Mr. Cooke abhors the word) will be found in *The Perse School Play Books*. Another play done by the boys at the Perse School, *The Cottage on the Moor* will

be found in the present editors' *One-Act Plays for Secondary Schools*.

The gipsy camp-fire may be represented by a heap of wood with a colored electric bulb concealed in the midst of the pile of twigs and sticks. Strings of colored tissue paper made to stream upward by means of a blow-pipe will give the added effect of flames. The property-man at the local theater, on this, as on many points, will undoubtedly be ready to give advice.

The youthful dramatists of this play seem to have had an all too ready command of dialect. As in the case of *The Shutting o' the Door*, we should suggest that only such touches be used as may be needed to carry conviction; and surely, for the sake of clarity, some of the words and phrases must be translated into a tongue "understood" by the audience. To those unaccustomed to dialect, we may quote Mr. John Buchan's good advice — "read it aloud and slowly, and most of the difficulties will vanish."

In his book *English Folk-Song: Some Conclusions*, Mr. Cecil J. Sharp has this to say about the ballad used as the basis for this play: "Folk-songs and folk-dances, in days gone by played an important part in the social life of the villages of 'Merrie England.' That life is now waning, and with it are passing away the old traditions and customs. It is, happily, still possible, in out-of-the-way nooks and corners, to come upon peasant men and women old enough to remember the village life of sixty, seventy, or even eighty years ago; and they will sing to you the songs and explain to you the dances that, in their young days and on summer evenings were sung and danced on the village greens.

"The vision of the rustic is neither very wide nor very narrow. On the one hand, he is not attracted by subjects of large national interest, nor, on the other, by those which deal with his own private and family life. The domestic virtues he may or may not have; but he certainly does not sing about them.

"There is no song more popular with country singers all over England than 'The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies, O!' and this, probably, because it extols the healthful, open-air pleasures of the vagrant life, as against the enervating, smug, indoor life of the parlor."

The words and music of this song may be found in Sharp's *One Hundred English Folk-Songs*, published by the Oliver Ditson

Company. Somewhat similar stories are told by the Scottish ballads *Johny Faa*, and *The Gypsy Laddie*, printed in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.

Pyramus and Thisbe

The young people appearing in this piece should at an early stage of their study read *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or at least all of the scenes connected with the performance of this "very tragical mirth." Then, though they must seem to be performing with all seriousness, they should present the play as a burlesque of the tragic drama of Shakespeare's time. Nothing can be too incongruous or absurd either in costumes, make-up, properties, or acting to be introduced. Stage-waits, promptings, false entrances, the dead rising to their feet before they are concealed from the audience—all the errors of the veriest amateurs may have a place. There may even be "something the matter with the curtain."

Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a comedy in five acts into which, among other stories, is woven that of the amateur dramatic performance of the country yokels led by Bottom the weaver. *Pyramus and Thisbe* is the play given by this troupe before the Duke Theseus and Hippolyta, hero and heroine of Shakespeare's comedy. Three earlier scenes show the play in process first of casting, and then of rehearsing. These, perhaps, were suggested by rustic revels seen by Shakespeare in the vicinity of Stratford.

The classical story of Pyramus and Thisbe was doubtless quite familiar to the audiences of Queen Elizabeth's time. It is found in the works of the Roman poet Ovid, and is as follows: Pyramus was a youth of Babylon, in love with the maiden Thisbe. Since their homes were in adjoining houses, the two young people were able to converse through a hole in the wall. Quite without the knowledge of their parents, who opposed their marriage, a tryst at the tomb of Ninus was appointed. Here Thisbe, who reached the spot first, was frightened by a lion. In fleeing, she dropped her mantle which the lion seized and soiled with blood. When Pyramus arrived a moment later, he was convinced that Thisbe had been torn to pieces; and he thereupon killed himself under a mulberry tree. Thisbe, returning, found Pyramus dead and killed herself on the same spot. The fruit of the mulberry has since that time been blood-red. Shakespeare's burlesque of this

pretty love-story was no doubt as effective and popular with his audience as it is to-day.

Plays of Shakespeare's particularly suitable for production by amateurs are: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest*, and a miniature version of *Much Ado About Nothing*, published by Walter H. Baker Company. For invaluable suggestions consult Professor O. L. Hatcher's *A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants*.

Miss Burney at Court

In the same "bill" with this play, it will be interesting to perform *The Silver Lining*, a play by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, presenting an episode in the life of Fanny Burney some ten or more years previous to her attendance at Court. *The Silver Lining* will be found in *The Beau of Bath and Other One-Act Plays* by Miss Mackay, published by Henry Holt.

In 1778, Miss Fanny Burney, then twenty-six years of age, published the novel *Evelina*, which at once made the authoress famous. Her second novel *Cecilia* was equally successful, and for some years Miss Burney was one of the literary celebrities of England.

In 1786, Queen Charlotte, the consort of George III, offered her the post of Keeper of the Robes. Although it grieved Miss Burney to leave her family and her circle of friends to take up her residence at Windsor Palace, she gratefully accepted the honor conferred upon her, hoping that her connection with the Court would enable her to advance the fortunes of her father, Dr. Burney, a learned and accomplished musician. Miss Burney remained a member of the Queen's household for five years, during which time she kept a most entertaining diary, giving us delightful as well as true pictures of the life at Court.

For Miss Burney herself the life was far from pleasant. Though the royal couple, King George and Queen Charlotte, were exceedingly considerate, her duties were made very irksome by the almost unbelievable rudeness and unkindness of her German colleague, Mrs. Schwellenberg, the Senior Keeper of the Robes. In her diary and in her family letters Miss Burney gives Mrs. Schwellenberg the appropriate nickname of Cerbera. In spite of the indignities she was compelled to endure, Miss Burney's anxiety to secure the King's favor for her father made her unwilling to

retire, even though her friends protested that her health was giving way under the strain. She did, however, finally resign her post in 1791, receiving a pension from the Queen's own purse, and retaining the Queen's friendship throughout her life.

John Silver Off Duty

The only characters absolutely essential to the performance are Long John Silver, Captain Smollett, and the Author. The various interjections of the other personages may be omitted or given off-stage.

The boy playing Long John can give the impression of having lost one leg by strapping his ankle to a belt about his waist and by wearing a long, full-skirted coat. He will need some practice with a crutch, which should be a rather crude affair, fashioned by simply nailing a cross-piece to one end of a staff of the requisite length. The table at right centre and the back of the chair thereby may assist him during much of the scene.

Illustrated editions of *Treasure Island* and photographs of the professional performers in Goodman's dramatization (which may be obtained from White, Theatrical Photographer, New York) will prove of assistance in costuming and making-up Silver, Smollett, Livesey, and the various members of the crew, while pictures of Stevenson himself are, of course, readily available in many books and magazines.

Dramatists, like the writers of short stories and novels, often find that the characters whom they create actually "come to life." It is no uncommon experience for people who have no existence outside the covers of a book suddenly to take a situation or the construction of a plot wholly out of an author's hands, and to complete the story to suit themselves. Dickens was one of those, it is said, who frequently had little idea of what his men and women were going to do or to say next. And there is many another author who can recall times when the creations of his ink-bottle tiptoe into his study, watch his manuscript grow, and even voice the words that he sets down upon his paper.

Something of this sort happens in *John Silver Off Duty*; for here several of the leading characters in *Treasure Island* step out of the story and talk among themselves quite as actors in the greenroom might discuss the drama in which they were appearing. This play, with hardly more than an occasional stage direction, follows verbatim one of the little *Fables* at which Robert Louis Stevenson

occasionally tried his hand. It is rare indeed that anything written primarily for the reader, as this was, proves capable of being so readily made into a truly actable play.

The Little Boy Out of the Wood

As in the case of *The Prince of Stamboul*, the piping may be feigned, or, in stage-parlance, "faked." Have an expert flute player in the wings or somewhere off-stage. But be sure that the boy in the scene and the real performer synchronize; that is, be sure that the latter does not blow a note till the boy has his own pipe at his lips and that the boy does not lower his pipe while even a single note is played.

The Legend of Saint Dorothy

This play was composed originally as a marionette piece and in that toy-like form could be played without a break. When acted by persons instead of puppets, however, it would seem best to suggest a lapse of time by dropping the curtain for a moment at the two points indicated in the footnotes on pages 151 and 153.

Saint Dorothy, or Dorothea, was a Christian martyr, tortured and beheaded during the persecutions under the Roman emperor Diocletian, about 303 A.D. In the Roman Church, her festival is celebrated on February 6.

The story as told in Miss King's little play follows quite closely the version current for many centuries. Saint Dorothy is said miraculously to have sent roses and apples from paradise to Theophilus, a scoffing spectator of her martyrdom. This man was converted by this miracle, and himself met a martyr's death.

Saint Dorothy appears in *The Virgin Martyr*, a play by Messinger and Dekker (1622), and in manuscript legends, both poetry and prose, of which the earliest date back to 1447.

In the Good Green Wood

The first lines, intended to be sung by Alan-a-Dale, may be omitted.

After Friar Tuck makes his exit on page 162, it may prove effective to introduce *The Tinkers' Chorus*, a unison number from the opera *Robin Hood*, which can be procured separately from the full score of the opera of G. Schirmer, New York, or The Boston Music Company, Boston. To introduce the number, King Richard might say, "They tell me ye are choristers as well

as foresters. Come, Robin, give us a taste of your quality." Permission to use this selection should be asked of the music publishers.

At the end of the play avoid anything like "organized cheering." Let some repeat "Long live King Richard, long live King Richard," and others, "Aye, aye! Long live the King!"

If there is to be a curtain call — and it is seldom that amateurs lack enough indulgent friends not to warrant one — continue the cheering on stage unabated till the curtain has fallen for the very last time. To raise the curtain on a silent stage or to attempt to resume the cheering after it has once ceased will prove ineffective.

Robin Hood is a traditional English popular hero, said to have been born at Locksley, Nottinghamshire, about 1160; but whether he was actually an historical character, or merely a literary creation, will probably always be a matter of dispute. The original sources of the legends about him are the English Popular Ballads in which he so frequently appears. The only early historians who speak of him state that they have no information about him except what they derive from these ballads.

By some authorities, Robin Hood is believed to have been a great political leader, one of those yeomen who, under Edward II, joined the rebellion of the Earl of Lancaster. With the failure of this rebellion, all these men were ruined, and some were outlawed. Robin is said to have betaken himself to Sherwood Forest, where he lived until his death at nearly ninety years of age. Those writers who identify Robin Hood with the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon, and thus ascribe to him noble descent, are probably influenced by the mediæval idea that the great virtues existed only in persons of gentle birth.

On one point all accounts agree — that Robin Hood was a robber on principles of justice only; that he relieved the barons and the bishops of their ill-gotten gains merely that he might distribute them among the poor; that he was loyal to his king, but hated the aristocracy, and loved the Church, but despised her rich prelates. Justice and fair-dealing was always his cry, and he was ever ready to undertake the cause of any man who was put upon. Open-handed, tender-hearted, generous, brave, full of fun and of witty expedients when caught in a trap — he had in the rough all the virtues of a true English gentleman. He is more a flesh-and-blood hero than King Arthur, and, if popularity be any test, he may be considered his rival as the hero of English song.

There have been Robin Hood plays ever since there have been Robin Hood ballads. Some of them date back to 1475 or earlier; and dramatists of the present day, like Percy MacKaye in his *Kinfolk of Robin Hood*, give new life to a fascinating figure. The most popular Robin Hood ballads are to be found in Lucy Fitch Perkins's illustrated edition; while a more complete collection is contained in *The Oxford Book of Ballads*. Those that inspired Miss Cooke in writing *In the Good Green Wood* will readily be recognized.

The Lion's Whelp

Though the dramatist has put no words into the mouth of Father Milo as he and Tancred sit down to their meal, each should bless himself with the sign of the cross.

It may prove effective to have the tolling of a bell off-stage at the death of Brother Theobald. A long crow-bar properly suspended so that it will "ring," will give the proper sound.

Richard I, who reigned over England from 1189 to 1199, is a picturesque figure in history and in literature. Although a poor ruler, he was the ideal knight of the times — an active, generous man, but fierce and unrestrained. He was at his best — cheerful, self-sacrificing, full of resource — when campaigning in the Holy Land. So he appears in *The Talisman* of Sir Walter Scott, a novel in which the glamour of the Crusade is strikingly described, and in *Ivanhoe*, where, besides the glitter of the feudal system, we get some description of the life of the Saxon serf.

As one of the leaders of the Crusade of 1191, Richard took part in the capture of the city of Acre, in Syria. The armies failed, however, in their attempt upon Jerusalem, and soon left the Holy Land. Richard's ship was wrecked in the Adriatic, and he was imprisoned in Austria by authority of the Emperor Henry VI. The minstrel Blondel from England sang his way through Germany searching for King Richard; and having found his prison, cheered the King with singing outside the castle.

Richard did not get back to England till 1194, after the nation had, with the greatest difficulty, raised an enormous ransom for his release. He left England again in May, 1194, and never returned. Nearly all his remaining lifetime was spent in war against Philip Augustus of France, who had been encroaching on the frontier of Normandy. It was not in battle against France, however, that Richard fell. He was very avaricious, and when in

1199 his vassal the Viscount of Minoges found some gold plate in the ground, Richard claimed it. The Viscount refused, and so Richard besieged one of the Limousin castles, Chaluz. Before this stronghold, the King received his death-wound from the bolt of a cross-bow. It is well known how Richard generously pardoned the archer who had shot the fatal bolt. Before he died, the castle surrendered.

Benjamin Franklin: Journeyman

The author's suggestions for costumes are as follows:—

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Travel-stained suit of dark-brown, guiltless of braid or ruffles, coat and knee-breeches being of the same color. The material either of corduroy or homespun (woolen). A white vest flowered with brown roses. A white neckcloth. Black stockings. Low black shoes. A three-cornered black hat, which he carries under his arm. Hair worn long and unpowdered.

ROGER BURCHARD. Coat and knee-breeches of the same style as Franklin's, made of homespun, and Quaker-gray in color. A Quaker-gray vest. White neckcloth. Gray stockings. Low black shoes with silver buckles. Unpowdered hair.

ELIZABETH BURCHARD. Dress of gray satin, simply made, with a crossed kerchief of snowy white lawn. Gray stockings. Gray slippers with silver buckles. Hair worn simply, and unpowdered. (Gray glazed cambric for her dress if satin cannot be had.)

DEBORAH READ. Quilted petticoat of pale-blue satin. Colonial overdress and bodice of white, brocaded with pale-blue roses. Fichu of white lawn. Black picture hat with black plume. Black cloth cloak lined in pale-blue. Black stockings. Low black shoes with gold buckles. Unpowdered hair, worn pompadour. (If satin and brocade cannot be had, have blue glazed muslin and cretonne instead. Or flowered muslin worn over a white dress.) Black patches. Black velvet ribbon at neck. White lace mitts, or black gloves coming to the elbow.

WILLIAM. Maroon suit, of a heavy woolen material. Gold buttons down the front and two in back. Cream-colored vest. Neither braiding nor ruffles. Black stockings. Low black shoes without buckles. A white neckcloth. Unpowdered hair worn in a cue.

Constance D'Arcy Mackay's interest in the theater began with

the toy stage on which as a child she mounted fairy plays composed by herself and acted with cardboard players. This interest was stimulated by reading Miss Alcott's *Little Women* — in which is the play-acting "Jo" — and by poring over the wonderful costumes in an illustrated edition of Guizot's *History of France*. Years later, at Boston University, Miss Mackay studied dramatic criticism and wrote plays; and these courses have borne rich fruit in her subsequent career as author and producer of plays both short and long. Miss Mackay has written also numerous textbooks and magazine articles, helpful to all students and directors of the drama. In 1923 she married Mr. Roland Holt, a member of the firm which publishes her books, and himself an authority upon various matters dealing with the theater.

No one has written short plays that are more popular with young people than are those of Miss Mackay's; and it is difficult to single out any few from fifty or more as the ones that will best repay reading. *The Beau of Bath*, however, may be commended as one type of her work; and *The House of the Heart*, *The Silver Thread*, and *The Pageant of Patriots*, as others. Further titles are given in the lists on pages 297–313 of this book.

The Boston Tea Party

The author's suggestions for costumes are as follows: —

RICHARD STOCKTON. Coat and knee-breeches of dull-blue cloth. Loose white shirt. Soft white collar turned down on his coat. Black stockings. Low black shoes. Unpowdered hair.

JOHN COREY. Suit of the same fashion as Stockton's, made of black cloth. All the lads, unless otherwise indicated, wear low black shoes, black stockings, and have unpowdered hair. But if the wigs of longish natural hair which they should wear are too expensive, then they may have powdered wigs made of white cotton batting stitched to tight-fitting white skull-caps.

NED PEABODY. Suit of same style in dark-brown.

PHIL AMESBURY. Suit of same style in somewhat shabby black velvet, with black braiding. It is evident that the suit has been "handed down" to him.

JEFFERSON WINWOOD. Suit of same style in slate-gray, with buttons and pockets of cobalt blue.

FRANK WHARTON. Suit of very dark green. Green buttons. Has a black cloak, and a black three-cornered hat.

THOMAS RIGBY. Well-worn suit of dark plum-color. Plum-colored waistcoat. Gold buttons on it. White shirt with full

soft sleeves. A white stock. Black stockings. Low black shoes.

PENROSE. Scarlet jacket with gold buttons and epaulets. White broadcloth breeches tucked into high topboots. White vest. Lace stock. Lace wrist ruffles. Scarlet cloak with gold braiding. Carries a sword.

MARSH. The same as Penrose. Carries no sword when he comes in a second time.

If "The Younger Sons of Freedom" cannot obtain suits of the colors described, let them wear the usual boys' coats with Colonial pockets basted on, and let them have full knee-breeches, such as those of gymnasium suits. For older boys who play the parts, black evening suits, the coats shaped and basted back to resemble Colonial coats. White lace stocks and cravats, and lace wrist ruffles, and jabots.

The Little King

The singing of the bird may be done off-stage by the means of a bird-call which is used by the "trap-drummer" in orchestras and which may be purchased from any dealer in musical instruments. The piping of "The March of the King" must be performed on the flute, also off-stage. Toy-shops can supply the imitation birds to go in the cage.

The French Revolution took place between the years 1789 and 1794, thus following quite closely our own War of Independence. The principal cause of the French Revolution was the bitter discontent of the commercial classes in the cities and of the peasantry in the country — a discontent due to the unlimited power of King Louis XVI, the unfair privileges given the nobility, and the unequal and absurd system of taxation. The chief leaders of the French Revolution included Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre, who excited the people to some of the most terrible deeds in modern history. The Christian religion was set aside, and the worship of Reason substituted; the King and the Queen were put to death; and hundreds of thousands of people were massacred.

Awful as its events were, the French Revolution led to good results in later years, although its violent methods cannot be too much deplored. The story is too long and too dreadful to be told here; but the historical setting of *The Little King* must be referred to briefly, because without some appreciation of it young people will not understand the brutality shown by the characters in this

play. Suffice it to say that these people talk and act quite as did many who lived in those grim times.

Mr. Bynner bases his play upon events which really happened. There are different versions of the tale, and the saddest one, unfortunately, is the truest. The cruel neglect of the Dauphin, otherwise called Louis XVII, is one of the foulest blots upon the Revolution. The "Little King" of this play, was the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. He had been proclaimed king by the royalists upon the execution of his father and mother in 1793; but his enemies influenced the Convention — the legislative assembly set up by the revolutionists after they abolished royalty — to send him to be brought up by a vulgar brute named Simon, a cobbler. This man dressed the Prince like a pauper, in coarse jacket and red cap (the latter the symbol of the revolutionists), forced him to drink intoxicating liquor, and to repeat revolutionary ballads. In a few months the delicate lad became hopelessly ill. His inhuman jailer locked him in an upper room of his house; and here, without fire, without candle, and well-nigh without food, the little Prince lingered until June, 1795, when he died. He was then only ten years old.

There is a tradition, unsupported by fact, that the Prince was rescued by his friends and escaped to England, a half-witted boy being left with the jailer. Another tradition is that to the proposal of putting a double in his place, Louis, as in the play, replied with an indignant refusal, thus disposing of the opportunity to secure his freedom and to lead a counter-revolution toward obtaining his throne.

Mr. Bynner is a graduate of Harvard, and well known as a playwright and poet. In recent years he has lived much in China, engaged in the translation of Chinese poetry into English. He comes of a literary family, being a nephew of Edwin Lassetter Bynner, the author of *Agnes Surriage* and other novels.

V. PLAY-WRITING

Always have there been and always will there be boys and girls trying to write plays. In *The Story of a Bad Boy*, we read how Tom Bailey, of Portsmouth, and his young companions enacted (with what dire results at the tenth performance!) *William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland*; and the author tells also of the difficulties of producing — how it often took the united efforts of the Prince of Denmark, the

King, the gravedigger, with an occasional hand from "the fair Ophelia," to raise the bit of green cambric which served as a curtain. As to the plays themselves, we may infer that — if not the version of *Hamlet* used by the youthful players, nor of *William Tell* — yet some of the dramas presented must have been largely the concoction of the future poet and dramatist Aldrich. On the other side of Boston, in the Concord days, which she states were the happiest in her life, the future novelist Louisa M. Alcott was playing with her sisters such pieces of her own composition as *Norna, or the Witch's Curse*, *The Unloved Wife*, or *Woman's Faith*, and *The Captive of Castille, or the Moorish Maiden's Vow*. These interesting but crude attempts make us wonder what the school-girl dramatist might have brought forth had boys and girls in those days been encouraged to study and practice, though ever so little, the art of play-writing, in connection with their school work.

Certainly at the present day, just as boys and girls are composing verses quite worthy of publication in their school journals,¹ so, too, both in England and in America they are composing plays that prove not only interesting for reading, but effective for acting. Two examples of work done by school-boys are included in this volume; namely, *The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies*, written by members of an English school, and *The Lion's Whelp*, written by George R. Leighton while a school-boy at an American academy. Another play of Mr. Leighton's — *Solemn Pride*, printed in the present editors' *One-Act Plays* — has already proved its merit.

But to the teacher who fears that play-writing is not adapted to the needs of the numerous rank and file of his pupils who will never produce playlets worthy of publication even in their modest school journals, we should say that the creation of short plays may be regarded merely as "a secondary consideration for another and primary object." That object is at once suggested by Mr. H. Cald-

¹ Witness *Glimpses, a National Anthology of Secondary School Verse*, edited by Principal Paul Sumner Nickerson,

well Cooke in *The Perse School Play Book*, No. 3: "If then a boy is to gain a thorough appreciation of poetry, to understand its worth as an art in its relation to life, he must himself try to be a poet."

The first steps in preparing to write plays may well be a reading and analysis of some of the plays in the present collection, according to the suggestions given on pages 239-242.

The second may be to find "a dramatic situation which has possibilities of some strong effect." This will be discovered in family traditions, in local history, in anecdotes and stories such as we constantly hear from those about us, and in countless incidents related in the daily press. Still more obvious, because already set in sharp light by an artist, may be some story which already has a place in literature. For instance, in Franklin's *Autobiography*, the pupil reads of the young printer's relations with his employer Keimer: "He grew by degrees less civil, put on more of the master, frequently found fault, was captious, and seemed ready for an outbreaking. . . . At length a trifle snapped our connections; for, a great noise happening near the court-house, I put my head out of the window to see what was the matter. Keimer, being in the street, looked up and saw me, called out to me in a loud voice and angry tone to mind my own business. . . . He came up immediately into the printing-house, continued the quarrel, gave me the quarter's warning we had stipulated, expressing a wish that he had not been obliged to so long a warning."

Using this quarrel as the dramatic situation, gathering other material from the *Autobiography*, and working both backward and forward from the "situation," the schoolboy dramatist evolves the little play, *Franklin's Vindication*, which we print in the following pages.

FRANKLIN'S VINDICATION

BY DUGALD W. CAMPBELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FRANKLIN, a journeyman printer employed by Keimer.
KEIMER, proprietor of a printing establishment.
MEREDITH, a pressman
RYAN, another pressman } employees of Keimer.
WEBB, a compositor
HARDY, a lawyer.

SCENE: A room in Keimer's printing establishment in Philadelphia.**TIME:** The summer of 1727.

SETTING: A small square room with two windows in rear and a narrow door, up right. In rear, between the windows, is a high desk with an inkwell, a quill pen, a knife, and a few papers on it. Under desk is a water jug and a pail of ink. Up right, is a case containing type, and in front of it is a high stool. Down right is a bench with a pile of paper on it. On left at center is a small wooden press of the pattern in use at the time.

Franklin is standing at desk, in rear, writing. Meredith and Ryan are working at press. Webb is at case, up right, setting type.

MEREDITH [walking over to Franklin]. How shall we print this report of the Philadelphia Board of Trade, sir?¹

FRANKLIN. Use double small pica type, printing forty lines to a page, and make one hundred copies. On the heading, use double pica type and for the title, canon. When you have set the type, run off one copy and I'll proofread it before you proceed.

MEREDITH. All right, sir. [He takes paper to Webb and addresses him.] Set this report in double small pica, Webb, using double pica for paragraph headings and canon for titles.

[Webb takes paper and starts to work composing it. Meredith returns to press and, together with Ryan, prints a few copies of a leaflet. Franklin continues writing at desk.]

MEREDITH [to Ryan]. I don't see what reason Keimer can have for being so rude to Franklin whenever he comes in. Every time he speaks to him, he either insults him or passes some sarcastic remark. Franklin very seldom receives a civil answer to any of the questions he asks.

RYAN. I can't understand it, either. This morning, just before you came down, Keimer came in and tried to find fault with everything; the printing wasn't clear enough for one thing; the shop was too dirty for

¹ Our youthful dramatist has fallen into an error into which Mr. Percival Wilde tells us he fell in his early piece, *A Question of Morality*. The characters are not immediately identified. Meredith addresses Franklin as "Sir," and Franklin fails to reveal the name of Meredith. This mistake continues throughout the play. But, as Mr. Wilde says, "Its remedy is as obvious as the error."

another; and there was too much time being wasted. This shop has improved all around since Franklin took charge; the printing is much neater and clearer; the work is done faster; the men understand the work and really know what they are doing; the amount of business has increased; and still Keimer is not satisfied.

MEREDITH. You know, Franklin has been receiving good pay for managing the shop and I've been wondering if that is the reason for Keimer behaving in such a way. I suppose he thinks that we can run the shop ourselves; and if he can get rid of Franklin, it means so much off the expense account, and Keimer will have just that much more to spend for drink. Franklin has taught us practically all we know about printing, and it is not fair to him to be discharged after what he has done, both for Keimer and for us. It's the way of the world though; so I don't suppose it does any good for us to talk about it.

RYAN. Keimer is not the man to regard it in that way. He is always looking out for his own interests and doesn't care what happens to other people.

[*Just then shouts of "Leave that hoop alone!" "Get out of here!" "Who's afraid? Take that!" are heard outside.*]

Franklin, Meredith, and Ryan go to the windows and look out.]

RYAN. Webb, come over here and see the fight. There are two youngsters, who are having a battle royal out in the street.

[*Webb goes to window.*]

FRANKLIN [*to boys outside*]. Boys, don't you know that it isn't seemly to fight like that? If you have any differences, settle them by some peaceful means, rather than in such an ungentlemanly way.

[*The door opens and Keimer enters. He stands a few minutes without speaking. The men hear him as he enters and they turn from the windows. When they see who it is, they return to their work, but Keimer stops them.*]

KEIMER [*angrily*]. Just wait a minute. This is the way you spend your time while you are supposed to be working for me, is it? Here I am paying you to work and you are watching two boys quarreling in the street. I've stood enough of this from everyone of you and I don't propose to stand any more of it. [Turning to Franklin.] You had better have a care, my young man, for I am just about through with you. When I hired you, it was with the understanding that I was getting an efficient workman, who always attended to what he had to do. Here I find you looking out of the window at this fight, instead of attending to your work. I'm not going to stand it much longer.

FRANKLIN [*quietly*]. You have been treating me in a way that is altogether too degrading for me. I can't understand your motive. I have rendered you efficient service while I have been in your employment and have worked the best I know how. You have treated me like a dog quite a number of times, lately, and have poured your wrath upon me when you had no occasion for it. You know what kind of work was

being done here and what the conditions were and you also can see the great change that has taken place. Still you seem to be against me for some reason or other, so I think the best thing I can do is to resign. I will leave immediately.

[*He goes to wall and takes his coat off a hook and is putting it on when Hardy, the lawyer, enters.*]

HARDY. Is Mr. Keimer here?

KEIMER [*stepping forward*]. Yes, sir, right here.

HARDY. I have come to notify you that Messrs. Bramwell and Hudson, my clients, have decided to foreclose the mortgage they hold on this store. As you are well aware, it has been due for some time and, as my clients understand that you have been spending the money that you have earned rather than trying to clean up this debt, they decided to foreclose when they had the opportunity of receiving full value. I have made out all the necessary legal documents and have them with me, so this matter can be cleared up in a few minutes. If you will sign these papers now, I shall be very grateful to you.

[*He and Keimer both go to desk and Keimer takes pen and signs the papers.*]

HARDY [*to Webb and Ryan*]. Will you two gentlemen please come over here and sign these papers as witnesses?

[*They both go over to desk and sign the papers.*]

HARDY [*turning to Franklin*]. I have the honor of informing you that you are now in complete charge of this shop. I think my clients have made a wise choice in selecting you to conduct the business for them and I know you will make a success of it.

FRANKLIN [*quite taken by surprise, but rising to the occasion*]. Thank you, sir. I shall endeavor to do my best.

[*They both shake hands. Keimer slowly exits while the men are shaking hands with Franklin and while the curtain is descending.*]

Another pupil, without attempting to dramatize the whole ballad, takes from Stevenson's *Ticonderoga* the dramatic situation of a man's discovering that he has pledged protection to his brother's murderer; and the result is the play *Sir Roderick's Promise*. (See pages 268-270.)

PLAY-WRITING

SIR RODERICK'S PROMISE

BY IVAN C. SMITH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SIR RODERICK McCLELLAN.

RICHARD CAMERON.

SIR JOHN HALLIDAY, *Laird of Cucudbright and cousin to Sir Roderick.*JAMIE, *Sir Roderick's henchman.*SCENE: *Home of Sir Roderick McClellan; a living-room.*TIME: *Early evening in March, 1770.*

SETTING: At left is a large, open fireplace with crackling fire and heavy brass andirons. Over the fireplace is hung the head of a stag, with gun and bow and quiver of arrows hung below. Around the walls are shields and swords; and in one corner is a full suit of armor; in the other, a spacious closet. On the carved table in the center are riding spurs and a pair of holsters, with pistols, and four silver candle-sticks with candles. There are doors at left and back of stage and windows at right and back. The doors are of massive walnut. About the room are heavy chairs and skin rugs lie on the floor. Around the walls are hung engravings of coats-of-arms and portraits and battle and chase scenes.

As the curtain rises Sir Roderick McClellan is discovered seated in front of the fire smoking and gazing absently into the glowing embers.

SIR RODERICK [to himself, looking at watch]. Where can Malcolm be? It's now a quarter to nine and he said he would be back at eight sharp! 'Tis strange, but I suppose he stopped in to call on the Fitzgerald lass; he is ever there.

[Enter Richard Cameron by door up-stage; stands for a few moments gazing at Sir Roderick, who has not heard him enter; walks up to him and lays hand on his shoulder.]

RICHARD. How now, Sir Roderick, and how are you this fine evening?

SIR RODERICK [jumping to his feet in surprise]. Greetings, Richard! What brings you here at this hour? Have you seen aught of my brother?

RICHARD. I saw him at six this afternoon; but I have come to see you on an important matter. Have you the time; or, if not, canst do the favor for me to make it, as the matter is indeed pressing?

SIR RODERICK. Speak on, Richard. Is your father, the laird, ill? You know my horses are at your disposal in such a case. But be seated; and if I can be of aid to you, I am willing.

[Pulls another chair to the fire. They both sit.]

RICHARD. I have come to put myself under your protection, an you will, my lord. I have your protection in any matter?

SIR RODERICK [quickly]. Even so. Say on, Friend Richard; my full protection is granted you.

RICHARD [*musing for a moment and gazing at the fire; then rising, paces the floor, stopping with his hand on the pistols on the table.*] I have killed a man and that same man is your brother, Malcolm McClellan.

[*Sir Roderick jumps up quickly and reaches for the pistols which lay on the table, but Richard quickly seizes them.*]

RICHARD. I have your protection, my lord. You would go back on your word?

SIR RODERICK [*sinking into chair again*]. You dog!... You tricked me into this;... but what's done is done.... I'll not go back on my word, Richard; you have my protection, granted with an ill-will, but nevertheless granted. What can I do? Where is my brother? You and he never agreed; but I never thought it would come to this. Poor, poor Malcolm! poor Malcolm!

RICHARD. I must act quickly. With your assistance I may be able to escape. The road is clear; your horse, a fast one; and the night, dark. Jamie can accompany me, for he alone knows the trail past Locernbern Castle.

SIR RODERICK. Do the McClellans know of your deed?

RICHARD. Yes, Sir John Halliday, Laird of Cucudbright, saw the flash of the pistol and came at once; but I fled past the old fen and came here.

SIR RODERICK. Then it will be almost impossible to ride past Locernbern, for John will come that way with such of our clan as he can collect.

RICHARD. But if I go by way of the Frothingham road, I can come more directly to the Cameron country, and there among my own clan, I shall be safe.

SIR RODERICK. That is right; but you must go at once if you would escape with your life. Ride fast and Jamie will guide you along the road. [*Calling off stage:*] James! If you come in contact with any of the troop that is with John Halliday, don't shoot. Run or hide. If you shoot, it will attract the attention of the whole land. Now go at once.

[*Enter Jamie, at door on right.*]

Jamie, bring the whiskey and water and then saddle the two mares at once. Stay, bring two reaming swats of ale; that will be better this cauld evening.

RICHARD [*drinking the ale*]. This is indeed good nappy, my lord. [*To James, who is leaving the room.*] You well know the road past Locernbern, James?

JAMIE. Aye, my Lord Richard; I know it right well. Many times ha' my Lord Malcolm and I —

SIR RODERICK [*interrupting*]. Enough! Make haste, James.

[*Exit Jamie hurriedly.*]

RICHARD. Sir John will be here anon and you must guide him down the road toward the laird's.

SIR RODERICK. That is all; I'll take care of that.

[*Re-enter Jamie.*]

Here is Jamie with the mounts; go out the rear way. [Exit Jamie.]
RICHARD. I thank you, Friend Roderick, with all my heart.

SIR RODERICK. Enough! Go at once, or ye may not ha' the chance again.
RICHARD. Good-night.

SIR RODERICK. Fare-thee-well. Ride fast and long this night and be well in your own country before morning, never to return to my house again.

[Just as Richard closes the door behind himself a shot crashes through the window and buries itself in the closed door. There are sounds of horsemen and shouts of "Here he is! Here he is!" in front of the house. Then Sir John Halliday opens the door and enters, followed by several of the clan.]

SIR JOHN. Richard, Richard! Where has he gone? Dost know that he slew thy brother by foul means this afternoon?

SIR RODERICK [jumping to his feet in feigned surprise]. He slew my brother? After him, men! He has just started down the road toward the laird's with James. He said his father was about to die and he borrowed the mare and said he would send James on to Frothingham to get the doctor and he would ask help of the laird.

SIR JOHN [excitedly]. He lies! He lies! He has borrowed the mare to escape. What's that!

[Shot and shouts of "We've got the dog!" from the men outside. Sir John and the men that followed him in rush out.]

SIR RODERICK [walking restlessly up and down]. They've got the dog; they've got the dog, and before he had gone half a league.

[Re-enter Sir John and some of the men carrying Richard.]

SIR JOHN. He's not dead; 'tis a pity, he's not, Cousin Roderick.

RICHARD [opening his eyes]. They got me, Roderick . . . with a ball in the head as I turned in the lane. . . . I thank you ne'ertheless.

SIR RODERICK [very slowly and hesitatingly]. Slain by foul means, Sir Richard?

RICHARD. 'Tis true. . . . I shot when he saw me not. . . . Fare-thee-well, good Sir Roderick, . . . I thank thee. . . . Wilt not give me thy hand?

[Sir Roderick hesitates; then slowly gives his hand as Richard breathes his last. Sir John and others stand amazed.]

CURTAIN

Still a third pupil, after hearing the teacher read aloud Dunsany's *A Night at an Inn*, produces a play which is so far from being a plagiarism that perhaps only the teacher and the boy's classmates would realize that the Dunsany play was the inspiration of *The Silver Fan*.

THE SILVER FAN

BY LINCOLN E. KIRSTEIN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE GRAND LAMA OF LHASA IN THIBET.**A HIGH PRIEST.****MR. JAMES GRANBY**, *curator of Thibetan art at the National Museum.*
JORRICKS, *his assistant.***MR. OTTO GLOCK**, *vice-president of the Imperial Museum, Berlin.*
Two Thibetan guards.

SCENE: *The scene is laid in the inner sanctuary of the temple of Buddha, in Lhasa, which is in Thibet. At the back of the stage is a large altar. Steps lead up to it from either side of the stage. In the middle of the altar is a huge idol, representing Buddha. A large silver fan is fixed over the statue's head. Two massive red pillars, decorated with carvings, hold up the roof. The ceiling is low and slants upward. Screens, jars and silk tapestries are hung on the wall. Doors at right and left.*

When the curtain rises, the Grand Lama, an impressive-looking man, with a long beard, is praying before the altar. He soon finishes and strikes a large brass gong, hanging from the wall. A tall, ascetic-looking man enters from the left and bows low before the Grand Lama. This man is the High Priest.

THE GRAND LAMA. I threw sandalwood into the incense pot. It burned fitfully; strange things are about to happen, my priest, strange things!

THE HIGH PRIEST. Aye, master, strange and curious things. Just now the messenger you had sent to India returned. He brings news of Englishmen who dare to wish to see our holy city. And what is more —

THE GRAND LAMA. Again! I thought the news of the last expedition had sufficiently scared the despoilers. If they come, they will be killed just as the others have been killed. But speak on.

THE HIGH PRIEST. And what is more, master, it is reported that they come to steal the sacred silver fan — the silver fan of Buddha, our sovereign lord.

THE GRAND LAMA. To steal our fan, the trust of the blessed? If they come, they will never return. But say, is all in readiness for the evening's ceremonies? — have enough candles been procured?

THE HIGH PRIEST. Nay, master. But I go to order the chandler to supply new ones immediately.

THE GRAND LAMA. 'Tis well. Now close the doors and bar them well. Let no one but the candle dealer in here before sunset.

[*He goes out at the left and the High Priest bows low. After the High Priest has fixed the doors, he also goes. A pause, then a noise is heard from the direction of the altar. Suddenly the idol is moved and falls stiffly on its back, revealing a little trap-door. A man's head appears.]*

THE HEAD [*which talks in a low voice*]. Jorricks, I say Jorricks. It's turned out fine. Why, here we are! [*The man who owns the head rises out of the passage and stands on the altar.*] Come on, man, it's all right.

[*The person, who is Granby, helps Jorricks, a fat little man, upon the altar with him. Each is dressed in white silk, with a baggy shirt and trousers and a tall conical hat trimmed with black.*]

JORRICKS [*wiping his forehead*]. Yes, yes — My word! It seems good to hear the voice of an honest Englishman, instead of the choctaw of these silly heathen.

GRANBY [*after stepping down from the altar*]. Well, old fellow, just what do you think you are here for? — sort of in the dark I suppose.

JORRICKS [*looking about*]. R-a-ther! I have been wondering night and day why in the name of God or the Devil, did you have me up into this forsaken hole!

GRANBY. Remember the day I left you in London? [*Jorricks nods*] — well, of course you know I set out for India — And, as you didn't hear from me, you set out after me. On the day I bumped into you in Bombay I couldn't speak to you, as a spy was following us. He came from the Grand Lama and has been stalking us ever since. That's the reason I couldn't speak to you before now. Then —.

JORRICKS. That's all very well; I could have suspected as much, but what, I ask you, have you brought me up here for?

GRANBY. To go on. The Marquis of Chamton has offered a prize of a thousand pounds to the party finding the silver fan of Buddha.

JORRICKS. Yes, yes, I know of the Chamton prize. The last party competing for it never returned. But what does my lord Marquis want with a stupid silver fan?

GRANBY. It's most necessary for him to have it, to complete the book he is writing on the life of Buddha. I believe it has some sort of record written on it. The fan is in this temple and I mean to find it before another gets it.

JORRICKS [*very much surprised*]. What do you mean — another? Not any other museums have sent out expeditions have they? [*Granby nods.*] Then I'll warrant it's Thompson — he is such a forward person. Not Tommy? Grosby — then! If he could possibly spite us, he would — Well, then who is it if it isn't he? It couldn't possibly be Glock? [*Granby nods his head and laughs.*] Well, I'll be hanged! Not an honest person can try to get a bit of stuff for his collection but this snooping Dutchman always has to butt in.

GRANBY. Quite true, old boy, quite true. Now calm yourself — Glock is in the immediate vicinity, but where I don't know. Jump around and be spry, for time is most precious. [*Jorricks and he look about the room. Suddenly he sees the fan.*] Found! one thousand pounds! Hurrah!

JORRICKS. Now that we are so fortunate, let's not risk our lives, by staying here. I move we get out of the city at once. Come on —

GRANBY. We can't, man. The gates are closed till nearly sunset. Then

the priests come in from around the neighboring hills to participate in the evening's ceremonies. [A noise is heard outside.] Hush! We've got to get down into that hole again, before any one gets in here. There we can hear everything and not be seen.

[They go up the steps onto the altar.]

JORRICKS. Fine! But what if they tip up Buddy and find us down in a hole. They will make mince meat of us.

[He shivers at the thought of it.]

GRANBY. Pessimistic, old bird! In the book of instructions given to me by the Marquis, it says that only the Grand Lama knows about it, and he won't be back till sunset.

[He reaches up and takes the fan, which he carefully closes, and then the two go down into the trap-door. The idol is tipped up again and the room appears as if nothing ever happened. Just as the idol is in place, a noise is heard outside. The door at the left is opened and in walks the High Priest, followed by a man carrying a wooden box on his back.]

THE HIGH PRIEST. This way — come, come, just put the candles about, come out, and lock the door. Be quick!

[The High Priest goes out at the left door.]

THE MAN [stooping to untie his bag]. This is the Holy of Holies, the inner sanctuary. Unless I have miscalculated, and I haven't, the silver fan is mine. I am a clever man, very clever, beating two Englishmen and fooling a priest. [He puts the candles into the various carven holders.] There is the altar, therefore it ought to be over the head of the idol.

[Muffled sounds are heard from underneath the altar, which are suddenly cut short. The man jumps upon the altar, as if frightened. In so doing he upsets one of the vases. The door at the left is thrown open and in strides the High Priest.]

THE HIGH PRIEST [sternly]. No candles are wanted on the altar! What are you doing there? — Sacrilege. The silver fan is gone. [He strikes the gong. Two tall men, armed with short swords and dressed in rude and leather armor, enter from the right.] Bind him well, guards. He is a thief, a thief of Buddha's relic.

THE MAN. I say — I'm not a thief, I never saw your old fan. What do you mean? Am I not a chandler to the monastery? You know me!

THE HIGH PRIEST. Aye, I know ye. You are an Englishman, a museum despoiler. You shall be tortured and then burnt alive. Guards, search him, for the fan. [The guards search him, but they plainly show they cannot find it.] Has he hidden it about the room? [No answer.] Will you not speak? — Then bind him to a pillar. [The guards bind the struggling person to the pillar at the right.] You will be left there till sunset. Then, when my master comes back, they shall torture you.

[He leaves the room at the left door, the guards at the right door. The man struggles violently. A pause — then the idol moves, falls over and the two Englishmen step out onto the altar.]

GRANBY. A very good day to you, Herr Glock. This Thibetan climate is perhaps a trifle chilly. Well, hardships must be endured.

GLOCK [the man]. Oh, dear man, oh, kind friend, pray unloose these bonds. They mean to torture me!

JORRICKS. Poor dear! Hear that, Granby? They mean to torture him. I wonder which kind it will be. Hum! They flayed the last one.

[*Glock shudders.*]

GRANBY. I suppose, as this is the second offense, so to speak, they will put him through the meat chopper.

[*Glock cries out.*]

GLOCK. Release me, in Heaven's name! Or put back the fan. If they find it there, they will not torture me. [*He again struggles.*] If not — then my blood be on your hands, cold-hearted creatures!

GRANBY. Poor man, we won't even let you be a martyr. Now Jorricks, get that tinfoil fan you found in the lower regions. [*He points to the trap-door.*] That will answer purposes beautifully. [*Jorricks goes down and brings up a large fan, somewhat like the stolen one. He puts it in the other's place.*] Now, old fellow, we are about to leave you! When the priest fellow comes back, he will let you go.

JORRICKS. Then, you have my permission to return to Berlin! When you reach home, the newspapers will have headlines something to this effect, "Englishmen get the Silver Fan," or "Chamton's Prize goes to Brave Explorers" — and on the second page, you will see — "Herr Otto Glock, a Close Second."

GRANBY. A very close second, unfortunate man. However a miss is as good as a mile. Good-day — and good luck —

[*They bow to Glock and go down the trap-door. Buddha once more falls serenely back in place.*]

GLOCK. Help! Help! Thieves — guards, help!

[*The left door swings open. The Grand Lama, followed by the High Priest, comes in.*]

THE GRAND LAMA [to Glock]. Do you know what we do to curious Englishmen? — We kill them. [*The High Priest strikes the gong. And the two guards come in at the left.*] This wretch is yours [to the guards]. Do what you would with him — only do not be gentle!

GLOCK [almost hysterical]. Look! — Look, it's all right! Don't kill me —

[*The High Priest sees the fan.*]

THE HIGH PRIEST. Rejoice! Master, the lost is found!

[*Glock relaxes, the priests pray, and the guards kneel as The curtain falls.*]

We can readily fancy that some teachers will exclaim, "I see nothing extraordinary in any of these efforts; nothing that my own pupils cannot do as well or even better." Well, if the scrutiny of these sketches prompts any such teacher to give his pupils a chance to excel these young

dramatists, the publication of these pieces has been worth while. "Other heights in other lives!"

Teachers who introduce playwriting into their classes will do well to consult the various textbooks on play-writing suggested in our bibliography (page 310), but they will find that so much of play-writing is a matter of common-sense that the more talented pupils will see the necessity for "plants," "preparation," "statement of facts precedent," "suspense," and so forth without thinking of these matters in these terms.

It should be further noted that while some playwrights will build their pieces according to Mr. Thomas's method of first finding a "dramatic situation" and then working backward through a series of causes, and that while any good play when completed will permit of such analysis as we have suggested, other writers may discover that they do better to start with characters and find that they evolve a story leading up to a dramatic situation which perhaps the writer did not at first even dimly foresee. Indeed, Mr. Booth Tarkington, in his advice to the students at The Phillips Exeter Academy as to how to write short stories, tells them always to start with character and never with plot. In following this method, or what may at first seem a lack of method, it may, and probably will, be necessary for the young dramatist to go back and rewrite his play from the start, inserting all kinds of material in the way of motives, plants, facts precedent, etc., and omitting some of his first material. Such procedure, to those who are accustomed to make an outline or scenario of their plays, may seem like a waste of time. But it is the final product that really counts, and some minds which go cold attempting to formulate their pieces scene by scene in advance before writing any dialogue, take fire if imagination rings up the curtain, a character is discovered in a given situation, and another enters, and "something is started."

VI. SOME RUDIMENTS OF ACTING

Entrances. (a) *Timing one's entrance.* Each entrance presents its own time-problem. For instance, one must consider (1) whether one is to enter *instantly* after the last word spoken before the printed direction "Enter" occurs; (2) whether there is to be a *pause* before such an entrance; or (3) whether one must be actually *on the stage* before the last word dies away.

Take, for example, Penrose and Marsh's reappearance in *The Boston Tea Party* (page 201). Here, before the direction "Enter," young Richard Stockton has been musing by the fire, concluding with "But I am impotent, impotent." In this case it will probably be effective to have the British officers enter instantly, breaking in, as it were, on his mood, but not on his speech. One moment sooner will make unnatural his concluding word; one moment too late will lessen the dramatic contrast of the two moods presented. But in *The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies*, just before the direction for the Lord to enter (page 106), the Gypsy Woman has said, "He is tying his horse to a tree. The brambles are too thick for to bring a horse through." Here there may well be a pause of a few counts during which the Gypsy Woman and Peter resume listening intently, thereby both suggesting the lapse of time it takes for the man, after tying his horse, to break through the brambles to them, and also increasing the dramatic tension. On the other hand, earlier in the same play so clearly should the Green Man break off the Lord's storm of passion, "Shoes! Rings! great God, it must be true — my senseless outburst" (page 100), that it may be better for him to be on the stage before the last word has been uttered, even if he chokes off the last syllable, rather than to keep the Lord waiting, speechless.

(b) *The manner of one's entrance.* One's entrance should be in keeping with the character as it would reveal itself in a given situation. It matters not whether one portray a rich man, poor man, beggar man, or thief, one must, the moment one is in the line of vision of any of the audience,

bear one's self as would that particular individual one seeks to present. For instance, though both Tommy Tiddler in *The Prince of Stamboul* and The Boy in *The Little Boy Out of the Wood* are young lads, their manner of entrance should be quite different, the former showing a loutish embarrassment in the presence of Marian's parents and the strange gentleman, but the latter stealing on with an elvish mischievousness to the little girl reading Arnold in Epping Forest.

So, too, though they have both run away from home, the Lady in *The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies* has done so in quite a different spirit from that of the Princess in *The Princess on the Road*, and their entrances, the one into the gypsy camp, the other into the country village, will be with quite a different air: the Lady registering timidity; the Princess, sheer delight. The safest way to make a proper entrance is to put one's self into the part some moments before one appears. To do this, one should, first of all, try to relax mentally and physically. By this means, having as it were, to use a theological term, "emptied" one's self, one should next think one's self into the part by conceiving vividly the nature of the character and just how he would react to the given situation. If one possesses the requisite imagination to do this, a responsive nervous system, and muscles that properly coördinate with mental intention, one may feel fairly confident that one will upon entrance at once convey "the proper note." It is too late to begin to assume the character *after* one has made one's appearance.

An old rule for entrance is that one enters with the "up stage" foot; that is, the one nearest the back of the stage. For instance, if one enters from the left, the right foot precedes; if from the right, the left. The reason for this rule is that one thus tends to turn the face and body toward the spectators and thereby improves the picture. But if a conscious effort to obey this rule results in awkwardness or delay, it is far better to disregard it.

Grouping. Many problems of grouping are solved by recourse to a simple principle. First, find the character

that for a given moment should dominate the scene, or be the special object of interest. Next, consider this dominating character or center of interest as the apex of a triangle whose base runs parallel with the footlights, or with the curtain-line, and whose sides meet the base at points not far from the extreme right and left sides of the proscenium arch. Then, according to the location of the apex, the number of characters on the stage, and their previous positions, either let all but the one who should dominate or be the center of interest be grouped on one side and the rest on the other side of the triangle; or, if a better picture is secured thereby, let all but the one who should dominate the situation or be the center of interest be grouped all on the same side of the triangle. But inasmuch as the dominating character and the center of interest are forever changing, so also the grouping varies, thus necessitating fresh triangles. Of course, *no mathematical exactness is to be observed*; rather should it be avoided. The triangular arrangement, however, is a pretty safe working principle for the inexperienced.

If no character seems to dominate, the positions more nearly approximate a line parallel with the footlights or curtain-line. This is true of many scenes played at tables or by two characters seated side by side, where our interest is as much in one as in the other. Witness, for example, *The Little Boy Out of the Wood*, where, throughout the greater part of the play our interest is equally divided between The Boy and The Girl who sit together beneath the shade of Epping Forest.

The following diagrams are offered merely as suggestions to inexperienced teachers:

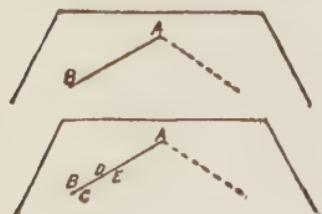


Diagram 1. Let A = character dominating B down right.

Diagram 2. Let A = character dominating several others down right.

Diagram 3. Let A = character dominating others on both sides of the stage.

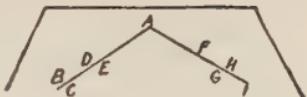


Diagram 4. Let A = character dominating others down stage right and left; and let X and Y = two characters, subordinate for the time being, at least, up stage right and left.

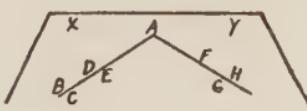


Diagram 5. Let A = character up stage left center dominating B down stage right.



Diagram 6. Let A and B = characters in a scene at a moment when neither dominates the other.

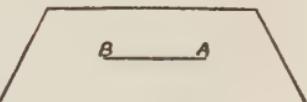
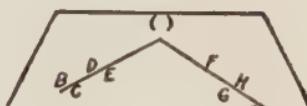


Diagram 7. Grouping common in a grand entrance, where, for a moment, the apex of the triangle is not filled by A, whose entrance is awaited.



Crossings. Though entrances and exits are generally indicated in printed texts approximately where they should occur, many of such movements as uprisings, downsittings, goings up to the back and comings down to the front of the stage, and crossings toward one side or the other are left to the judgment of the players or the director. They should generally occur at some decided change in the thought or emotions of the characters. Impatience or mental distress may set one to pacing the room floor; as we see the Lord in *The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies* doing as he exclaims, "Shoes! rings! great God, it must be true — my senseless outburst —" (page 100); depression may cause one to sink into a chair as might young Richard Stockton, in *The Boston Tea Party*, after the expression, "But my deeds —" (page 197), and just before he adds, "What can a lad do when he goes through life halting?" and unless one becomes aggressively antagonistic, one tends to recoil from

whatever person or thing one dislikes, so that one whose pride has been affronted draws one's self up and away from the offender, as does Deborah Reed from young Franklin (page 190) in *Benjamin Franklin: Journeyman*; while one may shrink from the object or person feared as does Bessie at times from the little piper in *The Little Boy Out of the Wood*.

Team Play. If a character, while others are in the scene, must cross the stage while he is speaking, he almost invariably has the right of way; that is, he crosses between them and the footlights or curtain-line. As the effectiveness of the stage picture must often be determined by the location of those farther back with reference to those down stage, these up-stage characters must generally be ready to "open up" or "close in" as may seem best. The general rule is that characters must not cover each other.

Tempo and Pitch. The rate at which one speaks or moves expresses one's state of mind. For example, rapidity of voice and bodily movements both express an excited state of mind; and slow speech and slow movements, a depressed or sluggish state; while a normal rate of speech and movement expresses a mind in equilibrium. Thus it is that when two or more players perform a scene in which they express much the same mental condition, they must keep much the same time. Any deviation from a common tempo must indicate a difference in mental condition. The boys and girls in *To Dust Returning*, for example, in their eagerness for satin slippers, scarlet bonnets, war-horses, and the younger children with their keenness for wooden soldiers and trumpets, will cry their demands in the quick time of impetuosity; but the Jester, with his solemn if not bitter secret, and the King, with his grave desire, will speak with the slower time natural to the utterance of deeper thoughts and feelings. But in a given scene, unless the characterization and situation demand it, for any actor to take a slow time when the others have taken a rapid one will generally result in a lessening of the tension and expression of excitement. In stage parlance, he "drops the scene."

A similar error is committed when for no dramatic effect one takes a pitch noticeably lower than others in a given situation. For instance, consider the scene in *The Boston Tea Party* (page 199) where Richard Stockton, with one foot on the table and the other on the chair, reveals his plot to his comrades. His lines and theirs should work up like a crescendo to the final fortissimos marked "all." With this crescendo, the voices will rise in pitch. If during this passage Amesbury comes in with his "You mean—" noticeably farther down the scale than the others have carried the general tone of the passage, he destroys the climax to which the others have been building.

Pantomime. By pantomime we mean all the poses and gestures of the body and all expressions of the face which reveal the thoughts and emotions of the characters in the drama. We shall not attempt to set them forth in a system, but there are certain fundamental principles that every beginner in the art of acting should know.

One is that the revelation of our emotions in real life is instinctive. Hence, the looks of surprise, of joy, of anger, or of any other given feeling, unless repressed, will manifest itself before speech gives the emotion vocal expression. When bodily expression and speech seem exactly to coincide, it is probably due to the fact that the time elapsing between the two is too brief to be detected.

Another principle is that one tends to approach or get closer to the object which one likes or which engages one's interest. The movement may be one of attention, of entreaty, or of tenderness. Examples are so numerous that they may be found on page after page of this book. We see Richard Stockton, in *The Boston Tea Party*, roused from his depression (page 198) when Rigby opens his chest of trophies, and crossing to examine them; The Younger Sons of Freedom in the same play rallying about Richard as he tells his scheme for getting rid of the tea (page 199); the eager followers of the Jester in *To Dust Returning*, leaning with outstretched hands as they beg for their hearts' desires; and the lonely printer's boy in *Benjamin Franklin*:

Journeyman rising and crossing (page 191) to clasp the hand of penitent Deborah Reed, whose friendship he would fain win.

A third fundamental principle is that we tend to get away or recoil from what we dislike. The recessive movement may arise from wounded pride; from loathing; from fear; or from resentment. Examples of such movements are naturally numerous throughout the plays. We see Deborah Reed, in *Benjamin Franklin: Journeyman*, drawing herself up haughtily when the young philosopher asks (page 189), "Have you ever pondered, Mistress, that pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt?" the Lady in *The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies* breaking away from her husband as he takes her arm saying (page 97), "Now, come with me!" Bessie in *The Little Boy Out of the Wood* almost shrinking from The Boy in fear as he blows his pipe and the thrush answers him (page 147); Rigby in *The Boston Tea Party* recoiling from the British officer who contemptuously tosses toward him his money (page 195).

Of course, if hate or fear is superseded by a desire to overcome or exterminate the object of dislike, we get an aggressive movement in accordance with the following principle: the desire to combat brings one toward the object that one wishes to overcome, remove, exterminate, or defeat. Thus, while the affronted Rigby, as we have just suggested, recoils from the contemptuous Marsh, he presently may advance toward the door as he shakes his fist after the retreating figures of the two lieutenants.

It should be noted that surprise, even though it be followed immediately by joy, always has about it enough of the same element of fear as to cause one first to recoil. Such is the case in *The Shutting o' the Door*, when Jan, after watching the thieves depart (page 94), discovers the sacks of gold and silver, and then cries, "Look, lass, look!" in *The End of the Rainbow*, when Pierrot first discovers (page 53) what he thinks is a heap of gold under the bough that covers the sleeping Pierrette's sunny locks; and in *The Stolen Prince* when Joy is told who he is (page 46).

As a governing principle in all cases of pantomime, we may state that, whatever the nature of the character, unless the circumstances under which we see him do not control, absolutely repress, or cause him to disguise his emotion, the greater the strength of the emotion, the greater will be the degree of its manifestation.

With reference to gesture it may be noted: first, that the play of modern life does not as a rule call for the grand sweeping gestures of the classical and poetic drama; and, second, that when one is in doubt regarding a gesture, it is best to make none.

So far as facial expression is concerned, pupils so lacking in imagination and mimetic ability as to be unable to manifest emotions instinctively will hardly have time except at special schools to learn by mechanical analysis and synthesis how to register them convincingly. But those possessing imagination and the mimetic power can, with proper encouragement and criticism, go far with only such suggestions as we have made above.

Exits. Though the exact moment of an exit is generally more accurately indicated upon the printed page than is the time of entrance, the manner is less likely to be suggested. This again is left to the intelligence of the performer. But he should apply the same rule that has been stated regarding entrances: he should exit in character. For instance, the ardent young patriot Winwood in *The Boston Tea Party*, after receiving his commands from Richard Stockton (page 200), will speed like an arrow straight for the door to accomplish his mission. The Property Man, in *The Stolen Prince*, on the contrary, will perform his offices in a lackadaisical fashion, with neither the speed nor the directness of action characterizing Jefferson Winwood. Incidentally, these two cases exemplify the principle that direct movement and straight lines express singleness of purpose; while delays, turns, and curved lines suggest doubt, hesitation, lack of interest.

The End of the Act, or "the Curtain." There are two points in regard to the close of an act concerning which

amateurs need instruction. The first deals with the location and poses of all characters who are on the stage or who are not actually making an exit as the curtain is about to descend. These locations and poses must be held until it is absolutely certain that the base of the curtain has reached the floor. Otherwise the effect is sure to be at least disillusionizing if not positively ludicrous. For example, little Marian, in *The Prince of Stamboul*, who has just dropped off to sleep, must not be seen scrambling out of bed when the curtain is within a foot or two of the floor; nor must the Princess in *The Princess on the Road*, who has just mounted the cart to ride home, be discovered immediately dismounting. To avoid such errors, it is safest for all on the stage to hold positions until the stage manager calls "Strike!" or "Clear!"

The second point regards curtain-calls — if any are expected from a gracious audience. These may take various forms. In some cases it is well to raise the curtain on the last picture; that is, with the character or characters in the same position as when the act closed. This might be done in the case of *The Boston Tea Party*, where the raised curtain might disclose Richard Stockton still in a pose of exaltation; in that of *In the Good Green Wood*, where the curtain might be raised again with the foresters still cheering King Richard, in which case the cheering should be continued during the interval between its first descent and its rise. In other plays, it is effective to suggest the continuation of the scene just closing by some simple change in the picture presented just as the curtain first fell. This might be done in the case of *To Dust Returning*. At the end of this play the Jester lets fall a handful of dust, and replying to the King's exclamation, "Why, it's dust!" says,

"What would you have? This world
From dust created, unto dust returns."

On the curtain's rising again, we might have the King, crowning the Fool, present to him the scepter, with the

crowd grouped in speechless amazement. In still other cases, it may be best frankly to "give o'er the play" and let some or all the performers who have figured in the scene acknowledge the plaudits of the audience. Curtain-calls of this nature might consist (1) of all the characters who appeared during the scene, arranged more or less in a semicircle, with the principals in the center and the less important characters on the two ends; (2) if applause warrants a second curtain, of the minor characters alone; and (3) of the principal character or characters alone. In any case these "curtains" should be definitely planned, and certainly, for best results with amateurs, actually rehearsed.

VII. PLAY PRODUCTION

Nearly all of these plays will prove more effective in the schoolroom or assembly hall than on the large stage of the professional theater. In the latter, the proscenium arch is so great that the effect on these little dramas is not unlike putting a tiny Meissonier in the frame of an immense Detaille battle-scene. So, too, the scenery ordinarily used on the professional stage forms too elaborate a background for the simplicity of most of these pieces. Again, the size and the structure of the auditorium of the public play-house, with its distinct separation of the audience from the performers, defeat the intimate nature of these plays.

Nevertheless, in presenting suggestions for performances of these plays, it has seemed best to offer them with performances in the professional theater in mind. In the first place, the completeness or meagerness of the equipment of the room or hall where they may be performed will differ in every case. In the second place, teachers who use this book in classroom, or who present some of these plays in a simple manner in the assembly hall, may have occasion also to stage more pretentious dramas at the public theater. Finally, since each teacher out of his needs and experiences can draw from what is hereinafter stated as much or as

little as he pleases, it seems better to offer too much rather than too little.

The Teacher Director. In any case, whether the performance is given at a professional theater, in a school assembly hall, or out-of-doors, whether admission is charged or not, if anything like a performance of the play is given outside of classroom or other than as a classroom exercise, the first thing to do is to secure from the agents controlling the acting rights of a play *written permission* for the performance, together with an agreement, also in writing, as to the amount of the royalties, if any, to be paid. In the enthusiasm of selecting, casting, and rehearsing a play, it is all too easy for one quite unintentionally to overlook the dramatist's or publisher's rights; whereof the consequences may be embarrassing. Accordingly, we again caution producers to see to it that all necessary correspondence is conducted in advance of definite plans for the stage presentation of any play.

In producing a play, the teacher in charge, though he should not be regardless of the wishes and tastes of his pupils, should, from the outset, keep in his own hands the choice of the play, the casting of parts, the conducting of rehearsals, and the direction of the work generally.

In casting for public performances, he may well at first select according to type. By this we mean that he will assign the various characters to pupils whose physical appearance and voices most nearly approximate the characters to be portrayed. For instance, in casting *In the Good Green Wood*, he will presumably try one of the largest boys with a deep voice for King Richard; in *The Boston Tea Party*, a somewhat robust, stocky boy for the landlord, Rigby; in *Miss Burney at Court*, a somewhat buxom girl for Mrs. Schwellenberg; and in *The End of the Rainbow*, which should be played entirely by girls, a girl with a boyish figure for Pierrot.

As he studies the play, the director should underline with *red* ink all the business of the play, entrances, crossings, exits, and so forth, as well as all off-stage effects such

as door-slams, shouts, bell-ringing, and what not, afforded by the printed stage directions. Next, before the first rehearsal, he will do well to divide his play into the number of scenes according to the method already suggested, whereby every exit or entrance begins a new scene. Then, along the margin of his book, let him draw a series of diagrams which shall show to him at a glance where every character should be at a particular moment. Or, if one or more characters must move, let him indicate the spot from which they move and the point to which they go. Since the teacher will undoubtedly direct facing the stage, these diagrams will be drawn inversely from the stage directions, which, unless the contrary is specified, are written from the actor's point of view, right and left being the *actor's* right and left as he *faces* the audience. This matter of the diagrams will become clear if we chart the scenes of one of the plays in this volume. Let us take, for example, *John Silver Off Duty*.

As the play opens, Long John comes from the center to table down right.

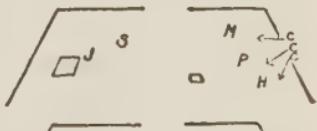
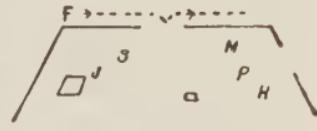
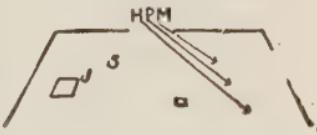
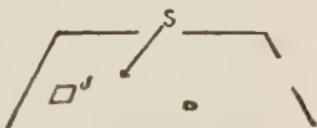
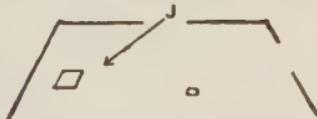
Presently Smollett enters and comes toward him.

As each of the pirates is mentioned, he appears and comes down left.

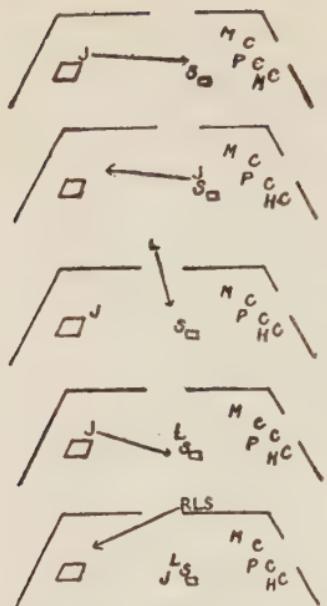
A moment later, the shadowy figure of Flint appears for an instant in the doorway and then vanishes.

Then several other members of the crew steal in from left.

As Smollett says, "and makes a mess of it as often as not," he crosses to chair, bench, or stool.



PLAY PRODUCTION



enters without seeing them and comes to the table.



"But there's the ink-bottle opening. To quarters!" and the characters vanish. Probably some had best go out the door at the left and some out of the center.

A still better effect at the end would be to blot out by darkness all but R. L. S.



The teacher will find his attention relieved from details for which others may quite as well be responsible, and he will increase the number of young people who may have a share in the work of a performance by organizing a staff of assistants. If he finds that his own pupils are too young to be entrusted with any of the duties suggested in the following paragraphs, it will be more advisable to enlist the

After the crew shouts, "We'll lay to that!" Long John crosses to Smollett.

At "To get to soundings at once," Long John hobbles back to the table.

As Smollett says, "and to have a man like —" Doctor Livesey enters and presently comes to Smollett.

When Smollett says, "There's trouble coming yet for you," Long John hobbles over to him, asking, "What'll you bet?"

As Smollett exclaims, "I thank my stars upon my knees that I'm not Silver," the Author (R. L. S.)

arranges his papers, takes up his pen, and opens the ink-bottle. At this Smollett says,

Finally, the Author — (R. L. S.) —

arranges his papers, takes up his pen, and opens the ink-bottle. At this Smollett says,

services of older boys and girls of high-school age rather than to call in many grown-ups. In the first place, the presence of adults will rob the performers and their classmates of the feeling that it is "their show." In the second place, if the staff is composed of boys and girls only a few years the seniors of the members of the class, the latter will feel encouraged to learn how to perform similar duties.

This staff should include a stage manager, an assistant stage manager, a property man, an electrician, and, certainly if a performance is to be attempted at a local theater that does not furnish its own force, a crew consisting of "grips"—better known to the uninitiated as "scene shifters"—and a stage carpenter, who directs them. This staff may be increased as circumstances permit so as to include a scenic artist, a musical director, a master of the wardrobe, a press representative, a business manager, an advertising manager, ushers, ticket-sellers, and ticket-collectors. Indeed, in connection with school dramatics there is opportunity for enlisting all sorts of talent; musical, mechanical, artistic, financial, literary, terpsichorean.

The Stage Manager. The stage manager should attend all rehearsals. Here, he should have his own copy of the play. But if that is not possible, he uses the director's copy, which he holds ever ready for the latter's consultation. In the first rehearsals, he should note down all facts which are necessary to secure the correct setting of the scene, and make out a list of all the properties required. And, though the actual lighting of the stage will be committed to the electrician, the stage manager should observe just what is called for in this line, and be able to tell the electrician just what he wants. His duties at a performance are multifarious. He should be at the theater at least three quarters of an hour before the performance. Then he will see that the master-carpenter and crew set the scene; that the property man has all properties in place; and that the players, who should report at the latest one half-hour before the time set for the rising of the curtain, are assigned to their proper dressing-rooms. From now on, he, or his

assistant acting under his command, will indicate to the performers the passing of the time. If all the dressing-room lights are controlled by a central switch, this may be done by flashing them all at once. Or a call-boy may be sent to each dressing-room, where he will announce: "Half-hour, please!" "Fifteen minutes, please!" "Overture!" — if there is one — or, if not, three minutes before the curtain is to rise, "First act, please," or, "Act, please!" But these warnings, whether by light-flashes or by word of mouth, should be given at these periods.

As the time draws near for the rise of the curtain, the stage manager will order the electrician to turn on whatever lights are called for on the stage. Then, with a last survey of the stage to see that everything is properly set, he makes sure that all persons not on at the rise are out of the way, for which his warning is, "Clear, please!" Next, he must make certain that those who are to open the scene are ready; the command being either, "Places, please!" or, "Stand by, please!"

As the curtain is now about to go up, he warns the men who work it to be ready. Then he orders the electrician (1) to turn on the footlights; and (2) to turn off the auditorium lights. Finally he signals for the curtain. For the convenience of the amateur stage manager we tabulate these commands and warnings as follows:

- (1) "First act, please!" or "Act, please!"
- (2) "Clear, please!"
- (3) "Places, please!" or, "Stand by, please!"
- (4) "Foots on!"
- (5) "House out!"
- (6) "Curtain!"

As the act draws near its close, the stage manager again warns the curtain men. If curtain-calls are to be taken, they should be carefully planned, with a list of those who are to appear posted at each entrance to the stage; and the stage manager should not give orders for the house lights to go on until the last curtain-call is over or until the applause either dies away or he wishes it to do so. The lighting of the body of the house will silence the applause almost instantly. And the footlights must not be turned off until the auditorium lights are on, for, except in case of some

particular effect, as when the scene is closed by blotting out all lights, there should never be an appreciable length of time when the spectators are left in total darkness.

As soon as the act is over and the last curtain call taken, the stage manager, if any change of scenery is to be made, turns the stage over to the crew, with the command, "Strike!"

The commands at the end of the act, therefore, may be tabulated thus:

- (1) "Curtain!"
- (2) "House lights on!"
- (3) "Foots off!"
- (4) "Strike!"

When delegated to do so by the director, the stage manager will himself conduct the rehearsal, taking pains always to follow closely the director's suggestions, being careful not to introduce any new "business" on his own account.

Assistant Stage Manager. The assistant stage manager stands in much the same relation to the stage manager as the latter does to the director. In the absence of the latter, when the stage manager conducts rehearsals, the assistant will "hold the book" and make such notes as may seem necessary. It is he who may be delegated by his chief to furnish the property man with the list of properties, to see that the latter are actually in place, or to do any one of a score of things which the stage manager may entrust to him. Generally it is he who either actually performs off-stage sounds, such as slamming of doors, crashing of glass, ringing of bells, or directs the one who manipulates these particular effects. He, too, generally directs the sound of a mob. In most cases he takes his cue from the stage manager and performs or signals accordingly. One of the best means of signaling between the stage manager and his assistant for an off-stage effect is for the former to raise his arm high in the air some moments before the effect is to take place and at the exact moment when it should occur, to bring it smartly down. The same signal may be given in turn by the assistant to anybody working under him.

The Property Man. The property man wins little glory.

But if he is faithful and efficient, he earns the lasting gratitude of the teacher director. He it is who must secure whatever the theater cannot supply in the way of stage furnishings — except the scenery — and all the hand properties. It is a rule that he must never purchase when he can borrow, and, if he is a bit of a craftsman, many a penny may be saved by his saw and hammer.

From the stage manager he receives a list of all articles — except the scenery — to be actually placed on the stage, of those to be carried on by performers during the performance, and of such articles as may be required for off-stage effects, whether bells, thunder-drums, doors in jambs to slam, or bags of broken glass for crashes. In the case of hand properties, he may be able to trust the performers to furnish many of these; but he must not leave anything to chance, and he should check up each article on his list. Outside the various entrances to the scene, he should have tables with the properties arranged in the order in which they are needed.

During the performance, he should be ready to intercept each performer who brings any hand property off; and, if it is not to be used again, he should put it where it will not be lost, or appropriated by the thoughtless souvenir collector.

At the end of the play or the end of any scene which is to be "struck" — that is, removed or changed — he must carry off carefully all the furniture or other properties still on the stage, taking pains always not to interfere with the stage carpenter and "grips," who really have the right of way.

The Electrician. Unless he works simply at the dictation of the director or the stage manager, the electrician will first study the play itself. After noting whether the scene is an exterior or an interior, he will take knowledge (1) of the season of the year; (2) of the time of day; and (3) of any changes in the lighting called for as a scene progresses. For instance, he will note that while both *The Little Boy Out of the Wood* and *The End of the Rainbow* present scenes in a forest, the light in the former is that of

an August afternoon, differing both in color and in intensity from the April twilight of the latter; the one play calling for a more brilliant light of ambers, straws, and perhaps even red bulbs and gelatins; the other for dimmer and more bluish lights. Furthermore, he will note that in *The End of the Rainbow* there should be the suggestion of the increase of light as the moon comes out of the cloud (the moon itself, presumably, being "off stage"). Then, of course, he must observe what frankly artificial lights must be provided or simulated. For example, in *The Shutting o' the Door*, besides the candlelight, which may be left to the property man to provide, there must be an electric lamp to shine through the logs on the hearth; as also there must be for the fire in the gypsy camp in *The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies*.

In this connection, he will also note whether or not in a given scene candles, lanterns, or kerosene lamps are lighted or extinguished; or, if electric lamps are turned on or off; for, to achieve the intended effect, these changes must generally be supplemented by a corresponding change of the border lights, footlights, or of both — a change which must be made sometimes by the manipulation of one set of lights, sometimes of another, each case offering its own problem. Finally, he should plan for the proper lighting behind all doors which would not presumably open into utter darkness, and along paths and streets which in nature would be flooded with moonlight or sunshine.

After his study of the text of the play, the electrician must investigate the lighting equipment of the stage on which the play is to be performed, making a careful inventory of the resources at his command. For example, he must learn whether or not it has footlights; borders to shine from above; floods and bunches to be used off-stage to illuminate paths and passages; baby-spots to emphasize particular characters or objects; what pockets there may be from which he may use extension coils for such lights on the stage as those in fireplaces, table lamps, and brackets; what colors he has at his disposal; and whether or not the switch-

board is equipped with "dimmers" by which to increase or decrease lights gradually.

Finally, he must test at actual rehearsal all his well-planned effects, and study especially how to counteract light with light to avoid grotesque shadows which any light or set of lights may throw to the distraction or amusement of the spectators.

All this is enough to engage the interest of any boy with a taste for electricity; and, if the performance is at some theater where the experienced stage electrician is willing to listen to a boy's suggestions, and ready to help him attain the effect he desires, so much the better for the boy's increase in knowledge and also for the lighting of the production.

Stage Carpenter and "Grips." The duties of "scene shifters," generally known on the professional stage as "grips," and their chief, known as the "Stage Carpenter," or "Master Carpenter," seem simple. Their work consists merely in setting up scenery and "striking" it, or taking it down, when it is no longer required. But there are various tricks of shunting, dropping, and lashing pieces, which the experienced do with an exactness and speed seldom attained by amateurs. To acquire something of their skill, if possible let one of the pupils who has been appointed "master-carpenter" learn at a theater, or at least from a professional carpenter, something of professional methods and instruct the other members of the crew; and whether or not that is feasible, let this amateur master-carpenter have a half-hour of scenic rehearsal some day with at least a few pieces of scenery and thus avoid or shorten tedious delays at the dress rehearsal and performance.

Scenery. For about fifteen dollars for each piece one may secure a set of flats. If these are painted some neutral color, say a bluish gray with yellow stippling and no ornamental baseboard or borders, they may serve for a great variety of scenes. Three of these flats should contain arches for doors. For one of these, have constructed the usual scenic canvas door in one piece. For another arch,

have the door made in three detachable panels about three feet each in height, contrived in such a way that any one of them may be removed or so that they may all be connected and swing as a single door. If the lower panel is removed, the opening does for a fireplace; if the middle one is allowed to swing and the others stay in place, it does for a cottage window; if the upper two are removed, the opening may serve for a window of greater length.

Other changes are easily contrived. For instance, the locations of the doors may be altered; a door may be removed and a drapery substituted; a mere change of the furniture, and of the ornaments generally, may transform a drawing-room into a cottage; a knocker placed on one of the doors will be sufficient to suggest an exterior; plain flats backing some evergreens and a wicker seat, a garden.

If, however, no regular scenery is available, it is extraordinary how much may be done with screens of the style used in domestic furnishings and with draperies. After all, the play's the thing, and an audience of to-day soon becomes content with the simple settings or lack of settings of Elizabethan times.

The Curtain. When amateurs have no professional theater at their disposal, they often resort to a platform with an improvised sliding curtain. This is generally a continual source of annoyance. It often refuses to budge, and it is almost impossible to close it in such a way as to make an effective end of a scene.

The simplest way to avoid awkwardness with wayward curtains, which refuse to close until frantically tugged by members of the cast or of the staff, is to end each scene by turning off all lights. The period of ensuing darkness should be long enough for all the players to get off stage without confusion. But that should take only a moment. Meanwhile the sliding curtains, let us hope, can be induced to come together. But if they do not, one is saved the absurdity of seeing the young performers out of character, if not out of their heads. Furthermore, if two boys in

pages' costume or footmen's livery assist each time in drawing open and in closing the curtains, their appearance while struggling with the recalcitrant affair is not likely to prove so indecorous as to be ludicrous. The dark change, moreover, often makes impressive the closing tableau.

WORKING LISTS

I. A LIST OF SHORT PLAYS

THIS list will assist in selecting other plays suitable for reading or acting by young people from twelve to sixteen years of age — frequently a difficult matter. We have included plays that appeal to a variety of tastes, but none that have not been recommended by competent critics. The arrangement is according to the number of characters.

1. JUNIOR PLAYS.

The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town. By H. C. Bunner. (*Harper's*) An operetta in two acts. Scene: "In Kategreenawayland; once upon a time." 8 boys; 10 girls.

The original music being now out of print, a new score has been composed by James Plaisted Webber. This music may be obtained upon application to Hanson Hart Webster, 2 Park Street, Boston.

Robin Hood Becomes an Outlaw. By Alice Cook Fuller. (*Eldridge*) Scene: Sherwood forest. 16 boys.

Play of Saint George, The. By J. M. C. Crum. (*Atlantic*) No scenery. 11 boys; 3 girls.

Dyspeptic Ogre, The. By Percival Wilde. (*Baker*) Scene: a room in the ogre's castle, "in the Steenth Century." 13 characters; several of which may be played by either boys or girls.

Scout's Honor, A. By Clifton Lisle. (*Penn*) Scene: a Boy Scouts' camp beside a lake. 13 boys.

Minister's Dream, The. By Katharine Lord. (*Duffield*) A Thanksgiving fantasy. Scene: a Puritan living-room. 6 boys; 7 girls.

What Men Live By. By Virginia Church. (*Drama*) Scene: the basement occupied by Simon the cobbler. 6 boys; 7 girls.

First Thanksgiving Dinner, The. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. (*Dramatic*) Scene: a colonial kitchen. 7 boys; 5 girls.

New Names for Old. By Alice V. Carey. (*French*) A "safety first" play. Scene: dining-room in an American home. 6 boys; 6 girls.

Bone of Contention, The. By Genevieve K. McConnell. (*Baker*) A fairy melodrama. Scene: a child's bedroom. 4 boys; 8 girls.

Jephthah's Daughter. By Elma Ehrlich Levinger. (*Atlantic*) Scene: a spring morning in the days of the Judges of Israel; before the house of Jephthah on the road to Mizpeh. 6 boys; 5 girls.

Effie's Christmas Dream. Adapted from a story by Louisa M. Alcott. By Laura C. Foucher. (*Little, Brown*) Scene: a sitting-room. 4 boys; 7 girls.

Jim Crow. By E. Elliot Stock. Dramatized from Barham's poem *The Jackdaw of Rheims*. (*Dutton*.) Scene: interior of the refectory of an abbey. 10 boys.

Plot of Potztausend, The. By E. H. Keating. (*French*.) Scene: a large room in a frontier village of Germany, in the 18th century. 10 boys.

Abraham Lincoln: Rail-Splitter. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay (*Holt*.) Scene: Lincoln's kitchen and living-room. 6 boys; 4 girls.

Ghost Story, The. By Booth Tarkington. (*Stewart Kidd*.) Scene: "A comfortable and pleasant living-room of common-place type." 5 boys; 5 girls.

Daniel Boone: Patriot. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. (*Holt*.) Scene: an open woodland. 9 boys.

Ten Minutes by the Clock. By Alice C. D. Riley. (*Doran*.) Scene: the breakfast room in a palace. 7 boys; 2 girls.

Master Skylark. By Anna M. Lütkenhaus. (*Century*.) Scene: the village of Stratford in Shakespeare's time. 6 boys; 3 girls.

Reverie. By Percival Wilde. (*Baker*.) Scene: the living-room of an old New England country homestead, at Christmas time. 6 boys; 3 girls.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin. By E. Elliot Stock. (*Dutton*.) Dramatized from Browning's poem. Scene: council chamber of the town hall of Hamelin. 5 boys; 4 girls.

Thanksgiving Conspiracy, A. By Marie Irish. (*Paine*.) Scene: a living-room. 5 boys; 4 girls.

Every Child. By Content S. Nichols. (*St. Nicholas*, February, 1915.) A morality play. 4 boys; 5 girls.

Lend a Hand. By Frederic L. Fay. (*Association*.) Scene: a Boy Scouts' camp. 8 boys.

Barnaby Lee. By Anna M. Lütkenhaus. (*Century*.) Historical play of early New York, dramatized from John Bennett's story. Scene: the coast of New Amsterdam. 7 boys; 1 girl.

Christmas Guest, The. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. (*Holt*.) Scene: a sixteenth-century interior, in the house of people of quality. 4 boys; 4 girls.

Perfect Holiday, The. By Evelyn Smith. (*Dutton*.) A dramatization from Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women*. Scene: a shabby sitting-room. 1 boy; 7 girls.

Mystic Seven: or the Law of the Fire. By Mrs. Arthur T. Seymour. (*Baker*.) A Camp Fire Girls' Play. Scene: a sitting-room. 8 girls.

When Knights were Bold. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. (*Dramatic*.) Scene: at King Arthur's court. 6 boys; 1 girl.

Birthday of the Infanta, The. By Stuart Walker. (*Stewart Kidd*.) Scene: the royal balcony overlooking a garden. Time: the sixteenth century. 5 boys; 2 girls.

Poet's Well, The. By Alice C. D. Riley. (*Doran*.) Scene: a garden. 5 boys; 2 girls.

Princess Parsimonia. By E. M. Fotheringham. (*French.*) Scene: outside the king's palace. 4 boys; 3 girls.

George Washington's Fortune. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. (*Holt.*) Scene: an open woodland glade in Revolutionary times. 5 boys; 1 girl.

The Land of Heart's Desire. By W. B. Yeats. (*Macmillan.*) Scene: the kitchen in a small Irish cottage. 3 boys; 3 girls.

Camp Fire Cinderella, A. Camp Fire play. By Mrs. Arthur T. Seymour. (*Baker.*) Scene: a sitting-room. 6 girls.

If I were Bob. By M. A. Emerson. (*Association.*) A Boy Scout play. Scene: around a camp fire. 5 boys.

Jerry's Job. By Raymond M. Robinson. (*Penn.*) A Boy Scout play. Scene: a business office. 5 boys.

Wardrobe of the King, The. By William J. McKiernan. (*Fitzgerald.*) Scene: private grounds of the King of Borgoloo. 5 boys.

Thanksgiving of Praisegod Plenty, The. By Julia M. Martin. (*Elbridge.*) Scene: interior of a Puritan home. 3 boys; 2 girls.

Fifteenth Candle, The. By Rachel Lyman Field. (*Scribners.*) Scene: a small dark room in the basement of a city block. 2 boys; 3 girls.

Friend in Need, A. By Maude Morrison Frank. (*Holt.*) Scene: The London lodgings of Oliver Goldsmith. The play tells the story of how "The Vicar of Wakefield" found a publisher. 2 boys; 3 girls.

Violin Maker of Cremona, The. By François Coppée. (*Dramatic.*) Scene: interior of the shop of Ferrari, the violin maker. 3 boys; 1 girl.

Courtship of Miles Standish, The. By Eugene Presbery. (*French.*) Scene: a room in a Colonial house. Time: 1620. 2 boys; 2 girls.

Forest Spring, The. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. (*Holt.*) An Italian folk play. Scene: a deep wood. 2 boys; 2 girls.

Page from the Past, A. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. (*Dramatic.*) Scene: an interior of a dwelling in ancient Egypt. 4 girls.

Minuet, A. By Louis N. Parker. (*French.*) Scene: the living-room of the Gaoler's quarters in the prison of the Conciergerie. Time: the French Revolution. 2 boys; 1 girl.

Nevertheless. By Stuart Walker. (*Stewart Kidd.*) Scene: "a room just upstairs." 2 boys; 1 girl.

Their Point of View. By Wilfred T. Coleby. (*French.*) Scene: the chaplain's room in the Government Industrial Home for Boys, at Beechcroft, Essex. 2 boys; 1 girl.

Brewing of Brains, A. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. (*Holt.*) A Lincolnshire folk-play. Scene: a kitchen. 1 boy; 2 girls.

Foam Maiden, The. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. (*Holt.*) A Celtic folk play. Scene: a room in a fisherman's cottage. 1 boy; 2 girls.

Frances and Francis. By James Plaisted Webber. (*Baker.*) Scene: the office of Mr. Northern, theatrical producer. 1 boy; 2 girls.

Gettysburg. By Percy MacKaye. (*Duffield.*) Scene: a woodshed in the ell of a farm-house. 1 boy; 1 girl.

2. SENIOR PLAYS

Sir David Wears a Crown. By Stuart Walker. (*Stewart Kidd.*) A sequel to "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil." Scene: "A gateway to the King's Castle." Time: "When you will." 13 boys; 5 girls.

Night before Christmas Dream, The. By Carolyn Wells. (*Ladies' Home Journal*, November, 1916.) Scene: (1) a child's bedroom; (2) a schoolroom. 11 boys; 3 girls.

Copper Pot, The. By Frances Healey. (*Baker.*) Scene: a Turkish coffee house. 8 boys; 5 girls.

Golden Doom, The. By Lord Dunsany. (*Little, Brown.*) Scene: "Outside the King's great door, in Zericon." Time: "Some while before the fall of Babylon." 9 boys; 1 girl.

Fortune and Men's Eyes. By Josephine Preston Peabody. (*Houghton.*) Scene: interior of "The Bear and the Angel," South London. Time: an afternoon in the autumn in the year 1599. 8 boys; 2 girls.

Knave of Hearts, The. By Louise Saunders. (*Atlantic.*) Scene: the kitchen of Pompdebole the Eighth, King of Hearts. 8 boys; 2 girls.

Spreading the News. By Lady Gregory. (*Putnam.*) Scene: the outskirts of a fair. 7 boys; 3 girls.

Shoes that Danced, The. By Anna Hempstead Branch. (*Houghton.*) Scene: the artist Watteau's studio. 5 boys; 5 girls.

Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil. By Stuart Walker. (*Stewart Kidd.*) Scene: a kitchen. 7 boys; 2 girls.

The Ghost Story. By Booth Tarkington. (*Appleton.*) Scene: a living-room. 3 boys; 6 girls.

Far-Away Princess, The. By Hermann Sudermann. (*Scribners.*) Scene: "The veranda of an inn situated above a watering-place in Central Germany." 2 boys; 7 girls.

Solemn Pride. By George Ross Leighton. (*Houghton.*) Based upon Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby. Scene: living-room in a New England village, April 10, 1865. 9 girls.

Sweeps of Ninety-Eight, The. By John Masefield. (*Macmillan.*) Scene: a room of an inn at Dunleary, Ireland. Time: 1798. 7 boys; 1 girl.

Three Pills in a Bottle. By Rachel Lyman Field. (*Brentano's.*) Scene: a room in the Widow Sims' house, whose window overlooks the street. 5 boys; 3 girls.

Lord's Prayer, The. By François Coppée. (*Houghton.*) A new translation by Mary Aldis. Scene: interior of a cottage. Time: the French Commune. 5 boys; 3 girls.

Uncle Jimmy. By Zona Gale. (*Baker.*) Scene: porch and front yard of a village house. 3 boys; 5 girls.

Neighbors, The. By Zona Gale. (*Baker.*) Scene: the kitchen and shed of a house in a small village. 1 boy; 7 girls.

Turtle Dove, The. By Margaret Scott Oliver. (*Badger.*) The play is

acted in the Chinese manner, without stage setting. The back-drop is painted to represent a Willow plate. 6 boys; 1 girl.

Holly Tree Inn, The. By Mrs. Oscar Beringer. (*French.*) Scene: old-fashioned parlor or hall decorated for Christmas. 3 boys; 4 girls.

Rector, The. By Rachel Crothers. (*Appleton.*) Scene: a winter morning in the study of a country parsonage. 1 boy; 6 girls.

Allison's Lad. By Beulah Marie Dix. (*Holt.*) Scene: an upper chamber of the village inn of Faringford, in the western midlands of England. Time: the close of the Second Civil War, autumn of 1648. 6 boys.

Captain of the Gate, The. By Beulah Marie Dix. (*Holt.*) Scene: the upper chamber of the gatehouse of the Bridge of Cashala. Time: during Cromwell's Irish campaign. 6 boys.

Night of the Trojan War, A. By John Drinkwater. (*Houghton.*) Scene: a Greek tent and the walls of Troy. 6 boys.

Colombine. By Reginald Arkell. (*Houghton.*) Scene: a woodland. 5 boys; 1 girl.

Widow of Wasdale Head, The. By Sir Arthur Pinero. (*Little, Brown.*) Scene: a room in an inn at Wasdale Head in Cumberland. Time: in the reign of George the Third. 5 boys; 1 girl.

Gringoire. By Theodore de Banville. (*Poet Lore.*) Scene: a fine Gothic chamber in the time of Louis XI of France. 4 boys; 2 girls.

Jackdaw, The. By Lady Gregory. (*Putnam.*) Scene: interior of a small general shop at Cloon. 4 boys; 2 girls.

Hyacinth Halvey. By Lady Gregory. (*Putnam.*) Scene: "Outside the Post Office in the little town of Cloon, Ireland." 4 boys; 2 girls.

Dear Departed, The. By Stanley Houghton. (*French.*) Scene: "the sitting-room of a small house in a lower-middle-class district of an English provincial town." 3 boys; 3 girls.

Hour Glass, The. By W. B. Yeats. (*Macmillan.*) Scene: the schoolroom of the wise man. 3 boys; 3 girls.

Land of Heart's Desire, The. By W. B. Yeats. (*Macmillan.*) Scene: a room in an Irish cottage "in the Barony of Kilmacowan, in the county of Sligo, at a remote time." 3 boys; 3 girls.

Miss Maria. By Maude B. Vosburgh. (*French.*) Scene: Miss Maria Welwood's sitting-room, about 1860. 3 boys; 3 girls.

Old Lady Shows Her Medals, The. By J. M. Barrie. (*Scribners.*) Scene: a living-room in a tenement. Time: during the World War. 1 boy; 5 girls.

Cottage on the Moor, The. By E. E. Smith and D. L. Ireland. (*Houghton.*) Scene: interior of a cottage on a lonely moor in the North of England. Time: May 22, 1660. Evening. 5 boys.

Miss Civilization. By Richard Harding Davis. (*French.*) Scene: a richly furnished living-room. 4 boys; 1 girl.

Romancers, The. By Edmond Rostand. (*Houghton.*) The First Act makes a complete play in itself. Scene: a garden. 4 boys; 1 girl.

Welsh Honeymoon, A. Jeannette Marks. (*Little, Brown.*) Scene: a

cottage kitchen in a little village in North Wales. Time: about half after eleven on All Hallow's Eve. 4 boys; 1 girl.

Beauty and the Jacobin. By Booth Tarkington. (*Harpers.*) Scene: "A garret room in a lodging house of the Lower Town, Boulogne-Sur-Mer." Time: "The early twilight of dark November in Northern France, Frimaire of the Terror, 1793." 3 boys; 2 girls.

Bishop's Candlesticks, The. By Norman McKinnell. (*French.*) Scene: "the kitchen of the Bishop's cottage, plainly but substantially furnished." 3 boys; 2 girls.

Florist Shop, The. By Winifred Hawkridge. (*Brentano's.*) Scene: interior of a florist's shop. 3 boys; 2 girls.

Wurzel-Flummery. By A. A. Milne. (*Knopf.*) Scene: the morning-room of an English town house. Time: a June day before the war. 3 boys; 2 girls.

Boy Comes Home, The. By A. A. Milne. (*Houghton.*) Scene: a London residence. Time: "the day after the War." 2 boys; 3 girls.

Truth for a Day, The. By Helen T. Darby. (*Eldridge.*) A play for Washington's birthday. Scene: room in a girls' boarding-school. 5 girls.

Rising of the Moon, The. By Augusta, Lady Gregory. (*Putnam.*) Scene: a quay in an Irish seaport town. 4 boys.

Hundredth Trick, The. By Beulah Marie Dix. (*Holt.*) Scene: the headquarters of Lord Borlase, before the Rock of Ballymore, in the Province of Munster. Time: the latter years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. 4 boys.

Dust of the Road. By Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. (*Stage Guild, Chicago*) Scene: "the living-room of a comfortable and fairly prosperous Middle Western farmer." Time: "about one o'clock of a Christmas morning in the early seventies." 3 boys; 1 girl.

Philosopher of Butterbiggins, The. By Harold Chapin. (*Phillips.*) Scene: interior of a tenement. 3 boys; 1 girl.

Why the Chimes Rang. By Elizabeth Apthorp McFadden. (*French.*) Scene: "the interior of a wood-chopper's hut on the edge of a forest near a cathedral town." Time: "dusk of a day of long ago." 3 boys; 1 girl.

Sweetmeat Game, The. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. (*French.*) Scene: "Living-room in the dwelling of Yiong-Yueng in Dupont Street, San Francisco's Chinese quarter." 3 boys; 1 girl.

Waterloo. By A. Conan Doyle. (*French.*) Scene: "A front room in a small house in Woolwich, England, June, 1881." 3 boys; 1 girl.

Nelson Touch, The. By Frederick Fenn. (*French.*) Scene: "The parlour of 'The Oak of England,' an inn on the Portsmouth Road." Time: about 1804. 3 boys; 1 girl.

Heart of a Clown, The. By Constance Powell-Anderson. (*Phillips.*) Scene: the outskirts of a village fair, in a small clearing in a wood. 2 boys; 2 girls.

Rose of the Wind. By Anna Hempstead Branch. (*Houghton.*) Scene: a cobbler's cottage. 2 boys; 2 girls.

Lonesome-Like. By Harold Brighouse. (*Phillips.*) Scene: the interior of a cottage in a Lancashire village. 2 boys; 2 girls.

Twelve Pound Look, The. By J. M. Barrie. (*Scribners.*) Scene: living-room of an English city residence. 2 boys; 2 girls.

My Lady's Lace. By Edward Knoblock. (*Houghton.*) Scene: a Dutch lace-maker's shop, about 1650. 2 boys; 2 girls.

Harbor of Lost Ships, The. By Louise Whitefield Bray. (*Brentano's.*) Scene: the kitchen and living-room of a cottage on an island off the coast of Labrador. 2 boys; 2 girls.

Coming of Fair Annie, The. By Graham Price. (*Houghton.*) A play based upon the old ballad "Love Gregor." Scene: The Hall of Castle Gregor. 2 boys; 2 girls.

Falcon, The. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. (*Houghton.*) Scene: an Italian cottage interior. 2 boys; 2 girls.

Pie in the Oven, The. By J. J. Bell. (*Phillips.*) Scene: the kitchen of a prosperous Scotch farmer's cottage. 2 boys; 2 girls.

Sunny Morning, A. By The Quinteros. (*Houghton.*) Scene: a park in springtime. 1 boy; 3 girls.

Followers. By Harold Brighouse. (*Houghton.*) Scene: the parlour of Miss Lucinda Baines's house at Cranford. Time: June, 1859. 1 boy; 3 girls.

Joint Owners in Spain. By Alice Brown. (*Baker.*) Scene: "A large, comfortable chamber in the Old Ladies' Home." 4 girls.

Will o' the Wisp. By Doris F. Halman. (*Little, Brown.*) Scene: "Interior of a farmhouse at the end of things." 4 girls.

Unseen Host, The. By Percival Wilde. (*Little, Brown.*) Scene: an improvised American hospital in Paris during the World War. 3 boys.

Beau of Bath, The. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. (*Holt.*) Scene: a room in the apartments of Beau Nash. Time: Christmas Eve, 1750. 2 boys; 1 girl.

Pot o' Broth, A. By William Butler Yeats. (*Macmillan.*) Scene: a cottage interior. 2 boys; 1 girl.

Maker of Dreams, The. By Oliphant Downs. (*Phillips.*) A Pierrot play. Scene: a room in an old cottage. 2 boys; 1 girl.

Workhouse Ward, The. By Lady Gregory. (*Putnam.*) Scene: a ward in Cloon Workhouse. 2 boys; 1 girl.

Golden Arrow, The. By James Plaisted Webber. (*Baker.*) Scene: a monastery garden. Time: a May morning. 2 boys; 1 girl.

Silver Lining, The. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. (*Holt.*) Scene: a library in an English gentleman's house. Time: 1778. 2 boys; 1 girl.

Fan and Two Candlesticks, A. By Mary MacMillan. (*Stewart Kidd.*) Scene: a simple but artistic living-room in Colonial times. 2 boys; 1 girl.

Manikin and Minikin. By Alfred Kreymborg. (*Houghton.*) The characters represent mantel ornaments: one, a man or boy; the other, a woman or girl.

II. COLLECTIONS OF ONE-ACT PLAYS¹

Regarding the books listed in Working Lists II, III, and IV (pages 304-309), we should perhaps explain that these lists are not intended to be exhaustive. They include the more recent publications in each subject, and others which the editors have personally found well suited to their needs. Further lists of helpful books — including the older standard authorities — are given in the anthologies listed below; and we will remind readers of the invaluable suggestions that almost invariably follow inquiry at the information desk of a public library. The Drama Book Shops (in a number of the larger cities) also are very helpful when one is in quest of an elusive play or some special book upon the drama. Their names and addresses are given month by month in *Drama*, the magazine issued by the Drama League of America; also in Becker's *A Reader's Guide Book*, Johnson's *Choosing a Play*, and Shay's *One Thousand and One Plays for the Little Theater*.

1. ANTHOLOGIES

Harper's Book of Little Plays. Selected by Madalene D. Barnum. (*Harpers.*)

Sea Plays. Edited by Colin Campbell Clements. (*Small, Maynard.*)

The Junior Play Book. Edited by Helen Louise Cohen. (*Harcourt.*)

One-Act Plays by Modern Authors. Edited by Helen Louise Cohen. (*Harcourt.*)

Plays for Classroom Interpretation. Edited by Edwin Van B. Knickerbocker. (*Holt.*)

Twelve Plays. Edited by Edwin Van B. Knickerbocker. (*Holt.*)

Modern Plays: Long and Short. Edited by Frederic H. Law. (*Century.*)

The Atlantic Book of Modern Plays. Edited by Sterling A. Leonard. (*Atlantic.*)

Contemporary One-Act Plays. Edited by B. Roland Lewis. (*Scribners.*)

One-Act Plays of To-day. Edited by J. W. Marriott. (*Small, Maynard.*)

A Treasury of Plays for Children. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. (*Little, Brown.*)

The Perse Playbooks: Books I, II, and III. (*Heffner.*)

St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas. (*Century.*)

A Book of One-Act Plays. Edited by Barbara L. Schafer. (*Bobbs-Merrill.*)

Short Plays by Representative Authors. Edited by Alice M. Smith. (*Macmillan.*)

¹ For the contents of any volume mentioned in these lists, refer to Shay's *One Thousand and One Plays for the Little Theater*, or to Logasa and Ver Nooy's *Index to One-Act Plays*.

The Atlantic Book of Junior Plays. Edited by Charles Swain Thomas.
(*Atlantic.*)

One-Act Plays for Secondary Schools. Edited by James Plaisted Webber
and Hanson Hart Webster. (*Houghton.*)

2. COLLECTED PLAYS BY INDIVIDUAL AUTHORS

Everyboy and Other Plays. By Isabel Anderson. (*Shakespeare.*)

Echoes of the War. By J. M. Barrie. (*Scribners.*)

Half Hours. By J. M. Barrie. (*Scribners.*)

Dramatic Episodes. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. (*Dramatic.*)

Shorter Bible Plays. By Rita Benton. (*Abington.*)

The Star-Child and Other Plays. By Rita Benton. (*Writers.*)

Historical Plays for Children. By Grace Bird and Maud Starling. (*Macmillan.*)

Plays for the Meadow and Plays for the Lawn. By Harold Brighouse.
(*French.*)

Short Plays from Dickens. Arranged by Horace B. Browne. (*Scribners.*)

Christmas Candles. By Elsie H. Carter. (*Holt.*)

Festivals and Plays. By Percival Chubb. (*Harpers.*)

A Bunch of Roses and Other Plays. By M. E. M. Davis. (*Small, Maynard.*)

Allison's Lad and Other Plays. By Beulah M. Dix. (*Holt.*)

Five Plays. By Lord Dunsany. (*Little, Brown.*)

Six Plays. By Rachel Lyman Field. (*Scribners.*)

Five Plays. By George Fitzmaurice. (*Little, Brown.*)

Short Plays about Famous Authors. By Maude M. Frank. (*Holt.*)

Three to Make Ready. By Louise Ayres Garnett. (*Doran.*)

Spoiling the Broth and Other Plays. By Bertha W. Graham. (*French.*)

Seven Short Plays. By Lady Gregory. (*Putnam.*)

New Dialogues and Plays for Young People. By Binney Gunnison.
(*Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge.*)

Set the Stage for Eight. By Doris F. Halman. (*Little, Brown.*)

Five One-Act Plays. By Stanley Houghton. (*French.*)

Citizenship Plays. By Eleanore Hubbard. (*Sanborn.*)

One-Act Plays for Young Folks. By M. A. Jagendorf. (*Brentano's.*)

Four One-Act Plays. By Gertrude Jennings. (*French.*)

Dramas for Boys. By E. H. Keating. (*French.*)

Plays for Poet Mimes. By Alfred Kreymborg. (*Sunwise Turn.*)

Boy Scout Entertainments. By Clifton Lisle. (*Penn.*)

The Little Playbook. By Katharine Lord. (*Duffield.*)

Plays for School and Camp. By Katharine Lord. (*Duffield.*)

Plays for School Children. By Anna M. Lütkenhaus and Margaret Knox.
(*Century.*)

The Beau of Bath and Other Plays. By Constance D. Mackay. (*Holt.*)

The Forest Princess and Other Masques. By Constance D. Mackay. (*Holt.*)

The House of the Heart and Other Plays. By Constance D. Mackay. (*Holt.*)

Patriotic Plays and Pageants for Young People. By Constance D. Mackay. (*Holt.*)

Plays of the Pioneers. By Constance D. Mackay. (*Holt.*)

The Silver Thread and Other Folk Plays. By Constance D. Mackay. (*Holt.*)

Yankee Fantasies. By Percy MacKaye. (*Duffield.*)

Short Plays. By Mary MacMillan. (*Stewart Kidd.*)

Happiness and Other Plays. By J. Hartley Manners. (*Dodd, Mead.*)

Three Welsh Plays. By Jeannette Marks. (*Little, Brown.*)

Festival Plays. By Marguerite Merington. (*Duffield.*)

Holiday Plays. By Marguerite Merington. (*Duffield.*)

The Haunted Circle, and Other Outdoor Plays. By Adelaide Nichols. (*Dutton.*)

Patriotic Plays for Young People. By Virginia Olcott. (*Dodd, Mead.*)

Plays for Home, School and Settlement. By Virginia Olcott. (*Moffat, Yard.*)

Dialogues and Plays for Entertainment Days. By Edith F. A. U. Painton. (*Beckley-Cardy.*)

Plays and Pageants of Citizenship. By Fanny U. Payne. (*Harpers.*)

Red Letter-day Plays. By Margaret G. Parsons. (*Woman's Press.*)

Christmas Plays. By May Pemberton. (*Crowell.*)

Short Plays from American History and Literature. By Olive Price. (*French.*)

Ten Minutes by the Clock. By Alice C. D. Riley. (*Doran.*)

Dramatic Episodes in Congress and Parliament. By Ethel H. Robson. (*Atlantic.*)

Magic Lanterns. By Louise Saunders. (*Scribners.*)

Dramatizations of School Classics. By Sarah E. Simons and Clem I. Orr. (*Scott, Foresman.*)

Children's Plays. By Eleanor L. and Ada M. Skinner. (*Appleton.*)

Form-Room Plays: Junior Book. By Evelyn Smith. (*Dutton.*)

Form-Room Plays: Senior Book. By Evelyn Smith. (*Dutton.*)

Dramatized Scenes from American History. By Augusta Stevenson. (*Houghton.*)

Five Little Plays. By Alfred Sutro. (*Brentano's.*)

Colonial Plays for the Schoolroom. By Blanche S. Wagstaff. (*Educational.*)

Portmanteau Adaptations. By Stuart Walker. (*Stewart Kidd.*)

Portmanteau Plays. By Stuart Walker. (*Stewart Kidd.*)

More Portmanteau Plays. By Stuart Walker. (*Stewart Kidd.*)

Jolly Plays for Holidays. By Carolyn Wells. (*Baker.*)

A Child's Book of Holiday Plays. By Frances G. Wickes. (*Macmillan.*)

Told in a Chinese Garden, and Other Fantastic Plays. By Constance Wilcox. (*Holt.*)

Eight Comedies for Little Theatres. By Percival Wilde. (*Little, Brown.*)
The Unseen Host and Other Plays. By Percival Wilde. (*Little, Brown.*)
Yuletide Entertainments. By Ellen M. Willard. (*Denison.*)
New Plays from Old Tales. By Harriet S. Wright. (*Macmillan.*)
The Hour Glass, and Other Plays. By William Butler Yeats. (*Macmillan.*)
Plays in Prose and Verse. By William Butler Yeats. (*Macmillan.*)

3. FINDING LISTS OF PLAYS

Dramatization in the Grades. By E. V. Andrews. (*Faxon.*)
A Reader's Guide Book. By May Lamberton Becker. (*Holt.*)
Plays for Amateurs. By John M. Clapp. (*Drama League of America.*)
Plays for Children. By Alice I. Hazeltine. (*A. L. A.*)
Choosing a Play. By Gertrude E. Johnson. (*Century.*)
An Index to One-Act Plays. Compiled by Hannah Logasa and Winifred Ver Nooy. (*Faxon.*)
Plays for Children. By Kate Oglebay. (*Wilson.*)
Plays for Children. By Cora Mel Patten. (*Drama League of America.*)
One Thousand and One Plays for the Little Theatre. Selected and Compiled by Frank Shay. (*Stewart Kidd.*)

III. THE MODERN DRAMA

1. REFERENCE BOOKS

An Introduction to the Study of Literature. By Ralph P. Boas and Edwin Smith. (*Harcourt.*)
Aspects of Modern Drama. By F. W. Chandler. (*Macmillan.*)
A Study of the Modern Drama. By Barrett H. Clark. (*Appleton.*)
Playwrights of the New American Theatre. By Thomas H. Dickinson. (*Macmillan.*)
Dramatists of To-day. By E. E. Hale, Jr. (*Holt.*)
The Modern Drama. By L. Lewisohn. (*Huebsch.*)
Tendencies of Modern English Drama. By A. E. Morgan. (*Scribners.*)
The American Dramatist. By Montrose J. Moses. (*Little, Brown.*)
The Twentieth Century Theatre. By William Lyons Phelps. (*Macmillan.*)

2. PERIODICALS DEVOTED TO THE DRAMA

The Drama. A monthly magazine devoted to the amateur and educational theater. Publishes lists of plays, reviews of books, accounts of what schools are doing, plans of staging, sketches of costume, etc.
The English Journal. Publishes short plays for school use, lists, articles on staging, etc. Excellent for teachers.
The Little Theatre Review. A fortnightly survey of news, opinion, and accomplishment in the amateur theater world. Offers many suggestions for the successful performance of plays by schools.

WORKING LISTS

The Playground. Publishes articles on rural and community dramatics, pageantry, and plays; also lists of plays.

Poet Lore. Publishes plays of high literary merit, many of which are suitable for schools.

Poetry. Publishes plays which are frequently suited for amateurs.

The Quarterly Journal of Speech Education. Publishes frequent articles of value to teachers of dramatic literature.

The Theatre. Has an illustrated section for amateur theatricals. Also publishes articles upon the work of schools and community dramatic organizations in every section of the country.

The Theatre Arts Magazine. An illustrated monthly magazine, devoted to the "art theatre." Publishes lists of plays, articles on acting, staging, and so on.

Other magazines that frequently print plays or articles of interest to teachers and directors include:

The American Magazine; *The Bookman;* *The Catholic School Journal;* *The Century Magazine;* *The Drama League Monthly;* *Education;* *Harper's Bazar;* *The Journal of Education;* *The Ladies' Home Journal;* *The Mask;* *Munsey's Magazine;* *The North American Review;* *The Pictorial Review;* *The Saturday Evening Post;* *The School Review.*

3. EDUCATIONAL DRAMATICS

The Dramatic Instinct in Education. By Eleanora W. Curtis. (*Houghton.*)

The Dramatic Method of Teaching. By Harriet Finlay-Johnson. (*Nisbett.*)

Educational Dramatics. By Emma S. Fry. (*Moffat, Yard.*)

Amateur and Educational Dramatics. By Evelyn Hilliard. (*Macmillan.*)

Drama as a Factor in Social Education. By Mary M. Russell. (*Doran.*)

Literature in the School. By John S. Welch. (*Silver, Burdett.*)

IV. STAGE REPRESENTATION

1. ACTING AND PRODUCING

Acting and Producing. By Harry Lee Andrews and Bruce Weirick. (*Longmans, Green.*)

Community Celebrations. By Alfred Arnold. (*Univ. of North Dakota.*)

How to Produce Amateur Plays. New and revised edition. By Barrett H. Clark. (*Little, Brown.*)

A Book of Entertainments and Theatricals. By Helena S. Dayton and Louise B. Barratt. (*McBride.*)

Practical Instructions for Private Theatricals. By W. D. Emerson. (*Dramatic.*)

A List of Music for Plays and Pageants. By Roland Holt. (*Appleton.*)
Actors and the Art of Acting. By George Henry Lewes. (*Holt.*)
How to Produce Children's Plays. By Constance D. Mackay. (*Holt.*)
On Acting. By Brander Matthews. (*Scribners.*)
How to Produce Plays and Pageants. By Mary M. Russell. (*Doran.*)
Producing in Little Theatres. By Clarence Stratton. (*Holt.*)
Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs. By Emerson Taylor. (*Dutton.*)
Dramatics for School and Community. By Claude M. Wise. (*Appleton.*)

2. SCENERY AND COSTUMES

English Costume. By Dion C. Calthrop. (*Black.*)
The Art of Make-Up. By Helena Chalmers. (*Appleton.*)
Two Centuries of Costume in America. By Alice Morse Earle. (*Macmillan.*)
Costuming a Play. By Elizabeth B. Grimball and Rhea Wells. (*Century.*)
A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants. By Orie L. Hatcher. (*Dutton.*)
Dress Design. By Talbot Hughes. (*Pitman.*)
Illustrated History of Furniture. By Frederick Litchfield. (*Medici.*)
Scenery and Costumes for Amateurs. By Constance D. Mackay. (*Holt.*)
Four Hundred Years of Children's Costume (1400-1800). By Percy MacQuoid. (*Medici.*)
Historic Dress in America. Two volumes, 1507-1800; and 1800-1870.
 By Elizabeth McClellan. (*Jacobs.*)
Chats on Costumes. By G. W. Rhead. (*Stokes.*)
Bankside Costume Book. By Melicent Stone and Wells Gardner. (*Darton.*)
Making Up. By James Young. (*Witmark.*)

V. THE WRITING OF SHORT PLAYS

Probably the greater number of plays written by young people will be dramatizations of stories, poems, or scenes from novels, biographies and histories. The books mentioned in the following lists contain stories and scenes that may well stimulate creative imagination. The chief value of any such lists lies in their being considered nuclei to which constant additions may be made as readers discover appropriate titles.¹

Certain guiding principles to be observed in adapting stories or novels to the stage may be stated briefly as follows:

The preliminary step in all cases is analysis of the story, the aim being to discover how best (1) to reduce a long story or (2) to amplify a short one.

¹ A very excellent guide to literature for young people is *The World of Books*, compiled by Max J. Herzberg, Head of the English Department, Central High School, Newark, N. J., and published by The Palmer Company.

For the first, the need is the elimination of secondary threads of narrative, of extra characters, of description, and of irrelevant events.

For the second, the great need is of a visualizing imagination.

For both, it is essential to maintain close logical sequence, and a single point of view.

Especially is it necessary to develop a climax.

Edward Knoblock, the author of *My Lady's Dress*, *Kismet*, and other successful plays, thus sums up his own practice when dramatizing a novel (and his method seems equally suitable in dramatizing short stories and poems): "I have found it very useful, when asked to dramatize a novel, not to read it myself, but to get some one else to read it and tell me about it. At once, all the stuffing drops away, and the vital active part comes to the fore. If the story of a novel cannot be told by some one in a hundred words or so, there is apt to be no drama in it. If I were to write a play on Alexander Hamilton, I would look up an article in an encyclopaedia; then make a scenario; then read detailed biographies. Too much knowledge hampers. It is just for that reason that short stories are easier dramatized than long novels. The stories that Shakespeare chose for his plays are practically summaries. As long as they stirred his imagination, that was all he asked of them."

1. HELPFUL BOOKS

The Technique of Play Writing. By Charlton Andrews. (*Home Correspondence School.*)

Playmaking. By William Archer. (*Small, Maynard.*)

Dramatic Technique. By George P. Baker. (*Houghton.*)

Writing the One-Act Play. By Harold H. Hillebrand. (*Knopf.*)

The Technique of the One-Act Play. By B. Roland Lewis. (*Luce.*)

The Science of Playwriting. By M. L. Malevinsky. (*Brentano's.*)

The Technique of the Drama. By W. T. Price. (*Brentano's.*)

The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play. By Percival Wilde. (*Little, Brown.*)

2. SOURCES FOR PLOTS

A. FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TWELVE OR THIRTEEN YEARS OLD

Myths and Folk-Tales

Folk-Tales, Legends, Famous Stories. — H. W. Mabie, Editor. In Every-boy's Library: Boy Scout Edition.

Donegal Fairy Stories. — Seumas MacManus.

Bible Stories. — F. J. Olcott.

The Book of Elves and Fairies. — F. J. Olcott.

The Red Indian Fairy Book. — F. J. Olcott.

Tales of the Persian Genii. — F. J. Olcott.

The Wonder Garden. — F. J. Olcott.

Old Greek Folk Stories. — J. P. Peabody.

Poetry

Poems of Action. — V. H. Collins, Editor.
A Book of Story Poems. — G. L. Loane, Editor.
Tales of a Wayside Inn. — H. W. Longfellow.
Heroic Ballads. — D. H. Montgomery, Editor.
Story-Telling Ballads. — F. J. Olcott, Editor.
Story-Telling Poems. — F. J. Olcott, Editor.
Old Ballads in Prose. — E. M. Tappan.

Biography and History

Famous Leaders among Men. — S. K. Bolton.
Famous Leaders among Women. — S. K. Bolton.
Famous Voyagers and Explorers. — S. K. Bolton.
Lives of Girls who became Famous. — S. K. Bolton.
Famous Scouts. — C. H. L. Johnston.
Heroes and Heroines. In *Everybody's Library: Boy Scout Edition.*
 H. W. Mabie, Editor.
Careers of Danger and Daring. — Cleveland Moffett.
Boys' Life of Lafayette. H. Nicolay.
Good Stories for Great Birthdays. — F. J. Olcott, Editor.
Good Stories for Great Holidays. — F. J. Olcott, Editor.
Heroines of Service. — M. R. Parkman.
In the Days of Queen Elizabeth. — E. M. Tappan.
Letters from Colonial Children. — E. M. Tappan.

Fiction

Little Women. — L. M. Alcott.
Peter and Wendy. — J. M. Barrie.
The Happy Boy. — Björnstjerne Björnson.
Alice in Wonderland. — Lewis Carroll.
Hans Brinker. — M. M. Dodge.
Jackanapes. — J. H. Ewing.
The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. — Selma Lagerlöf.
The Peasant and the Prince. — Harriet Martineau.
The Jolly Book for Boys and Girls. — Oleott and Pendleton, Editors.
Three Little Daughters of the Revolution. — Nora Perry.
Robin Hood. — Howard Pyle.
Emmeline. — Elsie Singmaster.
The Rose and the Ring. — W. M. Thackeray.
Huckleberry Finn. — Mark Twain.
The Birds' Christmas Carol. — K. D. Wiggin.

B. FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS*Myths and Folk-Tales*

Stories from Chaucer. — J. H. Kelman.
In Chimney Corners. — Seumas MacManus.

Lo, and Behold Ye! — Seumas MacManus.
The Boys' Odyssey. — W. C. Perry.
The Arabian Nights. — Wiggin and Smith.
Irish Fairy and Folk Tales. — W. B. Yeats, Editor.

Poetry

Poems of Action. — D. R. Porter, Editor.
A Book of Famous Verse. — Agnes Repplier, Editor.
Oxford Book of Ballads. — A. T. Quiller-Couch, Editor.
A Book of Verse from Langland to Kipling. — J. C. Smith, Editor.
Open Gates. — S. T. and F. T. Spaulding, Editors.
Home Book of Verse for Young Folks. — B. S. Stevenson, Editor.
British Verse. — D. V. Thompson, Editor.
Golden Numbers. — Wiggin and Smith, Editors.

Biography and History

Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road. — H. A. V. Brooks.
Heroes of the Middle West. — M. H. Catherwood.
The Story of my Heart. — Edmondo de Amicis.
Sons of Liberty. — W. A. Dyer.
Saints and Heroes. — George Hodges.
A Group of Famous Women. — E. Horton.
A New England Girlhood. — Lucy Larcom.
The Life of Abraham Lincoln. — C. W. Moores.
Hero Stories of France. — E. M. Tappan.
Old World Hero Stories. — E. M. Tappan.
When Knights were Bold. — E. M. Tappan.
A Book of Golden Deeds. — C. M. Yonge.

Fiction

Betty Leicester. — S. O. Jewett.
Puck of Pook's Hill. — Rudyard Kipling.
Rewards and Fairies. — Rudyard Kipling.
Emmy Lou. — G. M. Martin.
Jim Davis. — John Masefield.
Mitch Miller. — Edgar Lee Masters.
Pollyanna. — Eleanor H. Porter.
Treasure Island. — Robert Louis Stevenson.
Penrod. — Booth Tarkington.
Ramsay Milholland. — Booth Tarkington.
The Prince and the Pauper. — Mark Twain.
Tom Sawyer. — Mark Twain.
Tales and Verse from Sir Walter Scott. — Webster and Coe, Editors.
Mother Carey's Chickens. — K. D. Wiggin.
Polly Oliver's Problem. — K. D. Wiggin.
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. — K. D. Wiggin.
Timothy's Quest. — K. D. Wiggin.

C. FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN YEARS OLD*Myths and Folk-Tales**Classic Myths.* — C. M. Gayley.*Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas.* — H. W. Mabie.*Old Indian Legends.* — Zitkala-sa.*Poetry**Poems for Youth.* — W. R. Bent, Editor.*A Treasury of War Poetry.* — G. H. Clarke, Editor.*Lyra Heroica.* — W. E. Henley, Editor.*Ballads and Ballad Poems.* — G. N. Pocock, Editor.*American Ballads and Songs.* — Louise Pound, Editor.*Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.* — R. W. Service.*The Home Book of Verse.* — B. E. Stevenson, Editor.*Biography and History**The Promised Land.* — Mary Antin.*Famous American Statesmen.* — S. K. Bolton.*Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims.* — F. J. H. Darton.*Stories from the Scottish Ballads.* — E. W. Grierson.*Lincoln the Leader.* — R. W. Gilder.*Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt.* — H. Hagedorn.*The Boys' Parkman.* — L. S. Hasbrouk.*Stories from the Rabbis.* — A. S. Isaacs.*Stories from History.* — N. Niemeyer, Editor.*Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail.* — Theodore Roosevelt.*Hero Tales from American History.* — Roosevelt and Lodge.*Master Historians.* — F. R. Worts, Editor.*Fiction**The Story of a Bad Boy.* — T. B. Aldrich.*Short Stories and Selections.* — E. K. Baker, Editor.*Standish of Standish.* — J. G. Austin.*T. Tembarom.* — F. H. Burnett.*Representative Short Stories.* — Hart and Perry, Editors.*Short Stories.* — L. B. Moulton, Editor.*A Book of Short Stories.* — S. P. Sherman, Editor.*English Prose: Narrative, Descriptive and Dramatic.* — H. A. Treble, Editor.*Selected Short Stories.* — Hugh Walker, Editor.*Being a Boy.* — C. D. Warner.*Old Chester Tales.* — Margaret Deland.*The Brushwood Boy.* — Rudyard Kipling.*Wee Willie Winkie.* — Rudyard Kipling.*Short Stories of the New America.* — Mary A. La Salle, Editor.*Short Stories for High Schools.* — R. M. R. Mikels, Editor.

10000256

PN

6120

.A5

W36

Webber, James

Plaisted.

Short plays for
junior and senior

DATE DUE

MAY 21 1999



E. LOUISE PATTEN LIBRARY
Piedmont College
Demorest, GA. 30535

PIEDMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY



10000256